

THE SUBMARINE CITY

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By the same Author

IN CHAINS

THE SEVEN HOUSES

A VAGABOND CRÆSUS

THE SUBMARINE CITY

by
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Εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης

—HOMER, *Iliad XII*, 243.

"One omen is best, to fight for our own country."

THE SUBMARINE CITY

CHAPTER ONE

LIGHTS flashed everywhere. Lanterns cast ghostly gleams into the darkness. Here and there cries mingled with the roaring of the breakers. Far out at sea, torches and lanterns on boats shone like will-o'-the-wisps, while on the horizon trembling lights twinkled through the port-holes of an ocean giant westward bound.

"Emilia! Emilia!"

The cry rang out on every side. Men's deep basses and the shrill voices of women uttered the name.

"Emilia!" A man's voice resounded loudly and clearly. Its tone was firm and yet husky with fear. A tall, powerful young man of twenty-five or twenty-seven was waving two torches in his hands. He uttered the name with the full force of his lungs into the darkness of the night.

On the little island between Spotorno and Bergeggi, the searchlight came into action. The shaft of light darted milky white across the black waves. The fishing-boats were coming over from Noli. The excitement grew.

"She is the fifth. The fifth to be murdered!"

They all shrieked at once. Emilia's mother threw herself down upon the rocks screaming, and hit her head violently upon the stone:

"Mia carissima Emilia! Mia carissima Emilia! Mia povera ragazza!"

The beams of the searchlight rested on the elevated rocky plateau. The brown faces looked pale. They all stared down into the sea with wide-open eyes. Fishermen with torches were climbing up the rocks. The mother sprang to her feet and rushed towards the men. She stood before them beseechingly with folded hands. Her lips trembled. The men hung their heads and shrugged their shoulders. One crossed himself and the others followed his example.

"She is the fifth ! Five have disappeared within a short time," one of them cried harshly. The others joined with horror in the shout.

"Five ! Five of our best and most beautiful girls !"

A big, beardless fisherman seized hold of his daughter. With terror in her eyes and half-open mouth, she listened and kept crossing herself unconsciously.

"Home with you. Into your bedroom and lock the door. To-morrow I'll have your window barred." He pushed the girl before him and disappeared with her into the darkness. The little light of the lantern danced like mad in the anxious father's hand.

"*Mia povera ragazza ! Mia Emilia !*" the mother's voice resounded shrilly. The rocks threw back the dreadful echo.

The young man with the two torches came to the crying woman and tried to pacify her. She thrust him back, ran to the edge of the cliff, and was about to throw herself over. The fishermen seized the madwoman and held her fast.

The long drawn-out howl of a siren pierced the darkness of the night. All turned their heads towards the sea. Lights and searchlights were rocking on the water. The customs and police boat from Savona was cutting through the dark waves at full speed. A message had been signalled across from the little island reporting the disappearance of Emilia Rossi. Everybody climbed down to the beach. The young man held his arms round Mother Rossi. She sobbed :

"Francesco, why did you stay away so long this evening ? Why ? Emilia was impatient and went to meet you on the cliff."

"I took my catch to the big hotel at Spotorno, and had a head wind coming back." He took a deep breath. "Oh, my Emilia, my Emilia !"

CHAPTER TWO

THE whole country was in an uproar. Within three months four girls and a young war-widow from the district had suddenly disappeared without leaving a trace. One from the little village near Cimola, two from the neighbourhood of

Bergeggi, one from Pia, and, to-day, Emilia Rossi. They were all quite poor girls; the war-widow, too, was known to be very poor. At the beginning, only the local police concerned themselves with the disappearance of the first two girls. Later, the police in Savona took the matter in hand, and now Rome, too, was alarmed.

All kinds of conjectures were made. People spoke of a mysterious murderer *à la* Jack the Ripper. Some claimed to have seen a monster which came from the sea and seized its victims like an octopus with tentacles thirty to fifty yards long. The authorities attached no importance to such stories; all hypotheses of this kind were rejected. The girl from Cimola had not been anywhere near the sea. Cimola was more than five hours' walk from the coast. Patrols were sent out on land and sea for weeks, but nothing, not the slightest trace of robbers, was discovered. There was no question of suicide. All the five were known to be cheerful girls. The government in Rome sent peppery notes to the police chiefs of Genoa and Savona.

At every place along the Ligurian coast, from Genoa westwards to Ospedaletti, and southwards to Leghorn, special guards and patrols were instituted. Large rewards were offered for the capture of the guilty persons.

The first four victims had all disappeared on the same day. At first only the two from Bergeggi were reported, but after a few days it was established that the other two had disappeared on the same day also.

The newspapers and hoardings in the towns, and the notice-boards in the country places, showed pictures and exact descriptions. The cinemas lent their assistance. But all in vain.

Occasionally, information was received that the missing girls had been seen, but it turned out to be false every time. After Emilia's disappearance, torpedo-boats were ordered to the district from Spezia and Genoa. Also troops were detailed to reinforce the *gendarmérie*. The sea was patrolled by day and night. Searchlights played uninterruptedly on the cliffs and the waves. The whole neighbourhood was searched by mounted Carabinieri and Bersaglieri.

A number of suspicious characters were taken up by the police, but had to be released. Every criminal in the district vanished. The smugglers, who now found it impossible to

continue their remunerative trade with France by sea, cursed and swore.

It was all in vain. Not a trace was found of the vanished girls, nor a sign of life. Even their corpses could not be discovered.

CHAPTER THREE

"HANDS up! If any man takes a step or moves his hands, I'll shoot him like a mad dog."

The sailors raised their hands and stood motionless in the middle of the rocky vault.

Captain Mader stood at a large stone table covering them with his revolver. Behind and on either side of him were drawn up a party of naval officers, petty officers, and men.

"Schröder! Have you gone mad? Have you forgotten your oath? Does anybody prevent you returning to the world? Stand forward. Put your hands down."

Ludwig Schröder stepped forward. His face showed the conflicting emotions of defiance and embarrassment. He looked shyly at the officer and immediately dropped his eyes.

"I thought, Captain, that as the other four girls . . ."

"Didn't you realize what you were doing, Schröder? Hasn't there been enough outcry about the other four? Are we a gang of kidnappers?"

Schröder moved his fingers nervously along his trouser-seams.

"Doctor, please go and see if the girl has recovered consciousness."

Doctor Katzberg withdrew hurriedly to the back of the cave. Captain Mader gave the command to dismiss. The men slowly let their arms sink and dispersed. Mader beckoned to Schröder and went aside with him.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE room in which the foregoing scene was enacted, was a huge lofty vault of rock, illuminated by arc-lamps. The walls sparkled with yellow mica and mica-slate. The rock-face consisted of porphyry many thousands of years old. Mighty stalactites and stalagmites, countless centuries in age, stood on the floor or hung down from the roof.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN August, 1916, Commander Mader was cruising with his submarine (U. 10) in the Mediterranean. The U. 10 was not a fighting ship, but a floating workshop. She had clamping appliances to starboard and to port for invalid U.-boats, which could thus be made fast to her sides. Repairs could then be carried out on the spot, or else the injured submarine could be landed in a safe place. U.-boats had to be towed, too.

About 5 a.m. on August 9th, in dull misty weather, the U. 10 slipped through the minefield in the Gulf of Genoa, and reached a certain spot on the rugged coast-line between Spotorno and Bergeggi where, at a depth of thirty-five feet, lay a flat rock in which Schröder and Maxstadt, the two most skilled divers in the U.-boat flotilla, had recently, after months of hard work, completed the construction of moorings. U.-boats could be made fast there and repaired as far as the circumstances permitted.

As the submarine passed the little island near Spotorno, those on board were able by means of a new and ingenious hydrophone to hear quite distinctly the commands given on the island during the changing of the guard.

Commander Mader stood at the wheel, finding his way with the aid of the underwater periscope for which a search-light lit up the water for fifty yards ahead. The moorings came into sight, and the U. 10 gently made herself fast to the smooth rock. The engine stopped. The crew dispersed

to their quarters and had breakfast. Commander Mader made fast the periscope and the wheel, and was giving a few orders to young Lieutenant Gerber, when he suddenly stopped and staggered. Some of the sailors, too, rolled out of their bunks. Mader sprang to the steering-gear. At the same moment the U. 10 rolled over to port to such an angle that all loose objects were flung about; she then drifted off. She had broken loose from her moorings! Suddenly she was thrown violently from side to side. Whoever did not hold fast was hurled full length on the floor.

They all thought that a mine had been washed against the submarine and had exploded. Mader held on to the wheel. The underwater periscope gave no information. The searchlight, when switched on, gave no light.

"Short-circuit or bust," the man in charge of it called out.

Suddenly the boat's violent motion ceased. The magnetic needle turned in a circle. Mader looked at his watch. It had stopped. The timepiece aft above the pump-room was also not going. Lieutenant Gerber pulled out his watch—it had also stopped.

"Mine has stopped, too," shouted Möller, the engineer.

"Earthquake," said Commander Mader curtly, and ordered the motors to be restarted. The depth gauge showed sixty feet. The boat was moving forward but still rolling a bit. The compass needle again began to turn round and round furiously. The boat was quite out of control. Mader feared that she would be driven against the rocks and seriously damaged. The needle stood still again. The crew looked anxiously at their commander from all parts of the vessel. Mader, who was fully conscious of his responsibility, decided to rise to the surface. Suddenly they felt the starboard side of the submarine scraping along the rocks. There was a rattling sound which soon ceased. Mader ordered the water valves to be opened. The boat slowly rose. The commander carefully observed the eyepiece of the periscope. All was black. Could the tube have been broken? It must be well above water now. The depth gauge showed no more than seven feet. The boat continued to rise slowly. After rolling slightly, it came to a stop. The periscope still showed blackness.

Now one must be careful. If visibility was still poor, it might be possible to remain on the surface, unobserved by the enemy. If the guards on the island or the mainland had spotted the boat, they would have started firing already.

Nothing was to be heard through the hydrophone except the gentle plashing of the waves. As everything was still quiet after another five minutes, Mader ordered the hatchway to be opened. The sailors detailed for the purpose ran up the ladder. The cover was gently raised. One of the sailors shrieked out :

"The world has come to an end ! Everything is black and icy cold !"

Mader ordered him not to make so much noise and to come down. The two men came down the ladder white with fear. Mader went up himself, and felt the edge of the tower, but nothing could he see ! It was pitch-dark.

"Möller, switch on the deck lights !"

Not a light would burn. Möller changed the fuses. The deck light now burned but failed to penetrate the darkness.

"Bring up the small searchlight."

The plug crackled as Möller stuck the points in. A sailor stood next to Mader with the portable searchlight and screwed the lenses apart. The beam of light fell across the black mirror of the water and lit up damp shining walls of rock far beyond. Mader directed the light upwards. There, too, perhaps 150 feet above, glittered a large dome of rock.

Now Mader knew what had happened. They had been driven through a submarine channel into a gigantic rocky cavern. He ordered the large searchlight to be turned on. The brilliant shaft of light revealed the gigantic proportions of the subterranean lake. It was over 600 yards long and 350 yards wide, at the very least. Soundings gave a depth of thirty fathoms and more. The whole crew stood on deck staring open-mouthed at the subterranean marvel.

Mader now ordered the engine to be started. Slowly they began the circuit. Everywhere were side-caves ; they also found a place where they could land. The depth of the water remained constant.

Mader, followed by two men carrying ropes, tools, and electric torches, jumped on to a plateau of rock. This was an expanse about thirty to forty yards wide, and level but for slight unevennesses. Mader and his men passed across it into a huge vault. Mighty stalactites and stalagmites hung from the roof or stood on the floor. They were snow-white and of the oddest shapes : pillars, hundreds of thousands of years old, white as alabaster.

Drops falling for over a hundred thousand years at irregular intervals had created these pillars, which were from five to

ten feet in circumference. Small stalagmites like gnomes and malicious dwarfs squatted on the floor. There a white witch with crooked hook-nose and elf locks sprang from the wall ; only the broomstick was missing. A wonderful curtain-like structure with tassels along its edge, which might have been the work of a great artist, hung from the rocky wall. Next, one saw a sea of short stalagmites like a children's cemetery. All white as though covered with sugar icing. Yonder stood a gigantic pillar which had tilted over and fallen sideways, and thus formed a passage. It was resting on two mighty stalagmite stumps, and new formations had arisen on the sides of the fallen pillar which resembled the most wonderful Italian alabaster work.

And now, how marvellous! Here was a clear stream two yards wide, falling over a silver wall down into a small lake. Blind, rosily-tinted salamanders swam lazily in the icy-cold water.

It was warm, almost too warm, in this cave which lay seven hundred feet below Monte Alti. Mader had proceeded by the compass, and found his way back by the same means.

CHAPTER SIX

WHEN Mader returned to the U. 10, the repairs were finished. Much of the damage could only be temporarily patched up. The crew were waiting on the platform and looked at their commander inquiringly. All work was suspended by his orders. The men formed a semi-circle round him.

"Thanks to an elemental upheaval, we have found our way into this phenomenon of Nature, which is, perhaps, two or three hundred thousand years old. But for this earthquake, perhaps no man would ever have set foot here."

The crew listened to his words, silent and tense.

"The current has driven us in here. Now we must try to find our way out."

All eyes were fixed on Mader's face. His last words echoed from the walls of the vault louder than they had been spoken. Although picked men, brave and intrepid, they were conscious of the dangers of their position, and fear showed in many an eye. Even the boldest heart beat faster.

"If we cannot find the way out under water, we must try to get through the mountain. Whether this is possible, I cannot yet say, but we must try both."

The crew listened breathlessly.

"If both these ways are barred to us . . . then we must submit to our fate . . . but we have not got to that yet. . . . The air is pure and not unhealthy. We have supplies sufficient to last six weeks, or even longer if we are economical. We have enough fuel to charge our accumulators for weeks and give us light . . . and now, all aboard."

They embarked quietly and in good order. Mader was the last to come down the ladder. He remained in the conning-tower and took the wheel. He gave the order to get under way.

The hatchway cover was closed, the outer lights were put out. The petroleum engine began to move the boat slowly forward. The adjacent electro-motor began to hum and buzz, and the under-water searchlight, which had now been put into working order again, cast its rays into the greeny-black water, lighting the way for thirty feet ahead. In the contest between light and darkness, the latter got the upper hand.

Mader stared at the view shown in the eyepiece of the periscope. Hardly anything was to be made out. The U. 10 thrust its way slowly through the waters. Mader had the boat submerged to a depth of forty feet. They proceeded slowly and with extreme caution. No one dared to utter a word. Every man stood to his post. It was a matter of life and death. Special care was devoted to the motor operating the hydroplanes.

The hearts and brains of the crew were in a tumult. Their thoughts went back to their childhood, to their homes, to their wives and children, to their sweethearts. Many an oath and vow found utterance within the secrecy of their hearts; many a prayer for the forgiveness of an acknowledged injustice was wrung from their innermost being.

The U.-boat's motor sang a different song to each of them. In their fevered imaginations they heard the calls of those who were dear to them. Some said afterwards that they had heard bells, trams, motor-hooters, and all manner of sounds. One, Gustav Bender, of Altona, who had never in his life given children a thought, suddenly heard childish voices and laughter.

Slowly the U. 10 pushed her way through the midnight

darkness of the waters. Mader's eyes were burning; his head began to ache.

At the engine-room telegraph stood Sub-Lieutenant Ulitz. He was a lad of twenty-one, always gay and ready for a lark of any kind. He was the son of the widow of an enormously wealthy Rhineland industrial magnate. He repeated Mader's commands to the engine-room in a clear voice.

The time seemed endless. The engine-room telegraph worked. Mader was afraid of running into the wall of rock. His brain worked convulsively. The order "Reverse!" rang out ever more frequently. The worst had as yet been avoided. The greatest nervousness prevailed everywhere.

Engineer Möller kept calm, and repeated in a clear voice the commands which were called to him. He suddenly thought of his little house in Stade. He saw his old mother who was walking about anxiously in her small kitchen-garden. At every bush, at every bed, at every tree she thought of her youngster. Never before had he realized how fond he was of his mother. In spite of himself, his eyes grew moist. He rubbed them angrily with the backs of his hands.

Mader's thoughts were completely taken up with the search for the way out. He fought against other ideas which involuntarily rose in his brain. Away with them! Men's lives were in danger. Not for a second must he devote his thoughts to Hertha von Zöbing.

The U. 10 kept searching for the channel, the tunnel through which she had been driven into this gloomy underworld. She felt her way forward groping. They must have described the circuit of the lake at least two or three times by now. The crew repeated signal after signal as they came from the conning-tower. In the motor-room, in the men's quarters, by the compensating tanks and the oil tanks, everywhere the men listened for the commands. Möller began to hum an old music-hall ditty.

Suddenly Mader shouted a command at Ulitz at the top of his voice. Ulitz had just been trying to imagine what he would look like as a suffocated corpse. No, he didn't want to be suffocated. Rather a bullet first, while he still had the strength to shoot one.

"Starboard! Astern! Astern!"

The bells rang sharply. Ulitz had repeated the command in alarm. A sound of grinding and grating was heard from outside on the port bow. Mader turned slowly to the left. The grating noise stopped. They all listened anxiously.

The men stuck their heads into the control-room, for this was where one could get news quickest. Order followed on order. Mader had now discovered the exit, a wide tunnel with long windings, the walls of which were eaten into by the water. The compass pointed WSW. The excitement in the boat had now reached its highest point. Mader would not yet give any information. Perhaps it was a different channel.

Suddenly his face lighted up. The beam of the searchlight had got longer and the water more transparent. Light came from above. It was daylight.

"We are out!" Mader shouted at Ulitz.

In a moment the call passed from mouth to mouth. The strained look left their faces.

Willy Reimer, an old sailor, for whom dry land had no attractions, except for a spell of eight or ten days from time to time, took a drink of water and in his joy forgot to remove the two-ounce quid from his right cheek.

Orders came at longer intervals. The U. 10 had risen to a depth of thirty-five feet. Mader decided not to leave the place. A great idea was maturing in his brain. He knew the way now, and would traverse it again. Old Neptune would help, and now the channel was easier to find.

The submarine dived again to sixty feet. The men could not believe that their commander was going back into the cave again.

"What's the game?" Möller asked himself.

Accustomed to obey, and trusting their beloved commander, they carried out his orders. The U. 10 proceeded quite slowly. Depth forty feet. Slowly groping. The entrance was found. The outside lights were switched on. The large searchlight cast its rays through the dark waters. The way was now much shorter. The periscope and the upper light in front of it rose above the surface. Both were suddenly broken off like matches. The valves were closed. The ballast tanks emptied themselves. The boat rose. It stopped.

"Schröder."

"Yes, Commander."

"Schröder, you and Reimer are to prepare some aluminium and white phosphorus paint. You are to paint a sign at the place where we come up to the surface above the exit of the submarine tunnel. Make it big and with an arrow mark. More phosphorus than aluminium. Understand?"

"Very good, Commander."

The hatchway covers fell back. The outer lights showed

the place where the boat had risen from the depths. Schröder and Reimer got the collapsible boat ready. The small searchlight played on the wall of rock. Mader kept his eyes on a perpendicular cleft which ran down it like a chimney. Beneath it lay the tunnel.

Maxstadt was ordered to put on diving dress. Schröder was told to come back and do the same. Willy Reimer with another sailor rowed to the cleft which was held in the rays of the searchlight. Broad, shining streaks of paint were drawn on the damp rock. The larger boat was launched. Schröder and Maxstadt in their diver's gear got into it with their assistants. The U.-boat turned slowly nearby. The pump began to work, the suction-pipe being laid near the steering wheel on the bridge. Reimer finished the painting. It dried slowly on the damp wall. The beams of the searchlight warmed the place. The larger boat stopped by the cleft. The water was calm and the men forced the bow of the boat into the opening.

The divers' pump worked at full pressure. Schröder was the first to descend. All the men were on deck and waited expectantly for him to give the signal to be drawn up again. Mader gave orders that a large empty iron container should be pumped out and soldered. Schröder gave the signal and came up. When they had taken off his helmet, he reported :

"The wall descends steeply at first, then it recedes, and at a depth of about twelve feet comes a wide platform encrusted with a peculiar kind of mussel." He showed a mussel which he had broken off. "Below the platform begins the tunnel. I couldn't make any measurements as it was impossible to stay below any longer."

The mussel was of a curious shape. It looked like an oval fruit, was as big as a fist, and had two divisions inside, each inhabited by a different kind of mollusc. While the smaller division contained a slimy mass of yellowish colour, that in the larger division was red.

The buoy, improvised from the iron container, was securely anchored to the cleft in the rock below the painted mark by means of chains and clamps. Maxstadt, who in the meantime had descended, now reappeared holding in his hand an enormous starfish, which kept constantly changing its colour and was phosphorescent in the darkness. Commander Mader had meanwhile carried out measurements and overhauled the compass. Everything was written down in detail. The U. 10 submerged, and this time found her way more easily to the outer world.

CHAPTER SEVEN

At the Ministry of Marine a conference was held behind closed doors. Mader appeared before the Minister and the Chief of Staff. The commander had a gigantic plan. Discussions had already been proceeding without result for nine months. At last Mader had succeeded in obtaining an audience. His personal report caused the greatest astonishment. Hitherto a camarilla had succeeded in preventing him from explaining his plans in person.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A REAR-ADMIRAL with a large technical staff accompanied the U. 10 and the U. 79 to the Gulf of Genoa. Commander Mader brought the flag-officer and the experts on board the U. 10 at night in stormy weather. The following morning the U. 10 reached the Gulf of Genoa, slipped under the mine-field as usual, passed through the under-water tunnel, and came to the surface in the large cave.

The Rear-Admiral could not get over his astonishment. During the last six months Mader had had the large cave and the adjoining vaults wired for electric light. The cable was connected with the U. 10's dynamos.

Nine large caves lay within a semi-circle of eight miles' circumference. On the platform, Mader had had a small repairing workshop established. The caves were marvels such as only Nature can create. They all received names or numbers. In number 4, a great waterfall came down from a height of seventy feet. Through numbers 5, 6 and 7 flowed a rapid stream twenty-five or thirty feet wide. The water was deep in many places. Drinkable, icy, germ-free spring water. In cave number 8 were three hot springs, which at intervals of exactly six minutes threw up jets of hot water thirty feet high.

CHAPTER NINE

SIX U.-boats followed Mader to the Mediterranean two months after the Rear-Admiral's visit. Mader piloted each of the submarines into the cave, giving each commander exact directions regarding the passage. Each U.-boat carried huge quantities of spare parts and building materials, and was manned by a number of workmen. Enormous stocks of provisions were also brought. The workmen helped the crews to unload the vessels, which then returned to the open sea. After piloting the last of them back into the outer world, Commander Mader brought his U.-boat into the cave. The U. 10 had a few pieces of furniture on board and three live animals: Mader's fox terrier bitch Nelly, Möller's canary, and . . . a milch goat.

CHAPTER TEN

BEFORE his recent departure, Mader had gone to see his fiancée, Hertha von Zöbing, and explained to her that he would not come home on leave any more until the end of the War. It was to be hoped that the conflict would soon come to an end.

Hertha sat opposite him and said nothing. She gazed at her fiancé with an expression of wide-eyed inquiry. She did not want another discussion. She had not seen him for nearly a year, and had lived in constant fear when his letters had been longer than usual in reaching her. She could not and would not understand why millions of men were egged on to fight one another and kill or cripple each other with the most murderous weapons. She did not now associate with the so-called humanitarians who had for years been writing about the brotherhood of man, nor had she ever had anything to do with these people.

Common sense told her that there must be a more human way of settling international disputes or differences. She never thought any further, or, rather, deeper, and never saw anything but the immediate consequences of the War. She took no part in victory celebrations, for the endless torments of the wounded and missing were always before her eyes.

From her window she could see the hospital trains arriving from the Western Front.

There was for her something horrible in the appearance of the specially marked vans of the Field Postal Service. How many messages of disaster were contained in those huge black post-boxes on wheels! In one, two, or three days, mothers, sweethearts, or children received the news of the wounding, maiming or killing of their nearest and dearest. "Prisoner," was the report in many of these communications of ill-tidings, or what was a thousand times worse "missing." This tormenting uncertainty. This hope-consuming cancer which lacerated the heart a thousand times each day.

"Hertha! Hertha! Why are you staring at me like that? Where are your thoughts?" Mader gently stroked his fiancée's hand.

"How much longer will it last, Eugen? When is this horrible War coming to an end?"

"Hertha, why keep brooding over it all? Our business is to defend the Fatherland."

"The others say that, too. They, too, have their Fatherland to defend. What is left of civilization?"

"Hertha, I can only stay with you a few hours. Try to think of the happy days of the past."

"I cannot control my thoughts so easily." She looked at him fixedly. "How glad I am that you command a repair-ship and that you cannot order men to kill."

He stroked her hand gently.

"You know, Eugen, I couldn't love you any more if I knew that you were sinking ships with innocent people on board."

"Let's talk about something else, Hertha."

"I can't help it, as long as this ghastly War goes on."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"STOP the large turbine. It's Easter eve. No work or duty this afternoon."

Little Ulitz had by now been promoted lieutenant. He laughed gleefully, and repeated the order down the telephone.

A few minutes later the hum of the machinery stopped. The workmen had pushed the belts on to the loose pulleys, and the shafts revolved more and more slowly. The machine-belts were pushed off their pulleys and swung loosely. Black oil dripped slowly from the lubricating holes. Everything gradually grew still. The wood shavings hung in spirals from the equalizing lathes. The general cleaning up of the machines began. The shaping and revolving knives were unscrewed. The spiral drills were removed from the American boring machines and put away.

Nine months had elapsed since the U. 10's entrance into the cave. In number 1 cave, called Lake Mader, more than twenty arc-lamps had been fixed to the roof. The background of the platform was illuminated by lights of 5,000 candle-power held on wall-brackets. The light of the arc-lamps was reflected in Lake Mader and illuminated ten U.-boats which had come in, some for repairs and some for munitions and stores.

Next to the platform on the further side was a dry-dock. A boat lay in the dock, while next to it work was proceeding on the skeleton of a miniature submarine. Two huge searchlights, with lenses two inches thick, cast their brilliant beams down from the roof on to the surface of the water near the tunnel exit. Immediately above the water was a third searchlight which lit up the water to a depth of thirty feet. Underneath on the mussel-covered platform, the divers had fixed flexible guards to prevent the U.-boats damaging themselves as they came out of the tunnel. Along the walls of the platform in the Lake Mader cave were situated the offices and store-rooms for spare parts for repairing submarines.

In cave number 2 little had been changed. The wonderful stalactitic formations were to remain untouched. Only passages had been made, and two narrow-gauge railway tracks ran across the huge cave.

Cave number 3 had been transformed into a large machine-room. Lathes, shaping-machines, cutting, bolting, riveting, and pinning machines stood in regular rows. Lamps hung over every machine in addition to the numerous arc-lamps attached to the roof. Further back, near the way out of cave 3, stood two large electro-motors which operated the transmitters to the left and right of the cave by means of wide belts.

Cave 4 too was partly a smith's and locksmith's workshop. In a separate part, a foundry had been established, and there were special sections for welding-machines and oxygen blowpipes. Here, too, the railway lines ran past.

Woodworking machines such as circular and ribbon saws, shaping, planing, and grooving machines, stood to the right of the river in cave 5, while to the left, by the large waterfall, the turbines were located which furnished motive power to all the machines in the cave city. Further back, motors fed large dynamos which produced electric power and supplied the lighting installation.

Cave 6 was divided into two parts. Here were the dining-rooms and the common living-room. A section served as warehouse and store-room. The other part contained the large electric kitchen.

Number 7 comprised the sleeping accommodation for officers, petty officers, and men. In the men's dormitory the wooden bedsteads stood in rank and file. The enormous hall contained two rows of 45 double-beds, like berths on board ship, accommodating 180 men. In addition 100 hammocks were slung along the walls. Every man had a lockable cupboard of his own, with a board to pull out both at the top and bottom, where he could put books, glasses of water, etc. Over every bed was an electric lamp.

The officers had their own quarters, in which wash-basins with hot and cold running water were provided, the hot water coming from the hot springs. The petty officers had their own quarters in which they lived in groups of four. Quite in the background was a large room arranged for shoemakers, tailors and barbers.

Cave 8 served as a bathing establishment with hip-baths and swimming baths, and even steam and vapour baths. Some of the hot spring water had been led off in pipes which were taken to the officers' sleeping quarters and the kitchen. In the back part of cave 8, a hospital with twenty beds had been established. There were also rooms for the attendants and an operating-room.

The last and biggest cave of all, which was about 700 yards long and 450 yards wide, became a sports ground. There were two football pitches with proper goals. There was also a tennis court in this cave and several skittle-alleys. It was a curious fact that the little river fed by the waterfall and the spring ran through five caves and then disappeared beneath the wall of rock.

CHAPTER TWELVE

MADER stood naked in his bathroom and let the cold douche splash on to his head. The refreshing water ran down his body in streams. Ulitz was splashing, groaning, and gasping in the adjoining cubicle. Mader rubbed himself down and did some exercises. Ulitz whistled a tune and then called out :

"That's refreshing. But, by Jove, a little sunshine would be agreeable now. I should just like to know how dear old Sol is looking. Six months without daylight ! We shall be growing a skin over our pupils—like the salamanders."

Mader could not help laughing at little Ulitz's humorous grousing. But he soon became thoughtful. What a lot had been achieved in the last few months here underground. Outside, the bloody struggle continued. Men were tearing one another to pieces, and no end was yet in sight. But how difficult it had been to bring all this into being here deep down beneath the earth. The skill of the naval engineers had accomplished a miracle. The power of the waterfall drove all the turbines. Twenty times as much work could be performed by the superfluous power at their command.

But the men ? Would they be able to stand the life much longer ? Would a traitor give away the secret some day ? How difficult it had been to find the right people. It was constantly necessary to look round for men to whom there was no objection. Each one had to be a master of his own trade. They all had to engage themselves for the duration of the War. No one was told where he was bound. Each individual only learnt that he would be going to a workshop which lay hidden in enemy territory, that relations with the outer world were impossible and that there would be no leave. Every man was given two days to think it over. If he then agreed to go, he was allowed two or three weeks' leave, and pledged to the strictest secrecy, even in regard to his nearest relatives. As they were all specially picked men, treachery was hardly to be expected.

Nor could treachery have been of much assistance to the enemy. The men were taken by a circuitous route to the submarine which was to convey them. They were embarked at a different place every time. Only one transport took men on board at any one port of embarkation. The men met one

another for the first time on the boat which took them out to the submarine. There they were distributed in the crew's quarters, and did not come together until the U.-boat was well out at sea. The officers who accompanied them took every precaution lest a secret or uncensored message should be sent home. The last letters reached Germany in a mail-bag, and nobody knew where they had been handed in. Relatives were given an address at the Ministry of Marine. They had to send their letters there, and these were then forwarded by a circuitous route to the Submarine City.

Mader received a long letter from Hertha by every post. She could not understand why he did not come on leave. Her letters were full of her complaints about the War. She told him that she had quarrelled with her father and all her relatives owing to her disapproval of the War.

"Aunt Hermine"; she once wrote full of exasperation, "just imagine, Aunt Hermine is proud that Richard has been killed. Can you conceive it—a mother being proud that her son has been murdered!"

Then in another letter she wrote that she would never be seen at her father's works, now that he was making munitions—shells even. She thought it horrible, and had pointed out to Papa that five of her cousins were serving in the British Army. All the five sons of Aunt Bessie, who, after all, was her dead mother's sister. What a good thing it was that Mamma had not got to live through all this.

"Think, Papa, if a shell or a bullet made by you should be responsible for the death of one of our cousins!"

"Papa was very angry at my objections," she wrote. "He lost his temper with me for the first time in his life, and ordered me to be silent. He told me that I did not understand anything about it, and that I was to stop talking such bunkum about all men being brothers."

Mader sighed to himself as he thought it all over. What was going to happen about Hertha? Who had put these crazy ideas into her head? She had never associated with politicians, and had never moved in circles where ideas of that kind were exchanged.

She wrote: "The whole world is our Fatherland. We merely cherish tenderer feelings for the place where we were born than for other districts. Why, there are people who feel like foreigners when they go to the next village. Yes, youths from adjoining streets in the same town wage war on one another. All narrow-minded ideas regarding one's country

ought to be struck out of the school curriculum and text-books. Men should be taught from childhood up that there is no country in the narrower sense, that the whole world is their country, and that all mankind are brothers and sisters."

As he thought of these words, Mader shook his head and sighed heavily.

"Well, my superior officer," Ulitz called across from his cubicle, "are you pondering some moral question, or are your thoughts with the Easter hares at home?"

Mader could not help laughing at Ulitz's constant joviality, and cast his gloomy thoughts overboard.

"Apropos of Easter hares, my dear Ulitz, we must go and inspect the royal stud before starting our set of tennis. Möller reports that two of the does have given birth to seventeen little rabbits."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THINGS were lively in cave number 9. The two teams clad in football clothes were preparing for their encounter. In the skittle alleys, too, great activity prevailed. The engineers and mechanics were making a lot of noise.

Right at the back of the cave was a high wire-netting fence with a large number of divisions. In the largest pen, on the right, a lot of hens were scratching in the chalky soil. They inhabited two sheds. Some full-grown cocks were holding a crowing competition. A cockerel was making absurd vocal efforts. Next to the poultry pen stood a long row of rabbit hutches in three tiers. These animals also had their exercise ground. Möller was busy at the hutches together with Reimer and Schröder.

"There are twenty-two nice rabbits ready for the pot to-morrow, Commander," Möller called out.

Mader and Ulitz, who had been joined by some of the other officers, approached. The officers of the U.-boats which had come in during the night and morning were greatly interested in the whole business, especially those of them who were on their first visit to the Submarine City.

"Döbel, my dear fellow," said Ulitz to a tall lieutenant,

"the next time you visit our infernal paradise, that is if you have been home first, get my mamma to give you a young calf. We must have a cow here, I'm fed up with everlasting goat's milk and condensed milk."

"I must have our commander's permission first," replied Döbel.

"Granted, gentlemen," said Captain von Görbitz, a thick-set man with red hair, jovially. "Of course, if your mother will give us the bird, I mean the milch-cow. But you seem to forget that all live stock of that kind are subject to special regulations at home now."

"If I know friend Döbel, Captain, he will slip the animal into his hand-bag at a favourable opportunity. Well then, my dear fellow, no admission next time without a calf. . . ."

A plaintive bleat was heard from the adjoining shed.

Schröder opened the door, whereupon ten goats with three kids rushed out. Mader went into the enclosure and stroked the animals. Curiously enough, all four-footed creatures, too, prospered exceedingly in the city of the caves.

A constant and pleasantly warm temperature prevailed in all the caves, except number 1. The air was neither too dry nor too damp. The poultry in particular benefited by the fact that all the caves were very brightly lighted all over. Most of these animals, with the exception of a few veterans, had completely forgotten what "daylight" meant. When at seven or eight p.m. the lights in cave 9 were gradually extinguished, the hens went to roost, and when the cooks switched the lights on in the morning, they came out of their houses. The cocks only rarely crowed "at night". Owing to the constant summer warmth and the brilliant lighting, the hens laid with short intervals all the year round. Möller had constructed electrically heated incubators, so that the hens need not interrupt their laying in order to brood.

The rations which were from time to time sent to the cave-dwellers always included a sufficient provision of fresh vegetables, meat and fodder. It had caused a lot of trouble to obtain this; but Mader's indents received the expert medical support of Katzberg and his two assistants, who feared that a continued diet of tinned stuff would cause an outbreak of disease, especially scurvy.

In general, the state of the men's health left little to be desired. For the first month or so, nobody noticed any difference; it was only later that many were attacked by a peculiar disease. They suddenly experienced a difficulty in breathing,

changed colour, and twisted their arms far backwards. Then they bled from the ears.

The disease was in many respects similar to that which divers suffer from when they are drawn up too quickly. Many die of it. Science is still confronted with an unsolved puzzle in this illness. None of the cave-dwellers suffering from these symptoms had died, but several had had to be sent home, as they kept growing weaker and weaker. They soon recovered in the sunshine. Much worse was the lot of those who fell into a condition of melancholia in consequence of the complete seclusion from the outer world, and the enforced sexual abstinence. Four cases of this kind had already occurred, one of which had ended in a maniacal outburst. The unfortunate man had committed suicide in the lake in cave 1.

Otherwise the garrison were cheerful, and in the circumstances their health was good. They were all very pale owing to the absence of daylight. The food was excellent. The incoming U.-boats brought all manner of stores from the ships they had sunk. There was never any shortage.

The men worked ten hours a day. For two hours each day—from 1 to 2 and from 8 to 9 p.m.—there was "corso", that is to say, during these two hours nobody was allowed to sit down, and every man had to take exercise in cave 9. They did gymnastics and played football, so that their bodies should not lack the movement necessary to health. Twice a week a band composed of twelve men of the garrison gave a concert. In addition, there were gramophones which blared and droned in relays. A concertina, or as the irreverent Berlin cook, Stübbecke, called it, a "squeeze-box", gave Lehmann and Hansen, the two "knuts" of the garrison, an opportunity to show-off their latest dance steps.

Maxl Schrittenbacher, a first-class mechanic from Feldasing in Bavaria, had founded and inspired a glee society. Maxl used to foot it vigorously when Stübbecke played him the "*Heitauer Doppelschlag*" on the concertina. Maxl Schrittenbacher! He was the cheeriest fellow imaginable, and could always raise a laugh. Every Saturday there was beer. At "corso" the preceding three or four days Maxl had been busily engaged in bargaining for the shares of the non-beer drinkers. He promised to sing and to dance and to give them the best things in his parcels from home. Though it was forbidden for a man to receive more than one litre, Maxl always had six or seven put aside for himself. He never got

drunk—only exceedingly merry. He put the whole garrison in a good humour. Mader could not help smiling whenever he thought of remarks of Maxl's which he had accidentally overheard.

Once Maxl was sitting with some companions near the "witch" by the waterfall and administering a lecture to a metal turner who was afflicted with melancholia :

"Nah, see 'ere yer fat'ead, yer perishin' fool, yer great ox-carcase, you ! Nah, what's the meanin' o' this ? Oh, yer poor fish ! Puddin' 'ead's a-blubbin' 'cos he can't be with 'is ole gal. Gawd strike me pink. Why it's enough to mike a monkey spit blood. 'Ere, let me wet me whistle afore me voice dries up. Gawd's truth, I didn't 'arf 'oller for joy when I 'eard there weren't going to be no bloody leave. I likes me old gal well enough, yer know, but I often 'ave ter give 'er a knock in the eye so as she'll let me 'ave some peace an' quiet. She's a good wife but she never lets yer 'ave no peace till yer gives 'er a good 'idin'.

"An' d'yer think she puts up wiv it ? 'Eavens no, not a little bit of it. Wot she's jus' copped, she gives me back on me coker-nut. A bit 'asty-like she is, but a good wife all the sime. When I went away she cried ; I cheered 'er up a bit, an' as I was at the door she calls out summat arter me. I turns round an' calls back, 'Sime to you', an' then off I goes with a 'eavy 'eart. Boo-hoo-hoo. Yer great sheep, nah stop yer snivellin' or I'll fetch yer one !"

Mader found it difficult to solve the riddle of this man's psychology. He never passed by Maxl without thinking of the conversation he had overheard. Once Schrittenbacher was reported to the commander who was then obliged to give him a wiggling. Maxl stood before him with an expression of the utmost seriousness. When he had been dismissed and had already reached the door, Mader called him back.

"Schrittenbacher, I know what you were thinking at the door just now."

"P'raps yer do, Commander."

"Dismiss."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

NEARLY every ship which sailed the Mediterranean had trouble with the German U.-boats. One was no longer safe anywhere. It was even reported that a submarine had been seen in the naval harbour of Spezia. All over the world people were talking of a secret U.-boat base in the Mediterranean. Nobody in the Entente countries any longer believed that Pola, or any of the other enemy harbours, could be the centre of such extended activity. The coasts were patrolled by whole squadrons of enemy vessels. It was at first suspected that the secret base was on the coast of Corsica, and then the African and Asiatic shores were closely searched.

Nothing was found. Nothing at all !

Italy left no stone unturned. Sardinia, Sicily, and even the Ligurian coast, were kept for months under the sharpest observation. It was all in vain. Nothing was discovered.

No one in Italy had an inkling that an underground German works, which produced shells and torpedoes, was situated in their own country. Not a soul suspected that a small type of enemy U.-boat was actually being constructed under Italian soil, and that a small body of men in the loyal fulfilment of their duty were living out of sight of the sun and far from their loved ones, who did not know where father, son, brother, husband or sweetheart was stationed.

A community of men was living in the land of the enemy and yearning for the light of day. In Germany all kinds of rumours spread about the secret U.-boat base. Not a man, with the exception of the submarine crews and a few initiates at Headquarters and in the Ministries of War and Marine, knew about it ; and even of these few, only the U.-boat commanders knew the exact position of the cave.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE summer of 1918 had gone. Autumn entered with giant strides.

Hertha von Zöbing stood before a letter-box at the corner of Graf-Adolf-Strasse and Königsallee, and after a moment's

reflection pushed her letter into the opening. She slowly lowered the lid over the slit. Passing her hand mechanically across the letter-box, she went away hastily.

Fate was now having its way. The engaged couple had not seen one another for two years. Week after week Hertha had dispatched long letters, but never had she received any reply to the questions which were tormenting her whole being. Mader always wrote about a sense of duty, about patriotism, about their country, and that . . . he could not return to her before the end of the War.

In Hertha's opinion these were evasive replies. She stuck to her ideas doggedly, and when Mader plainly stated in reply to her last letter that he could not comply with her wish that he should give up his career as a naval officer, the idea of breaking off the engagement matured in her mind. It was not an easy decision to make. She fought the question out with herself for a week. She loved Mader; loved him with the passion of a first love. But she could never live with a man who reminded her daily of the dreadful War, and whose dress distinguished him as a fighter. She laboured under the delusion that the enemy was no enemy, that the other peoples had desired peace for a long time, and that it was only those in command on the German side who wished to go on with the War. Though she did not read the papers much, she could not help hearing things at mealtimes from the servants and others.

Now her letter lay in the box. The die was cast. Perhaps it was better so. She would never belong to another man. Cripples passed her in the street. Queues of people waiting patiently for hours in front of bakers', butchers' and green-grocers' shops, cast looks of hate at the elegantly dressed young lady and shouted ugly words after her. Hertha quickened her pace. Who could help them? She bowed her head, as though the guilt of the War rested on her shoulders.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE people had taken the power into their own hands, and seized authority. The privations of years had been their chief aids and abettors. Only to get away from this misery.

Only to have a chance of enjoying a more humane existence again. Power is a dangerous plaything in the hands of the people. That wild beast, the mob, had been watching for years for such an opportunity. The leaders did not know with whom they would have to share their power. They did not realize that it was the lowest types who thrust their way to the helm, insisted on having their say, and would not let go of their grip in a hurry. What spirits were called up ! But they were not to be raised.

On one of these witch-vigils the spellbinders had been taken unawares. Now they had to howl with the pack of wolves, in order not to be pushed aside completely and leave the road open for blood-lust and the most horrible catastrophe.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

MADER, who had by now been promoted to the rank of captain, had spent the last few days in a state of the greatest anxiety. New arrivals brought the most appalling news. It was unconfirmed ; but something was brewing. Not a boat had come in for two days. This was unusual. Generally there were boats entering and leaving the Submarine City nearly every day. The garrison, too, were uneasy. Ugly news had been arriving for months in letters from home.

Mader and Ulitz were standing in the cowshed. The doctor was busy giving the sick cow an enema. Ulitz was making all manner of flippant observations. Möller, who was holding the sick animal, cast a reproachful glance at the young officer. Suddenly the signal bell rang. Mader went to the telephone next to the dressing-rooms by the sports ground. The arrival of the U. 174 was reported from cave 1. Mader and Ulitz seated themselves on the electric trolley and drove off in haste.

Captain Zirbental immediately withdrew with Mader. Ulitz remained at the edge of the platform and conversed in whispers with an officer of the U. 174.

Mader stood before his companion with wide open eyes. He could not grasp the news.

"Revolution! Armistice! Retreat!"

The words came from his mouth jerkily. One had to speak in a low tone, so that for the Lord's sake the men should not hear.

The shrill signal of an incoming boat resounded. In the course of the next six hours four more U.-boats entered. The bad news grew more and more incredible. Work was at a *standstill*. Only the lighting installation and the kitchens were working. The officers conferred. Many wanted to leave at once, but this was impossible in view of the risk that other boats might be on their way in. The garrison of the caves was loyal and reliable.

Möller had called the whole garrison together on the football ground, and explained the situation to them in a few words. No one yet knew anything definite. But now it was up to them to hold their heads high. There was to be no grouching. Everything would be settled in the course of the next two or three days. Maxl Schrittenbacher felt called upon to add some observations of his own:

"And anyone who 'as the audacity to start any back-chat, I'll push 'is bloomin' fice in. Mike sausage-meat of 'im, I will. Nah then, any offers?"

Many of them laughed. Maxl had put them in a cheerful mood again. How often in life does a touch of humour suffice to prevent a situation from becoming dangerous and restore a normal atmosphere. Even if in this case Maxl's humour was unintentional, it had nevertheless succeeded in its purpose.

By noon on the following day, eleven U.-boats had come in. The crews remained on board. Möller had issued arms to the men he could rely on, so as to be prepared for any emergency. Mader was holding a meeting of all the officers. The U. 174 had been sent out again, and they were now waiting for information. At last the signal sounded. The U. 174 came in, immediately followed by another submarine. The wireless operators of the U. 174 and the other boat, which was a supply vessel for the cave-dwellers, had received the latest news.

Collapse. Retreat. Revolution in the Empire, and, what was the worst of all for the officers, the flight of the Kaiser.

A dead silence reigned among the officers, when this news was announced.

Flight! The flight of the Supreme War Lord!

The officers of the navy had never really been so enthusiastic

about the Kaiser as the army officers. This was due to the fact that the army had been in far closer contact with the sovereign. Moreover, the naval officers had gained a wider outlook through foreign travel and voyages overseas, and were, in addition, better educated men. The submarine officers in particular were specially selected men. Their knowledge of languages had enabled them in peace time to read English newspapers and to gain ideas on all sorts of subjects. There was and is no body of men possessed of more patriotism and loyalty to the country than the German Navy. As regards the revolutionary "sailors", history will some day disclose who these "sailors" and their "leaders" really were.

"Any gentleman who wishes to return home must decide at once. I must put the matter to my men afterwards." Mader looked round the circle of officers. "I shall stay here, and anyone who wishes to stay with me must make up his mind soon. In order to prevent unforeseen occurrences, I must insist that all boats which wish to return home leave this place before noon to-morrow."

The officers were silent and awaited further explanations.

"I shall stay here until further news comes from home. In present circumstances home is no place for me. I cannot and must not desert my post here."

"I propose we all put out to sea, blow the nearest fortified sea-port towns to pieces, and die with our ships," called out a hot-headed young lieutenant.

"That would be a bad business. General Headquarters have agreed to an armistice. We should be doing our poor country no good by playing a trick like that."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

SIXTEEN officers and petty officers, including the technical staff, decided to remain in the Submarine City. Of the men, thirty-seven asked permission to stay behind. Most of these were old professional sailors, re-enlisted men who had many

years' service to their credit ; they were without family ties, and were glad not to be thrust into the midst of the revolution. Maxl Schrittenbacher reported himself homeward bound.

"Yer know, Captain, I must be getting back to me old girl. She'll be aching for another shindy. I'll come back an' pie yer a visit when I gets leave from the factory."

Mader shook hands heartily with the honest Bavarian. It was particularly unfortunate that this man was leaving him and his comrades. Maxl had the faculty of keeping the men amused and contented.

"Farewell, Schrittenbacher. Remember us to the old country, and don't forget us. You've been a true and loyal comrade ; one couldn't want a better ! Try and manage without blows when you get home. People in Germany have suffered enough, and your wife will have changed, too."

Maxl moved from one foot to the other in most unsailorly fashion and merely nodded. Speak he could not. He swallowed and felt a lump in his throat. He squeezed his captain's hand again and still more vigorously, and ran away. He could have wept and howled. He felt ashamed of himself, and hid in his favourite nook by the "witch".

CHAPTER NINETEEN

EARLY next morning five U.-boats left the Submarine City. All of them left their superfluous supplies of food, clothing, oil and petrol and anything else they could spare, for their comrades who were staying behind in the cave.

The cave-dwellers who had decided to return home were drawn up in rank and file on one side of cave 9, while those who were staying behind stood about informally on their right flank. Commander Saxonfeldt stood with his comrades waiting for Mader, who wanted to bid his men a last farewell. Möller gave a signal from cave 8. Shortly afterwards, the miniature train arrived with Mader and the other officers on board. Saxonfeldt ordered ;

"Attention. Eyes right."

Mader came forward and had the order "stand at ease" given.

"Comrades, believe me I do not blame you for going home. Your relatives are in fear and trembling for you. You have been good and loyal comrades. You have had a share in a mighty undertaking. You have made great sacrifices for your Fatherland. I thank you in the name of your Fatherland. I am very sorry to have to part from you. Very sorry. We have lived like a family. We have been brothers. I am glad to be able to say that during the whole time we have been here, not a single punishment has had to be carried out."

The men looked at their commander in silence.

"You are going back home. However you find things in Germany, never forget that the Fatherland is the greatest possession of each individual. Whatever happens, remember your oath. Do not tell anybody what has been done here and what is still here now. Who knows how much longer we shall be able to stay? So do not betray us."

All shook their heads.

"And now farewell, comrades, farewell and don't forget us. Give our love to our dear country. Give our love to our poor, poor Fatherland."

Maxl sprang forward and called out: "One, two, three!" And over two hundred voices roared so that the rocky dome resounded:

*"Deutschland, Deutschland
Ueber alles.
Ueber alles in der Welt!"*¹

Many could sing no further. Tears came into their eyes. It was not only the grief of the parting, but also the thought of their country lying on the ground torn and bleeding. Here far beneath the earth in the land of the foe were loyal German hearts, and in the depths of their being they swore eternal loyalty to their Fatherland. Each man stepped forward and shook hands with his captain. Mader felt sick at heart. He did not feel ashamed when tears came into his eyes.

"Good-bye. Good-bye."

Then followed the departure. Möller slipped away, sat in the goat-shed, and wept like a child. He had decided to stay. His mother had died a few months before, and now he had

¹ "Germany, Germany, above everything. Above everything in the world."

nobody left belonging to him. The goats surrounded their master and bleated plaintively. Möller buried his face in the neck of Lisel, his favourite, and sobbed broken-heartedly. Nelly, the fox-terrier bitch, crept in, put her front paws on Möller's knees, and licked his hands.

Handshakings, messages of greeting, instructions regarding letters and parcels.

These Germans who are decried as cold and phlegmatic, revealed their feelings. Their hearts beneath a rough exterior were soft and compassionate. Copious blowing of noses and clearing of throats testified to an inner emotion which penetrated to the depths of the heart. The miniature train was now filled, and the homeward-bound men started off for cave 1, amidst handshakings and farewell calls. The train stopped in cave 2. Between two giant stalactites stood a simple cross: the grave of the poor madman who had committed suicide in the lake, and whose body Reimer and Maxstadt had recovered at the risk of their lives. Here lay the poor earthly pilgrim, the merry lad from Cologne, who had once volunteered for service here, and later, ashamed to ask to be sent home, had fallen into the deepest gloom and committed suicide. The men formed a circle and, as a last farewell to the dead lad, sang in a mighty chorus, the famous German song:

*"Ich hatt' einen Kameraden,
Einen bessern find'st du nit,
Die Trommel schlug zum Streite,
Er ging an meiner Seite,
Im gleichen Schritt und Tritt."*¹

The echoes died away. A short word of command, and the party moved off. Mader was on the platform with the other officers. The men were divided among the eight submarines.

Mader came to an arrangement with Captain Zirbental whereby letters were to be sent from time to time to a certain address. If the opportunity should present itself, every means should be tried to fetch them. Mader embraced those of his officers who were going home, then the hatches were closed, and one boat after another disappeared into the depths.

¹ "I had a comrade, a better one you will not find, the drum beat for battle, he marched at my side, keeping pace and step with me."

Mader stood for a long time staring at the surface of the water *after the last boat had disappeared. The waves gradually subsided.*

At some distance behind Mader stood the men who were stopping with him in the Submarine City. Finally he turned round and walked slowly to cave 2. Hertha's letter was rustling in his coat pocket : the letter breaking off their engagement.

Nelson, the large St. Bernard bitch whom Mader had had for some months, came to meet him. She had gnawed through the strap by which she had been tied up in order that she should not get in his way while he was taking leave of his comrades. She jumped up at her master joyfully and thrust her cold nose into his hand as he paced slowly forward. The men kept at a respectful distance. Mader seated himself on a stalagmite stump. Nelson sat in front of him, laid her mighty head on his knee, and looked at him beseechingly with her large faithful eyes. If animals could speak—especially dogs ! With what sincere words would they testify to their great love for their master. Their speech would eclipse the loving words of men, for men's love is never so selfless as that of the dog for his master.

Mader put his arms round the creature's neck and caressed it tenderly. He recognized in the dog a sympathetic being which understood his sorrow.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE next day Mader had the men summoned before him informally. First of all, a scheme of work had to be determined upon. The men must be kept busy. Only through a fixed routine was it possible to overcome the torture of uncertainty. The men gazed expectantly at their commander. Mader took a deep breath and spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone :

"I have sent for you in order to talk to you about what we are to do next. As I said yesterday, a revolution has broken out at home. Everything is in utter chaos. Brother is against brother. The German people are tearing each other to pieces."

The men listened attentively, some of them with a look of horror, to Mader's words.

"There is no longer an army nor an Imperial Navy. You are, therefore, free men and not subordinates." Mader made a short pause. "As, however, you have decided to remain here after everything I said yesterday and the day before, it is, of course, necessary that plans for our future life in this place should be settled and agreed upon. Everyone must work and there must be a controlling authority. An aimless life without work would soon bear the worst possible fruits."

The men nodded in agreement.

"We have provisions of tinned stuff, dried vegetables and groceries sufficient to last us over two years; we have our goats and rabbits and our big poultry farm, which will supply us with fresh meat, eggs and milk for a long time to come. Also we have the cow. We have about six months' supply of poultry food and nearly a year's stock of pressed hay. There is no shortage of clothes, linen and shoes. So we are well provided with the necessities of life.

"But we shall have to limit our smoking. There are large supplies of cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobacco, but we shall have to be economical with them. However, we shall get used to that in time. Enough books have accumulated since we have been here to provide reading matter for a long time. But now for the most important thing: work.

"Arrangements will be made which will permit every man's satisfying his personal wishes in his spare time. Five hours will be allotted for work each day, and three hours for tuition. The engineer officers will give instruction by turns in all technical subjects, and every one of you will therefore have the opportunity of acquiring such an education that you will be qualified to fill the best technical positions all over the world. There will also be instruction in French, English, Portuguese and especially Italian, and every man will be able to avail himself of the opportunity to learn these languages."

Here some of the men interrupted the captain with shouts of approval.

"So as not to be entirely cut off from the outer world, we shall strengthen the wireless installation on the U. 10 with those from the other boats, and put out to sea twice a week at night in order to pick up the latest news from home and the rest of the world. As regards work, we shall go on as before but on a smaller scale. We must provide ourselves with a

smaller turbine and simplify the arrangement of the motors. The dormitories you can yourselves fix up so that they make comfortable living-rooms. Everything else we must leave to the future. Do you agree to my proposals?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," came the convinced reply from every side.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

SINCE "peace" had returned, the world had become even more disjointed than during the War. The mind of the peoples was poisoned by hate and lust for revenge.

Sixty million souls! A whole nation! A country was to be punished for what was the crime of a small number of diplomats, industrial magnates, and militarists of many nations. The trial was held at Versailles. The judgement was unjust. In all civilized states, even among the bush negroes and Hottentots, the accused is given an opportunity to defend himself. Here this was omitted. Men sat as judges whose minds were obsessed with hatred and thoughts of revenge. Falsehood followed upon falsehood. Vast territories, which were purely German, were represented to the world as being of different speech. Geography and history were brutally falsified. The corpse-robbers were at work, with the help of the falsifiers of history, tearing bleeding shreds from the bound body of the German nation.

A lecture-room theorist, a so-called scholar and educationist, who had by chance become head of the government of a great country across the ocean, and had not an inkling of geography, especially that of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, laid down conditions of peace, indulged in pompous phrases and gestures, but despite a university education was not even aware that the German and Czech languages are as different as chalk and cheese.

The grossest lies were served up for foreign peoples. In the countries of "fair-play", nobody had the courage to make a stand against palpable lies and distorted facts, so that truth might get a hearing. Thousands of university professors and other learned men knew them to be lies and yet supported

them in pseudo-scientific treatises. They simply shook off the burden of guilt from their own shoulders. Many a statesman buried his head ostrich-like in the sand so as not to have to hear brutal falsehoods. Statesmen and diplomatists went on lying, as they always do. Notorious facts were denied and public opinion further poisoned. Nobody raised any opposition.

You who deliberately kept silent, and by your continued silence expressed agreement, you helped a revengeful and unscrupulous clique to commit a judicial murder, and therefore you share their guilt. The day will come on which the peoples will be enlightened on the subject of this crime and realize how cruelly and unjustly a nation of sixty million people was treated.

A poor country plunged into misery by a handful of leaders lay quivering on the ground. Woe to you judges who judged so unjustly! Woe to you, when your own peoples realize what an unprecedented fraud you made yourselves responsible for.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

HERTHA VON ZÖBING had lived in the constant expectation that Mader would one day come back. She confidently assumed that in consequence of the revolution he would quit the service, and that there would therefore no longer be any obstacle to their union. But she waited in vain. Inquiries showed that Captain Mader had not returned home. Could he be dead? Would she never have an opportunity of threshing the matter out with him?

Her eyes had been opened to many things by now. Her ideas of universal brotherhood had received a rude shock. In Russia, the red soldiery had been raging for two years. Famine, misery, murder and assassination were the order of the day. At home, insurrections prevailed and brother was engaged in killing brother.

Where were the "brothers" in the enemy countries who were to reach out their hands across the frontiers? Where was the happiness which was to make all mankind brothers

and sisters? Where was the universal reconciliation of the peoples? Were they human beings who let old people and children in their thousands die of hunger? Were they the longed-for brothers, they who let innocent children become cripples through under-nourishment?

Where was the feeling of humanity? What sin had the poor unsuspecting children committed against mankind? How came it that men deprived babies of milk, and took away bread and meat from the sick? Were they brothers who were doing this? The beast called man was celebrating orgies of hate and revenge.

Hertha suffered acute qualms of conscience. Had she done right in breaking with Mader? Had she had the right to keep on tormenting him? She judged herself severely. Her father said nothing as the time passed and Mader failed to return. He noticed his daughter's uneasiness, and ascribed it to fear lest something should have happened to her beloved. He had inquiries made as to whether Mader was reported prisoner or missing.

The U. 10 was reported as missing. The old gentleman discovered through the medium of influential friends that no news had been received from the U. 10 for two and a half years, but that Mader's name had remained in the navy list until the end of the War, and that he had been in receipt of his pay until a month before the collapse. But where the pay had been sent to could not be discovered. When her father learnt from Hertha that she had broken off her engagement with Mader long ago, he was very much upset and overwhelmed her with the bitterest reproaches. Time passed slowly by and all their waiting was fruitless.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE U. 10 lay far out at sea in the grey light of the early morning. The aerial above the submarine vibrated, and the wires sang gently to the accompaniment of the plashing waves. The whole crew was on deck breathing in the fresh morning air. A smudge of smoke from a steamer could be

seen in the far distance. Hardly visible to the north lay the coast of the Italian Riviera. The submarine's position was due south of Finale Marina and Varigotti. The hilly promontory of Capo di Noli jutted out into the sea. The landscape was radiant in the morning sun. Between the U.-boat and the coast moved a number of small fishing vessels of which only the mast-heads and a bit of the sail were to be seen. Mere shadows.

Mader stared at the coast with wide-open eyes. His face was white and sunken. He looked years older. The commander and all the crew were dressed in grey-green uniforms. The U.-boat was painted the same colour. It did not stand out against the green of the sea. Protective colouring. Precautionary adaptation.

It was early summer in the year 1921. Mader ordered the nets to be drawn in, and the men in the ship's boat to starboard of the U. 10 slowly approached the U.-boat with the cork floats at the edge of the nets. A rich booty was hauled in. Again they were supplied for days. The small and unusable fish were thrown back into the sea. Likewise the cuttle-fish which, as usual, were well represented in the catch. Chief-Engineer Zangenberg took some of these small octopuses from Reimer. They were needed for colouring matter, and there were also people who liked eating the repulsive creatures. The aerial masts were lowered and made fast; the wires taken below. The ship's boat was secured in its place on the fore-deck. The U. 10 slowly disappeared into the swell.

The reversing-gear was brought into action. The motor operating the after pair of hydroplanes worked rapidly, and the boat noiselessly submerged to a depth of twenty feet. The wireless operator copied out the news he had picked up in a legible hand.

A small cabin for the wireless installation had been fitted up in the officers' quarters. As they only put to sea every second or third day and then only after darkness had fallen, there was little to be heard except cipher combinations as most of the wireless telegrams had already been transmitted by this time. They only picked up newspaper intelligence and the Press reports from the Eiffel Tower, which were broadcast for the public. On various occasions they tried the trick of calling up big ships under a false name, and by this means learnt much useful information.

Mader, the doctor, Ulitz and Zangenberg leaned over the wireless operator's shoulder and read the messages as he wrote

them down. There was nothing agreeable in the news from home. Always new acts of oppression, always new threats of sanctions and outrages by the French black troops in the occupied territory. Transparent lies were current about *German deceit and subterfuges*. So much was untrue that no idea could be formed of the real position at home. It was two and three-quarter years since the inhabitants of the Submarine City had had any direct news. If they could only procure a newspaper from home with news which they could rely upon !

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

GUARDS were on duty at the platform by the mooring place in the lake cave, and made the U. 10 fast. Möller gave his report regarding the last fourteen hours, during which time the U. 10 had been absent. The fish were loaded on to a small truck and the miniature train moved off.

Changes had taken place in the Submarine City. In cave 2, two new crosses stood beside that of the poor madman. Two good comrades had died, one soon after the other. A welder had lost his life through contact with the high tension current. The carpenter, Klüberle, an honest, good-natured fellow from Baden, had died of homesickness and a broken heart. In the large machine-room, a number of machines were covered over with boarding. In the living- and sleeping-quarters, the men had constructed fine comfortable cabins. Two men lived in each. In cave 8, a small lake had been formed ; ducks and geese swam about in it. As early as the winter of 1918, Möller had had instructions given that no more waterfowl should be taken for the kitchen except the surplus drakes and ganders. The rest of the birds were kept for breeding.

"For," said Möller, "ducks and geese can, if necessary, be fed on fish, while we can eat over 100 of the hens in the next few weeks, so as to make the feed last longer for the odd sixty."

Then the good Müller had raised large quantities of mushrooms in manure beds in the dark. The results were excellent. He had asked for various plants and seeds at the time when

there were still two supply boats a week bringing all necessities from home ; the authorities had laughed at him, but granted his requests, as he was paying for the things himself.

Möller had been carrying out experiments for eighteen months with the help of Klusmeyer, the cook ; in the course of weeks he patiently collected an enormous quantity of seed from the stock of hay, and then hung a number of large arc-lamps, which were no longer needed in the other caves, over a large piece of ground which he had himself prepared and manured with dung from the goat-sheds and poultry houses. And, marvellous to relate, it grew ! Fresh grass grew ! The rays of artificial light, millions of candle-power in strength, partly replaced the sun, and the remaining goats showed themselves partial to the light succulent grass.

They had slaughtered all the goats except two, and thus made the fodder last more than twice as long. The rabbits, too, save two pairs, had gone the way of all flesh. The population of the Submarine City included a number of dogs and canaries. The dogs were easily fed with fish, and there was still sufficient feed available for the birds.

But an extremely important article of diet had been missing for weeks. There was no more bread, for the stock of flour was exhausted. There had also been no potatoes for a long time. There were still large supplies of tinned stuff, including meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, and many other kinds of preserves. Then they had tried the bivalves from the lake as food ; the cook had evolved a recipe for them, and now every other week appeared on the menu : "coloured mussels —sauce piquante."

The intellectual level of the men rose enormously. Almost all of them could speak fluent English, Italian, French and Portuguese. The latter language was taught by an officer who had lived for years in South America and knew it perfectly. Most of the conversation was conducted in foreign languages. Many a joke ensued. Schröder, who seemed to have forgotten how to say "thank you", always expressed his thanks in Portuguese with "*molto obrigato*".

The men's physical health, with a few exceptions, left nothing to be desired. But such was not the case with their morale. They had been growing quieter and more self-absorbed week by week, especially during the last six months. Nature was claiming her rights, nor did the many sedatives with which Doctor Katzberg surreptitiously doctored the food do much to help matters.

From time to time meetings had been held to discuss the question of whether they should return home, but each time it was decided, on the strength of the radio news which had been received, and after long discussions, to stay on in the Submarine City, and to await normal or, at any rate, better times before returning home. None of the men wanted to see their country again as long as it was in the hands of incapable politicians.

The radio stations constantly issued reports as to the growth of German Communism, which sailed faithfully in the wake of Russian Bolshevism. Lectures were given in the Submarine City explaining to the men that the so-called universal brotherhood of the peoples had proved an utter delusion. Where were the French, English, and Italian brothers who were to grasp the outstretched German hand in a spirit of help and reconciliation? Where was the realization of the prospects which had for years been held out by phrase-mongering agitators?

Not a hand was offered. The French proletariat was obsessed with the same lust for revenge and the same hatred of everything German as the *bourgeoisie*. The English working man is too much of an ignoramus even to consider whether a thing is true or false. He hates the German, because he feels, even if only unconsciously, that the German, and especially the German workman, is far superior to him in brains, intelligence, and general education. The Englishman, whether of the upper, middle, or working classes, swallows everything he reads in the newspapers, which are full of the most obvious lies, and even if he does not really believe every word, he goes by it all the same, and simply says: "Well, it is in the newspapers, and that settles it."

Mader thought over these things a lot. Communism? What these people call Communism is nothing of the kind. It is simply the dictatorship of a single class. All individuality is suppressed. The intellect is put in a strait-waistcoat, and everyone has to think and feel alike. The real Communism is to be found in this small community, the Submarine City. But here love of the Fatherland predominates over everything. Here there is no dictatorship; the general will prevails and not that of an individual.

Russian Bolshevism has proved itself to be crude and brutal absolutism worse than that of the Tsar's régime. If in those days a clique of reactionary courtiers exercised political influence in Russia and despotically suppressed

all enlightenment, the same is happening now in the opposite direction and in a much more one-sided fashion. Every band and every good orchestra needs a conductor. If each musician wished to wield the baton, what would be the result? Up to the present, the humanitarian side of Bolshevik teaching has not been put into action. Misery is still too great, and people dare not start a counter-movement, for death-sentences are executed much more rapidly than in the worst days of the Tsardom.

Mader had held a conference with his brother officers, and after work was finished summoned the men to cave 9. They noticed that something special was in the air, and waited impatiently for the captain to speak. When Mader appeared, he seemed deeply moved. He spoke in strong resonant tones:

"As you see from to-day's news, the disorder in Germany is greater than ever. I must again emphasize that I am not speaking for myself. Much has changed during the many years we have been together. But the love of one's country remains immutable. We have stuck it out here. We don't want to go back until peace and order have been introduced. We hoped that everything would come to rights in a short time—a matter of weeks or months. But it is nearly three years since the War ended, and still there is no end in sight, either to the oppressions of our enemies or to internal contention."

The men listened attentively.

"In the course of these years we have done work for civilization. Without assistance from outside, important technical discoveries have been made. And not only technical ones. Our good Möller has even succeeded in creating a garden and a field three hundred feet underground. Möller is the discoverer of fresh grass."

The men grinned.

"There's no need to laugh," proceeded Mader. "Who can tell to what further developments Möller's discovery will lead, when the scientists get hold of it? But I do not want us to remain cut off from everything." He raised his voice. "Again I must put the question: does any one of you want to go back? He has only to say so. We shall stick closely together and release him from his oath."

Nobody answered, though some of them looked down in an embarrassed way and sighed.

"We don't want to compel anyone to keep on subjecting himself to privations. Although neither I nor any of the officers

wish to return to Germany as long as it remains in a state of disorder, we are all of us agreed that everyone shall have the opportunity to act as he judges best."

Everyone remained silent.

"Seems to me we're all for stoppin', Captain," Möller muttered into his long, pointed beard. No one else spoke.

"Well," proceeded Mader, "the officers and I have agreed that we shall put to sea to-morrow evening with the small submarine, the U. 1000, our new invention. Near the cliffs of Bergeggi we shall put out one of the rowing boats from cave 1 with a few men and a small mast and sail."

The men listened in astonishment.

"The boat's crew are to take with them the old large mail-bags, from which all the lettering must be cut out, visit some villages, and make some purchases. Göbel, Maxstadt, Herdigerhoff and Rinseler speak Italian perfectly; they look like southerners, and being sensible fellows, will manage perfectly."

The four men looked at Mader in surprise.

"The utmost caution is absolutely essential. You are not to keep together, but each of you is to visit a different village. You must behave as unobtrusively as possible. You can make such alterations as you please in your uniforms, for you must not all be dressed alike. If opportunity offers, buy yourselves some old clothes. Rinseler, you will go to Savona. From there you will telephone Fratelli Rossi, forwarding agents at Genoa, and ask if they are storing a bag for Sennor Almeida of Zurich. Be careful and answer in Portuguese if they ask you if you are Portuguese."

Rinseler nodded.

"If the bag or anything else is there, ask them to send it, addressed to the same name, to Savona station to be kept till called for. Understand?"

"Yes, Captain."

"If all goes well, we will arrange for another four men to go on 'shore leave' soon."

They all laughed. The prospect of seeing the light of day again was too tempting.

"In the evening after dark, you are to meet at the boat and row about a mile and a quarter SSW. We shall come to the surface at 9 p.m. sharp and pick you up. Your light will show us your position."

"And don't forget to bring feed for the birds, and onions and carrots and butter," Möller blurted out hurriedly.

"And baccy, man, a good thick chunk for chewin'."

"Yus, an' summat to smoke!"

Thousands of wishes were expressed. Mader called them to order. Everything which they could receive must be stowed in the four large mail-bags.

At seven o'clock the following evening all was ready for the departure. The four candidates for "shore leave" who had made some alterations to their uniforms, climbed with their mail-bags through the hatchway of the small new submarine U. 1000, a new type invented and built in the Submarine City. It was only forty feet in length and was equipped with an accumulator, invented by Chief-Engineer Klebinder, which kept recharging itself automatically by a rotatory arrangement, and accordingly went on providing power until the zinc batteries were burnt out, which took four days or ninety-six hours. The little U.-boat had a radius of action of two hundred and fifty sea miles, and a speed of 18 knots on the surface and 14 knots when submerged. Every device had been improved as a result of thorough study and prolonged experiment. The boat could dive and rise more rapidly. The searchlights had been perfected, and enabled to cast a more powerful beam by means of a telescopic setting of the parabolic mirrors. Particularly under water. The eye-piece of the periscope and the apparatus for under-water vision were arranged according to a new principle.

Mader gave each of the men some English, American and Italian money. Exactly at 8.30 the U. 1000 came to the surface at a point five sea miles' distance from Bergeggi. The hatch was opened and the men hurriedly appeared on deck. Mader looked round. There was no boat near. In the distance twinkled the lights of Savona, and to the south-east thereof those of Genoa with its beacon. To the west, one could see the windows of the big hotel at Spotorno blazing with lights. A long way off, beyond Spotorno, flickered the lights of Noli and the lighthouse of Capo di Noli. A Riviera express was just emerging with glaring head-lights from the Capo di Noli tunnel.

The boat was rapidly lowered into the water, and the sacks stowed away in it. With a few powerful strokes of the oars it vanished from sight. The U. 1000 proceeded at full speed out to sea.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

RINSELER sat at the rudder, while the other three rowed energetically, despite the sail. In the dead calm the sail hung slack and motionless. The little island to the east of Spotorno came into view. It lay dreary and deserted. Shortly after the end of the War the coastguard and searchlight section had been withdrawn from the island. The U.-boat hunters thus lost an easy and much envied job. The fishermen and other searchers from the surrounding villages had removed all the usable wood. As before the War, only the ruins of a previous small settlement were left standing.

The boat approached at a rapid stroke. Göbel stood in the bows and stared searchingly into the starlit night. Nothing moved on the island. The boat passed it and went on towards the rocky coast. Deep silence reigned. Ten o'clock struck from a clock tower in Spotorno. A deep cave, eerie and fantastic, opened among the steep rocks of the shore. Shipping their oars and furling the sail, the men guided the boat noiselessly through the small breakers. By the cave, the boat gently glided on to a rock.

Göbel was the first to spring ashore and pulled the boat up the slope by the painter. The others followed. The boat was drawn completely out of the water and made fast.

Maxstadt drew the air into his lungs with deep breaths. A curious feeling came over him. A wave of heat ran down his back. It was exactly five years and two months since he had last stood on solid ground in the open air. Obeying an impulse, a compelling inward urge, he sank to his knees and folded his hands in prayer. A feeling of release came over him.

The others had observed Maxstadt's behaviour with astonishment. Almost simultaneously they removed their caps and lowered their heads in prayer. They climbed up the steep cliff. On top lay the white dusty Riviera road, and immediately behind it ran the railway line from Genoa to Nice. The four men stood still and listened in the darkness. They were so excited that they could not speak.

After a short consultation, Rinseler went along the road northwards towards Bergeggi on his way to Savona. Herdigerhoff was to follow in half an hour, and spend the night in Bergeggi. Maxstadt took the road to Spotorno, intending

to spend the night in Noli. Göbel was to remain near the boat, and go to Spotorno towards daybreak.

Maxstadt almost staggered as he walked along the road. Five years ! It was five years since he had been on *terra firma* under the open sky. Five long years ! He laughed inwardly and talked to himself as he passed by the tall cacti covered with white dust which lined the road ; he touched them and let himself be pricked by a thorn. He plucked tufts of grass and weeds at the side of the road, and inhaled the sharp fragrance again and again. Was it true ? Was he really walking on the road in the open air ? Was there no stalactite roof above his head ? He walked along with rapid strides.

The earth shook and a long whistle pierced the stillness of the night. The Genoa-Nice express roared past the solitary wanderer and pulled up at Spotorno station with a screeching of brakes. The lights of the little town came nearer. The windows of the big hotel were brilliantly illuminated. A gentle breeze rose and bore along the notes of an orchestra.

Suddenly Maxstadt stood still and listened intently in the darkness. Silvery girlish laughter rang out in the night. A woman's laugh. How long was it since he had last heard that ?

During these five years, the idea of girls and women had slowly grown in the minds of the cave-dwellers into something odd and inconceivable. Their constant absorption in fevered fantasies had produced a distorting effect on their brains. Woman had appeared to them in their waking hours and in their dreams in a thousand different forms, and had become something unreal and unnatural. Work, study, gymnastics and, last but not least, Dr. Katzberg's bromine doses had all helped to divert their thoughts from this subject. Yet they were all of them strong, healthy men in the prime of life. Their fantasies were ugly apparitions which roused the senses despite everything, and made the body suffer. Nature demanded her rights.

Again the laugh rang out. Were they women or girls ? Maxstadt's whole body perspired, and yet cold shivers ran down his back. He wiped his forehead, took a deep breath, and walked on slowly. Now he was passing the railings of the hotel garden. Thick-stemmed palms stood in regular rows. Between them lay paths and beds. A strong scent of flowers was wafted out on to the road. People were dancing in the larger oom.

Maxstadt stood by the railings and stared wide-eyed

through the darkness of the garden at the lighted windows of the ball-room. Women ! Girls ! With bare shoulders and arms, white as alabaster. Women with sparkling eyes ! Women with full lips were held in the arms of men in evening-dress or uniform, and turned with them in circles. They smiled with half-opened mouth and shining eyes raised to their partner : "Come, kiss me ! Don't you know whom you are holding in your arms ? Are you blind ?"

Maxstadt felt a burning sensation in his breast as he looked into the room. How long was it since he had held a girl in his arms, hugged her and kissed her ? How long was it ? An incredibly long time. He turned his eyes away and intended to go on ; but a feeling of dizziness came over him. He nearly fell. He slowly let himself down on the edge of the wall beneath the railings. His teeth chattered audibly.

Suddenly there was a sound of crunching gravel quite close to him. A lady and a gentleman stopped just in front of him as he cowered on the wall. They did not speak a word. The man put his arm round the woman's waist and kissed her. Her arms flew round his neck and she drew his head passionately to her lips. Both stood motionless, lips pressed against lips. Expiring in ecstasy. Maxstadt wanted to scream, but he could not. The woman's perfume came to his nostrils and intoxicated him. He pulled himself together and staggered down the street.

The way led through sleeping Spotorno. Then came the high-road once more. Maxstadt trudged on with tightly-shut mouth. His lips were hot and dry. Go on further, further. Noli was still throbbing with life. Noli, the most picturesque town in Italy. The most artistic and beautiful nook on the Ligurian Sea. Maxstadt strode through the narrow lanes covered with arches. Lamps dangled from chains in the middle of the streets and were gently swayed by the wind. Shadows moved about eerily on the walls of the houses and the pavements. In his excitement Maxstadt passed up and down stairways and through lanes only eight or ten feet wide. A small open square with several statues of saints appeared in the starlight.

A woman stood leaning against the gateway of a house. Black hair over her forehead. Traces of former beauty. She was weeping quietly. She wanted to fetch her husband out of the tavern. He had not been out on the water for five days. But Martino, the landlord of the harbour tavern, had received a large new barrel of Barbera. Thick, dark-red

fluid. A gift of the gods. She had to go hungry while her man squandered the last soldi in drink.

Maxstadt came round the corner, saw the woman, and went up to her. She took the handkerchief from her eyes.

"Can I spend the night here anywhere?"

He uttered the question without any foreign accent. The woman looked at his white face and took alarm at the sight of his blazing eyes. She drew back slowly into the gateway and pointed down the road with her finger. He did not move but simply looked at the woman. He raised his hands in supplication. She was incapable of making a movement. Then he seized her hands and pressed them to his mouth. His lips were hot with fever. The woman tried to withdraw her hands, but he kept them pressed to his mouth.

Footsteps sounded in the distance. The woman pulled Maxstadt into the gateway in alarm. For God's sake, don't let them be seen! No one would believe her story. In this little hole everyone would think the worst of her. The footsteps came nearer. She pressed herself nervously into the corner behind the gate. Maxstadt misinterpreted her movement and held her against his body with a powerful embrace. The steps died away. Maxstadt found her lips with his burning mouth and dug his teeth into them. She tried to shriek but could not. He held her mouth firmly closed. She felt faint.

For weeks she had been neglected and beaten by her drunken husband. She was only thirty years old. Hot Italian blood ran in her veins. Forgetting everything around her, she returned his kisses passionately. She led him across the courtyard into her dwelling. There was no danger of being surprised. Her toper of a husband never came tottering home until morning.

In the room there was only a little oil lamp burning beneath an image. The two embraced with fierce ardour. He ripped her dress and her chemise to pieces. Like a wild beast he hurled himself upon her. She bit her teeth into his neck and sucked the red life-blood into her burning mouth. The little lamp flickered and cast ghost-like shadows on the wall. Then a draught blew it out.

Two human beings, united in a hot embrace, forgot their duty to God and man. The old story of pleasure and sin was once more repeated in the eternal cycle of existence.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

WHILE Göbel lay in the boat and, tired by the unwonted excitement, soon fell asleep, Rinseler marched with firm and rapid strides towards Bergeggi. The sky was strewn with stars, and occasionally a wonderful shooting-star fell into the sea, leaving a trail of fire behind it. The moon made a glittering path across the waters of the gulf. Somewhere a dog was barking.

He must not let himself think : not let homesickness well up inside him !

Slender pines stretched up towards heaven. The strong scent of jasmine penetrated to him from a small garden. A house standing by itself. The windows with the shutters closed looked dark and gloomy. Behind the house, on the hill-side, stood an olive grove.

Hark ! A man's voice was humming a Neapolitan song : "*Oh, povero merlo mio !*"

Rinseler's heart glowed. His thoughts went back to his home. His yearning would no longer be mastered. In 1912 he had spent his last leave at Schönaue, near Neckarsteinach. He had travelled through from Kiel to Heidelberg. "*Alt Heidelberg, du Feine. . .*" His heart swelled as his memory conjured up that wonderful picture again. His first visit had been to the Castle Hill. He had stood on the terrace below the Castle Hotel and gazed upon the superb view at his feet. Evening was falling, and the lights sprang up. The silvery Neckar flowed by.

What a magical influence that word "Neckar" exerted over him ! "Neckar." He kept whispering the word to himself as he walked along the dusty road on the Italian Riviera. His thoughts wandered in retrospect. The following morning he had thrown away his return ticket to Neckarsteinach and walked back. He would have had to wait another two hours for a train. The road went by Ziegelhausen and Neckargemünd. The little old cottages greeted him. His youth returned to him. He was a boy again when he saw the old forts above Neckarsteinach.

Oh, golden beautiful childhood ! How his father had taken him about everywhere and explained all the beautiful things to him with enormous laughing lies. How his mother had corrected his father so that he should not spoil the lad.

In three-quarters of an hour he had crossed the Brünnlberg and reached his home, his dear Schönau. Down below lay the rich meadows clad in fragrant green. Everywhere little streams flowed through the fields. People were already at work. He met acquaintances. Women came up the hill balancing baskets on their heads. Each spring, earth and dung had to be dragged up on to the slopes.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

At the beginning of the Ringmauerweg, in front of the Pfälzerhof, stood his old grandfather blinking with his half-blind eyes into the morning light. He knew that the runaway, his favourite grandson Gustl, had come on a visit, bringing him lovely presents and telling such wonderful stories of the world which he himself had never seen.

With an effort Rinseler rid himself of these thoughts and walked on more quickly. The road was bordered on both sides by a small wood. A line-keeper's cottage with lights shining in the windows. A baby could be heard crying. Rinseler breathed deeply. Oh, God, how beautiful the world was! How wonderful was life! Five years of a mole's existence lay behind him. Now life stretched before him once more in all its splendour. He opened his arms wide as though to press the whole world to his throbbing heart.

He was startled out of his contemplation by loud shouts and laughter. A cart drove past in which were a number of men and women. The men called out to him to get in and drive with them. Rinseler refused. So they stopped and lifted him forcibly into the cart amidst laughter and jokes. A lad handed him a bottle of blood-red Chianti and shouted:

"Drink! By the holy Virgin, drink! You need it. You're as white as a corpse. Drink. This'll put some life and colour into you."

Rinseler raised the bottle to his mouth and drank in thirsty gulps. Suddenly he broke off and put the bottle down. For God's sake be careful. He had grown unaccustomed to alcohol.

"*Mille grazie.*" He passed the bottle on.

St. John's day was being celebrated at Bergeggi, near the entrance to the village. Rinseler was forced to accompany the others into the garden of the inn. Chinese lanterns,

laughter, shrieks, yells, wine, cakes and fruit. The tables were covered with wine and remains of food. A screeching orchestra was making a noise for people to dance to. No Italian national dances. Tango, two-step, Boston. Terribly stiff. The male dancers moved in a proud and awkward manner. The girls were yielding, lying in their partner's arms and letting themselves be dragged along. Showed wonderful or ugly legs. Salome! Salome! They all roared the refrain which had infected the whole world.

Rinseler saw all this as though through a kaleidoscope. A man pushed him down on to a seat. A plate of strong-smelling roast pork stood in front of him. Garlic! A dish of spaghetti. A haughty lady scattered a spoonful of parmesan cheese over it, nudged Rinseler and shouted in his ear:

"Mangiare."

The pale man began to eat slowly and cautiously. The haughty lady stood before him shaking her head. From time to time he took a sip of the heavy unadulterated wine. Oranges, dates, raisins, nuts and bananas were put before him. He took an orange and sat smelling it for a long time. An ardent desire rose in his heart. An apple, a fresh-scented German apple, was what he wanted most. He slipped out of the garden unobserved.

As he was about to proceed on his way, he saw Herdigerhoff leaning against the fence with wide-open burning eyes. Rinseler tapped him gently on the shoulder. He turned round in alarm. When he recognized his comrade, he followed him. Rinseler stopped in a narrow lane.

"Take care, young fellow! Don't stand about gaping. You'll make yourself conspicuous."

They passed a lamp. Herdigerhoff saw the orange in Rinseler's hand. He snatched at it.

"Give me a taste, Rinseler."

"You can have the whole of it. I've had one already," Rinseler lied, and pressed the golden fruit into his comrade's hand. Herdigerhoff tore off the peel with his teeth and sucked the juice. Rinseler watched him regretfully.

"I say," whispered Herdigerhoff, "I'll buy a whole basketful to-morrow. The lads must have some, too."

They parted directly afterwards. Herdigerhoff slunk through the alleys and found accommodation at a small inn. Rinseler strode rapidly along the road to Savona. He still had twelve miles to go, and wanted to be there by five o'clock so as to have an hour or two for sleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE inhabitants of the Submarine City spent the whole day in a state of feverish expectation. During "corso", they talked about the things which they had ordered. There was great anxiety lest their comrades should not have been able to get all the things. The excitement increased from hour to hour.

Möller was constantly on the move with a trolley. He told the goats, the dogs, the rabbits, the birds and the rest about all the nice things which they would get. Towards evening he smartened himself up as though for a dance. Nelly, Nelson, and five other dogs kept running along behind him. Two cats rubbed against his legs and purred. He used to hold long conversations with his animals, and his favourites understood him. He only regretted that he could not train the blind salamanders in the lake and the mussels to run after him like his goats, dogs, and cats.

When at 6 p.m. the U. 10 left, instead of the U. 1000, almost two-thirds of the men were on board. The remainder settled down on the platform beside the lake and passed the time playing cards, dominoes and chess. But none of them had their thoughts on the game. Every face showed signs of excitement.

Lieutenant Ulitz walked up and down with two other officers. He was waiting for cigarettes—good, smokable cigarettes. Rinseler had had it impressed on him thirty times at least; he was to bring a hundred—no, five hundred—no, if possible, a thousand cigarettes, and a hundred cigars.

The cook was consulting Möller regarding the menu for next day's dinner. To-morrow was Sunday. At midday there was to be a feed that would make the mussels under the water dance a jig, and the blind salamanders grow eyes. In the afternoon, after the tennis and the football match, there would be coffee and cakes. Möller wondered if they would have wine, too. The cook was sure of this. Ulitz, who happened to be passing, tapped Möller on the shoulder—an action which caused all the dogs to glare at him and growl furiously—and remarked jovially:

"Certainly, Möller, you old stableman. Yes, certainly, you old beast-charmer and dog-fiend. Champagne!

There'll be real French champagne and strawberry-cup."

"Yes, lieutenant, and they're sure to bring some fresh bird-feed." Möller beamed all over his face.

"Well, Möller, old boy, don't forget to give your canary a decent helping, else he'll squeak worse than ever."

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

GÖBEL was the first to reach the boat next evening with his mail-bag full. He had stuffed his coat and trouser pockets with useful and much-needed objects.

After a short while Maxstadt appeared. He looked paler than ever. Besides his bag, he was carrying a packet of newspapers and a queer-looking three-gallon keg of wine.

Herdigerhoff arrived shortly before seven. He was driving a small donkey, which was carrying two baskets of fresh vegetables in addition to the bulging mail-bag. He, too, had a keg of wine hanging on his back. The things were stowed away in the boat, and Herdigerhoff hurriedly led his donkey back to Bergeggi, where he had hired the beast.

Rinseler turned up at half-past seven. He had come by train from Savona to Bergeggi, and had carried the heavy mail-bag and two big parcels from there. The greatest caution was exercised during the descent of the cliff and the loading of the boat. The spot was a fairly solitary one, but nobody must be allowed to notice anything.

Göbel pushed off, and the boat glided gently out of the grotto. After two hours' rowing Herdigerhoff switched on the accumulator and the stern-light. It was now nearly ten o'clock. Suddenly the lower lamp showed up for a few moments from the deck of the U. 10. The men rowed slowly towards the submarine. Almost every man was on deck. The four bags and the other things were rapidly taken below. Maxstadt cast a long look back in the direction of Noli before he stepped through the hatchway.

The four men who had returned from leave were assailed with countless questions. Göbel told them of his purchases

in the market at Spotorno. He smiled mysteriously and whispered so that no one understood his replies.

When they arrived in the cave all the lovely things were spread out on the work-benches in cave 4. The cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobacco were taken by storm. Soon they were all supplied, and everyone was busy puffing out clouds of smoke. Möller had soon put away the feed for the birds, the seeds, and the other things which he had ordered. The tops of the carrots which Göbel had purchased were distributed among the birds, goats, and rabbits. Liesel butted and jumped and nearly bowled Möller over. Everyone helped the cooks to prepare the Sunday dinner.

It was a feast for the gods, for there was beef broth made from fresh meat. This was followed by trout, or rather a preparation of mussels which the cook called trout. Next came fillet of veal with *pommes frites*. (The peelings went partly to the hens and partly to the rabbits.) Herdigerhoff gave Möller a great surprise when he handed him a lovely pair of light-grey turtle doves.

Coffee and cakes!

Mader was deeply moved as he saw what an intense joy all these things gave the poor men. Of the wine, each man received only half a pint at supper. The whole day was spent in reading, smoking, and laughing. Chief-Engineer Hacker forgot to note the score during the tennis match, because he kept glancing at a copy of the *Daily Mail*. There the Germans were still invariably referred to as the "Huns".

That evening there was a reading circle. The quietest of all the men was Maxstadt. He lay back in a hammock, dreaming with wide-open eyes, and only gave monosyllabic replies to the questions which he was asked. Mader had already cast anxious glances at Maxstadt, but he refrained from inquiries, for he thought that it was the sight of the outer world which was responsible for the man's manner.

Altogether it was interesting to observe the men. Many had laughed like crazy people when they handled some object which had been brought in, took the first puff of a cigarette, ate a cake or drank wine. What an incomprehensible being a man is! All these things, which aroused such joy, were after all only ordinary everyday articles of food and necessities, which, at any other time, would not have been noticed, but now occasioned so much delight.

Rinseler had also brought the information that parcels

had been arriving in Genoa at various times during the past two and a half years. He had sent Fratelli Rossi money by the post to forward the parcels to Bergeggi station. They had promised to do so. The counterfoil of the postal order would serve as proof of identity.

Mader sat apart from the rest, reading paper after paper, Italian, French and English: *Corriere della Sera*, *Idea Nazionale*, *Le Matin*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Temps*, *L'Oeuvre*, *L'assiette au beurre*, *The Times*, *Daily Mail*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *New York Herald*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Chicago Tribune* (Paris edition), a lot of illustrated papers, and a three months' old copy of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*. There was a large selection of newspapers and literature in various languages to be had at the station at Savona, where the Riviera expresses always made a prolonged stop to take up passengers arriving from the north, Asti, Turin, etc.

Mader read the "enemy" papers first and then the German ones. Little Ulitz was reading and cursing furiously. Everything in the papers told of the incredible distress at home. No! Better remain hidden here underground than go back home. Better stay here working and creating, so that when the day of freedom came, they could make Germany a present of a score of great discoveries and remedies which would, at any rate, be of some slight assistance to her.

"The devil take it! No. Rather stay here another year or more than be at home and unable to help." He called the words out loud.

They all looked round at him. Mader, too, turned round.

"My dear young fellow, I am with you heart and soul. I now realize from the German papers that the Fatherland is in a very bad way."

"Where is German unity? Why cannot we be as united as our oppressors are?"

Engineer von Kobeler, who rarely made a remark, brought out the question.

The excitement made all the men much more tired than they usually were after a day's hard work. The lights in each room were extinguished one after another. The sentries inspected everything and went to their posts.

Maxstadt lay in his room. His companion was already asleep. Maxstadt's eyes were fixed on the ceiling. The torpor which had come over him on Saturday morning was gradually leaving him. Tears came into his eyes. This was

the reaction. The picture kept dancing before his eyes. The fierce ardour of the woman who would not let go of him. What had happened to him? His limbs still felt like lead. After all, he had had girls before now. He had always been sensible. He wanted to test himself to see if his mind had suffered in the course of the five years spent underground. Now what had happened? He had fallen asleep in the woman's arms. Suddenly he had found her pummelling him with both fists.

"Avanti! Presto! Presto! Cinque ore di mattina! Avanti!"

He had understood. The woman had concealed herself behind a curtain and had not even offered him her hand. He had staggered through the sleeping town down to the harbour. He had thrown himself down on the beach beside an upturned boat, and had slept till late in the morning. He had not seen the woman again. Was all this real, or had he only dreamed it?

Mader was still reading. His St. Bernard dog lay at his feet asleep. From time to time he opened his eyes and blinked at his master.

"Do go to sleep! What do you want to go on reading that paper for? There's nothing to eat wrapped up in it. Paper is only interesting when a piece of meat or a nice big bone is wrapped up in it. Go to sleep, so that I can rest too and needn't go on keeping an eye on you."

Mader let the paper drop. He sighed heavily. What had become of the beautiful Fatherland? Powerless abroad and torn by internal dissensions. Poor Germany! Poor misled Germans! How often had he thought of leaving everything here and returning home; of breaking his oath to remain in the Submarine City. But no, he could not, he would not go back. He could do more for his country here than in Germany. How much longer? Was the sun still not rising over Germany? How much longer would the ugly shadows remain?

Yet another man was still awake in his room: Möller. He lay in bed holding a rectangular bar of steel in his hand.

"That'll make a fine sickle," he murmured to himself. "I'll go along with 'em next time. Then we'll bring a boat-load of green-stuff. All the lads like the animals. They've always enjoyed eating the rabbits, hens, geese, ducks and kids, but they never think of providing for the poor creatures."

Here was a man with a warm heart. As a boy he had been teased by all the other youngsters in the small town in which he lived on account of his passion for animals. Many a schoolfellow had received a good thrashing from Möller for some act of cruelty to them.

Möller had found life in the caves less monotonous than had any of the others. All his spare time was taken up in attending to his pets. The animals became extremely tame in his company. He talked to them as to human beings. And they understood him. They loved him, and were most loyally devoted to their guardian. It was always a sad day for Möller when one of the animals had to be killed.

The goat, Liesel, was particularly attached to him. She had been brought to the cave with her billy at the very beginning of the occupation, and had given birth to one or two kids every year. When the question was raised of slaughtering Liesel, Möller threatened to knock down any man who came near her stall. Liesel was now again in kid, and this time the he-goat was to be got rid of. But Möller was combating this proposal with all the ardour of his temperament.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE same four men were sent ashore every week. Möller had, in fact, accompanied them the second time, and had mowed so much grass with his new sickle that there had hardly been any room in the boat for the mail-bags. After the first trip Mader had again asked all the men whether they wished to go or to remain. All stayed. It was not only the terrible conditions at home—no, they were mindful of their oath, and wanted to stay until the commander himself gave the order to leave. Moreover, they were very well off as they were.

They had now begun to demolish three of the U-boats, and to use the materials from them and their other stocks to construct a giant submarine. This boat was to be equipped with all the new inventions and improvements which had been discovered in the Submarine City.

The engines were more powerful than previously. A newly invented accumulator stored up an enormous amount of current in a tiny space. The boat was to have a radius of action of over 6,000 miles. The fuel consumption had to be low. The fuel itself had been improved. It was made to last much longer by the addition of powdered aluminium and magnesia, though this could only be done at the expense of the engines. On both sides of the boat, apertures were built into double walls. An ingenious construction with a kind of vertical turbine. A discovery of Engineer von Kobeler's, who had shut himself up for months on end with a couple of mechanics in order to put his discovery into practice. It enabled the boat to travel on the surface without fuel. The waves, forcing their way in through the openings in the double walls, operated the turbines, and by their means all the engines in the boat. The problem of utilizing the waves of the sea for motive power was thus solved.

Work on the giant boat proceeded briskly. It was to be kept in constant readiness for departure. When Möller heard that the whole garrison was eventually to quit the Submarine City in this boat, he immediately asked Captain Mader whether there would be enough room for all the animals as well. On the second trip Möller's menagerie was increased by four well-grown young pigs.

Since the men had been able to make these trips, their morale had improved, and their physical condition also testified to the effects of "shore leave". On the occasion of the fourth trip, Rinseler fetched the parcels from Fratelli Rossi's in Bergeggi. There were only five small packets altogether. Three of them had been dispatched in Switzerland and two in Holland. They were the consignments promised by Captain Zirbental. Mader received information as to the situation at home in unmistakable terms. How difficult many of the comrades had found it to change their profession, and how many had emigrated and found other work overseas.

The last two consignments came from Holland. In them Zirbental informed Mader that he and a number of other comrades of theirs had decided to emigrate. The government of Ecuador had offered them the gift of a large piece of land on the coast between Bahia de Caraquez and Esmeraldes. There he and his comrades intended to start life over again. If he, Mader, decided at any time . . . Anyhow, here was the address. Mader laid the letters down thoughtfully. Was it right to renounce the Fatherland altogether? Would one not

become completely estranged from it? What services could their comrades render the home country from there? Here in the Submarine City they were creating things of value which were to be used for the sole benefit of their own country. It was difficult to judge. No clear idea could be formed from the newspapers.

What was one to do? How to find the right course? Things must be going very badly with the Fatherland, otherwise such good Germans as Zirbental would not have left their country, to which they were attached by every fibre of their being.

Every time the men went on "shore leave", a new landing-place was sought. They usually landed at Genoa or in the neighbourhood of that town. Alternatively they made for Albengo, Finale Marina, Alassio, Porto Maurizio, and even San Remo.

On each occasion exactly the same procedure was observed. At nightfall the U. 10 came to the surface a few miles from the coast and put out the boat with the four men. An auxiliary motor had been fitted to the small boat so that the U. 10 could keep further out to sea and thus avoid the danger of discovery. Moreover the men on "shore leave" were always to visit a large town first and then a smaller one or a village.

The men usually sent were Maxstadt (who had never gone to Noli again), Göbel, Rinseler and Herdigerhoff. These four men spoke the best Italian and made the best bargains. Money had to be economized. Mader had thought of writing for money to Zirbental in Ecuador, in "Nuova Germanica", as the new colony on the Pacific was called, but refrained for the time being. There was still enough to last another six months.

CHAPTER THIRTY

LIFE in the underground town pursued its regular course. Everyone worked industriously. One group were employed on the construction of the U.-*Vaterland*, the new giant submarine, while a second group, under Mader's personal direction, were engaged in driving a gallery into the cliff in

cave 6. It had been decided at a meeting to make a way into the open. Mader had made an exact map of the whole of the Submarine City. Once he and Ulitz had gone ashore and studied the line of hills on the spot. After making exact measurements and calculations, he had succeeded in ascertaining that cave 6 was the furthest distant—about five miles—from the coast. Caves 8 and 9 curved back towards the coast in a semi-circle for two miles from cave 7.

It was accordingly decided to drive a gallery from cave 6 upwards into the rock. The gallery was not to be quite pierced through, but was to be completed up to such a point that in case of danger or need, it would only require a short time to reach the open. The exit would be fairly near to the summit of the hill. Work proceeded rapidly. The men enjoyed the work, and in general life in the caves had taken on a more agreeable aspect.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

ANOTHER six months had passed by. At Christmas "killing-day" was held. There was even a tree—though not a fir—to give dreams of home a more tangible form. The construction of the U.-*Vaterland* made rapid strides. The four "shore-leave" men and shoppers made their excursions regularly. Recently they were often to be seen whispering together mysteriously. They laughed a lot and carried out all their commissions promptly, so as not to lose their job. Spring made way for summer.

One day there was great excitement. Ulitz came to Mader who was working with his men far up in the gallery.

"Mader, would you come out at once, please."

The captain joined little Ulitz who was very excited. What could have happened? Ulitz was always rather inclined to exaggerate.

"U. 1000 has gone!"

Mader was horrified.

"Sunk?"

"No. Maxstadt, Göbel, Herdigerhoff and Rinseler have made off in it."

Mader was speechless. He hurried to the lakeside with Ulitz. The men there were standing about and talking excitedly. As the two officers appeared they became silent.

It was true. The U. 1000 had gone, and the four men were missing. Two men reported having seen them filling cans with the recently purchased petrol. They had assumed that this was being done on Mader's instructions. The four men had then secured the small motor-boat on deck, and had gone below. The two men had taken no further notice until they suddenly heard the noise of the engines and saw the U. 1000 put off and submerge. They had not noticed that the moorings had been loosed and the hatch closed.

Mader's alarm was great. Although Herdigerhoff had stood at the wheel occasionally in the course of the last six years, it was doubtful whether he was able to negotiate the underwater tunnel with his accomplices without disaster. If they sank in the tunnel, the passage might be closed for the others. Why had they fled? They had been in a position to go off anyhow. They went on shore every week in the winter to make purchases. It would have been easy for them at any time simply not to return. Why had they stolen the boat?

Mader was faced with a riddle. Ulitz wanted to pursue the runaways. But what was the use of that? Even if one found them, one could not do anything to them. Suddenly a man rushed up. He was carrying a note which he handed to the captain. Mader read it hastily while the bearer whispered the news to his comrades. Mader handed them the note. They read:

"We hope the captain will excuse us. We have gone to fetch what the captain would never have allowed us to bring. We shall be back to-morrow evening or the day after. We beg that the entrance may be left clear for us between 10 p.m. and 1 a.m. Again we ask to be excused."

Mader stood shaking his head. He could not understand what the men wanted. The message was read aloud. Each man was cross-examined and declared truthfully that he had no inkling of the matter, as the four had admitted no one to their secrets. Work was resumed. Mader and the officers retired to consult.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

THE nervous tension in the Submarine City had reached its height. Precautions had been taken to prevent anything happening to the U. 10. Various parts of the engines and of the hydroplanes had been removed, and put under lock and key, and were being strictly guarded. The locks had been fitted with a contrivance which was known only to some of the officers. At the officers' conference the word "treachery" was mentioned.

"Out of the question. Absolutely out of the question," said Mader. "I will never believe it. They could have done that long ago."

On the fourth day after the disappearance of the U. 1000 the bell signals suddenly sounded in all the caves. All the men ran to arms. The little railway train rushed from cave to cave at full speed. Mader and the other officers calmed the excited men. During the last two days the tension had increased to a state of trembling nervousness. In the lake-cave the sentries stood by the loaded machine-guns. The whole lighting system had been arranged in such a way that the surface of the lake was fully illuminated while the platform lay in complete darkness.

The U. 1000 came to the surface at the further end of the lake with its outer lights burning. It glided slowly towards the platform. The miniature train came rattling into the cave. Mader ordered the men to their posts. Six men ran along the edge of the platform with hawsers to make the boat fast. The hatchway cover flew up. Göbel appeared on deck followed by Herdigerhoff. The latter caught the rope that was thrown to him and slipped the loop over the belaying pin. The deck was now held in the glare of the powerful searchlight. The boat was fast.

"Hands up!" The command rang out sharply from Mader's lips.

Göbel and Herdigerhoff gazed into the darkness in dismay. They heard Mader's voice, but were so dazzled by the beam of the searchlight that they could see nothing.

"Hands up, or else . . ."

They raised their hands hesitatingly. Maxstadt now appeared on deck followed by Rinseler. Their faces showed more astonishment than alarm.

"Now then, hands up!"

Maxstadt and Rinseler looked at their two comrades who were standing with hands raised, and tried to penetrate the darkness with their eyes. Slowly they raised their arms. The garrison were standing on the platform in the dark with carbines held ready at the hip and gazing expectantly at their four comrades.

"Come ashore! Eight men forward and surround them!"

The eight men stepped forward while the four runaways slowly came on to the platform. The searchlight followed them as they moved. Mader came up to the four "criminals" who were standing in a row. The officers and engineers stood in a semi-circle, while the rest of the men stood by inquisitively.

"March them off!"

"Captain! You see . . ."

A shrill outcry came from the U.-boat.

"Marietta! Francesca! Linda! *Venire! Rapido!*"

All the men turned towards the boat. A young black-haired woman was standing in the hatchway and kept calling out the names. She sprang down and another girl's head, red-haired this time, appeared in the opening. The men on the platform stood rigid, as though turned to stone. Rinseler took advantage of the opportunity and ran back on to the boat. The red-haired girl clung to him convulsively. Meanwhile two more girls had appeared on deck.

"Rinseler, I order you to return here at once."

Accustomed as he was to obey, Rinseler wanted to return to the platform. But the woman clung to him shrieking. The other three females supported her.

Ulitz sprang on to the boat, loosened the arms of the girl who was still hanging on to the man and screaming, and led him back to the others. A blackness came before Ulitz's eyes when he touched the girl's soft arms. Twice, too, he unintentionally came near her breasts. He suddenly felt the blood rush to his head. How long was it since he had last held a woman in his arms? His reasoning power slowly returned to him. The men pressed nearer with glowing eyes.

Women! Girls! Pretty, desirable girls! Did such things still exist? Eagerness showed in many an eye. The breath of some came noisily. The male instinct awoke. Five, six years without kissing a woman. Four full-grown young women! Finger-nails were pressed into palms. Breath came

more heavily. It had always been cold in the lake-cave. How came it then that all their bodies were glowing with heat? And yet on their foreheads stood cold sweat. Their breath came panting and whistling.

Delay spelt danger. Mader saw that something must be done quickly, or else the men, who had lived in perfect harmony like a happy family for so many years, would soon rush at one another and tear each other to pieces. Speedy action was essential.

"Put the four men under arrest. The four women to the store-room in cave 6. Möller, you and the two officers will mount guard."

The eight men of the escort surrounded Rinseler, Göbel, Herdigerhoff and Maxstadt. Rinseler wanted to speak, but Mader waved him aside.

"Later."

The women were put in the miniature train by Möller, Dr. Katzberg and four other officers despite shrieks and lamentations, and forcibly shut up in the store-room.

"Damn the wenches," swore Möller as he washed his scratched hands. "Damned lot of swine bringing their women in. What's the good of them here?"

A conference was held in Mader's quarters shortly afterwards. What course was to be adopted? If anything was to be done, it must be done at once.

"The four prisoners ought to be examined first," someone proposed.

Rinseler was the first to be interrogated. He explained that they had made the acquaintance of the three girls more than six months ago. The fourth woman was a widow. It was during a pilgrimage. Youths, girls, and young widows from all over Piedmont and even from the hills round Bergamo came to San Martino every year on St. Martin's day, for the saint had the power to make marriages. The way to the hill with the shrine was lined by twenty slender pines, which stretched their branches heavenwards. The superstition was that as one came down the avenue of pines after visiting the shrine, one must count the trees, and note the number of the tree opposite which one first encountered anyone. Then one must go to the end of the avenue and count the people coming towards one. Women must only count men, and men only women or girls. The person corresponding to the number already noted was the chosen one, the future husband or wife. Of course, this did not always work out

right, and it was said in the neighbourhood that there was a good deal of cheating over the matter every year.

"Last St. Martin's day," reported Rinseler, "Göbel, Herdigerhoff and I went up the hill to San Martino. Maxstadt saw to the purchases for all of us. It was the first time that all four of us had stayed in one place."

"Didn't you consider how dangerous that might be?" Mader interposed.

"We didn't think we were doing any harm, and it was only to be for that once. Besides, there were so many young men among the pilgrims that we ran no risk of being conspicuous. We had a meal and decided to go on to the hill and have a look at the crowd. On the way we met three girls walking closely behind one another. It so happened that Herdigerhoff was a pace in front of me, while Göbel was a few yards behind." Rinseler paused and reflected.

"Go on; go on," Mader ordered.

"We knew nothing about the pilgrimage custom and the oracle of the pines. The three girls came up to us, smiled at us and called out all together '*Mio sposo!* *Mio sposo!*' (my betrothed). Each of them took one of us by the arm and ran down the hill with us, calling out '*mio sposo*' all the time. We didn't like to ask them why they kept calling us their betrothed."

"But you could have made some excuse or other and gone away."

Rinseler looked down with an embarrassed air. His hands twitched nervously at the bottom of his coat.

"We are not old men, Captain. Not one of us is over forty. Göbel is only twenty-eight and Maxstadt thirty-two. We didn't think we were doing any harm—but—but the old Adam was aroused, and then, Captain, one's apt to make a fool of oneself." He paused and went on. "Down in the village we met Maxstadt. He was sitting gloomily in front of a glass of Asti spumante, and stared at us when we came in with the girls. He called me aside and reproached me, but I calmed him down. The whole thing was only meant as a joke. We separated that evening and made a rendezvous for the following week at Pero, a village to the south of San Martino."

"You ought to have made an end of it."

"Yes, Captain. We had intended not to meet the girls again, but when we were in our little motor-boat, we went to Varazze instead of to Borgio. Maxstadt got in a panic and told us to turn back, but we laughed and jeered at him, and

called him a coward. Herdigerhoff said that Maxstadt was jealous. In fact, we did meet the girls at Pero. This time they were more inquisitive, asked questions, and wanted to know all about us. But we told them stories and left them in ignorance of the real facts."

"And Maxstadt?" put in Mader quickly.

"Maxstadt got to know a young widow from Pia the same day. She had come to Pero to draw her widow's pension. She must have walked for hours in the sun, and then she had to wait outside the office for two hours, with the temperature at 90 degrees in the shade, until it occurred to the worthy official in charge to let the women in."

"What has all this got to do with Maxstadt?"

"Well, the widow fell down just as Maxstadt was passing with his baskets. He raised her up and helped her. Well, and that's how he got let in too!"

"And what happened next?"

"Then we always arranged to meet at a different place each time. We got the girls to take an oath in the church at Vado that they would keep silent. They all swore by St. Martin who had brought them their *'sposo'*. They are very pious girls, and we knew that an oath taken in church is sacred to them. We men consulted each time what we had better do. We always wanted to make an end of the whole business." Rinseler stopped and sighed. "But all our good resolutions came to nothing when we were with the girls again. You may believe me, Captain, we have done nothing wrong. They are respectable girls."

"Oh, really! And that's why you've dragged them along here, I suppose?"

"Well, Captain, we considered from time to time whether we should tell. But fear got the upper hand and the certainty that you would never allow us to bring the women here."

"You were quite right there."

"We are in love, Captain. And when you get to know my Francesca, you will . . ." He stuttered and looked round sheepishly at the circle of officers.

Ulitz roared with laughter. Mader suppressed a smile.

"You mean that when I see Francesca, I shall fall in love with her too?"

Rinseler's pale face flushed.

"Well, sir, you know that we don't want to go back to Germany until you go too. We could not and cannot marry. We didn't want to stay away from here in any case . . ."

"Well, go on ; say what you have to say."

"So we talked matters over and decided to ask the girls if they would come with us. We had always pitched them a yarn about our living on an island. They know nothing about their own country."

"I see. So you deceived the women? Enticed them here with lies?"

"But we could not give away the secret of the Submarine City."

"And what other tricks did you play on them?"

"Oh, Lord, we tricked them, but not with any evil intention. You see, Captain, we should marry the girls right away, but that can't be done because we should have to show our papers, and we mustn't do that at any cost."

"You couldn't have consulted me, I suppose?"

"We considered doing that many a time, Captain. But we always realized that you would never give us permission to bring the women here."

"You were not mistaken in that."

"Once we thought of bringing the girls to the U.-boat in our little motor-boat, but we were prevented by our fear that you would turn them away, Captain. We fought the question out for months, kept making plans and giving them up again, until at last we decided to go and seek our fortune with the U. 1000. The women would agree to everything ; that thought was always our consolation when we considered the matter and asked ourselves what they would say when they got down here."

"So you've brought your fortune here? It seems to me that it will turn out to be the reverse."

Rinseler shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Rinseler, what did you imagine would happen next? Do you propose to keep the women here as your mistresses?"

"As a matter of fact, we haven't considered the question at all. All we thought about was getting our wives here."

"They are not your wives yet."

"We shall marry them as soon as we get back to Germany."

"And in the meantime the women will have to wear the girdle of chastity, I suppose?"

Rinseler was silent.

"You've got yourselves and us into a nice fix."

"Couldn't you marry us, sir? A captain has so many powers."

"Oh, really! You assign me the office of parson or registrar? I'm much obliged for the appointment. I do not arrogate to myself any powers which I do not possess. For the time being you will remain separated from the 'Martinmas geese'."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

THE atmosphere in the Submarine City was uncanny. At first the men had discussed the matter excitedly, but gradually they grew quiet. Each man was occupied with his own thoughts. Women, beautiful young women were among them. Every man observed his neighbour distrustfully. Could one's thoughts be guessed? When the midday interval was at an end, some of them started to discuss the situation again. The pros and cons were debated. Others went about in silence. All were deeply stirred. What had happened actually? That the four men had returned with the U.-boat which they had stolen was certainly a topic worthy of discussion, but that was not the point. Women, young, desirable women, were now living among them.

When they thought of that, the men's senses were excited to the highest pitch. There had always been a lot of talk about women, and it had cost them a hard struggle to accustom themselves to complete continence. The beginning had been the most difficult. Most of them had suffered acutely. Their imaginations had intensified the suffering. Later on it was agreed to avoid the subject altogether. Some had fallen sick. Work, games, and bromine, helped to calm their feelings, but wishes kept appearing which degenerated into desire. Heavy, ugly, enervating dreams led to dejection and melancholy.

As the years passed by, their systems had gradually adapted themselves to continence. Instructive lectures and suitable books were of great assistance. Women were not forgotten. They merely appeared as something strange. Time had obliterated the idea of "woman". The men now had different

thoughts, and cases of illness and melancholy nearly ceased. But now everything was changed all of a sudden. Feelings, which had been suppressed, forced their way to the surface. With brutal violence. Forces which had been dammed up for years broke out with unbridled elemental power. The men's bodies went hot and cold. The scent of woman was in the air. Distended nostrils in excited male faces. Eyes fixed and shining. Eyes, some of them, with a wild look. Otherwise steady eyes glared restlessly. Slowly glances became charged with hatred. Here and there they gleamed with blood-lust.

Mader held consultation after consultation with the other officers. Here, too, signs of concupiscence were noticeable, but higher intelligence and superior powers of self-control prevented the more visible manifestations of male brutality. Dr. Katzberg administered a powerful dose of bromine in the midday meal. The assistants in the kitchen looked askance at this, and the news was passed on in whispers and with surly glances.

Something was bound to happen—but what? Mader was perfectly well aware that the men would always do everything he wished. But it was clear to him that it would now be difficult to impose his authority. He would have to proceed diplomatically but firmly. For the time being the men must be pacified and the women kept shut up. How long could a catastrophe be avoided? Come it must, if the women remained in the Submarine City.

The sirens had long since sounded the end of the dinner hour and the beginning of "corso", but groups of men were still standing about in excited conversation. The former officers did not wish to aggravate matters by summoning the men to resume their activities.

While all the men were at work, Mader had all the firearms collected and brought to the store-room. The officers accomplished this task with the assistance of two petty officers. What should be done with the four men? Although the whole garrison had declared themselves ready to obey all Mader's orders, he realized that he had no authority to keep them locked up or to punish them.

All four of them stood before him. He talked to them like a father.

"What is to be done? What are your ideas as to the future?"

The men shrugged their shoulders and merely begged to be allowed to keep the women.

"And do you suppose," Mader proceeded, "that there will be peace between you and your comrades? Haven't you considered that they are men like yourselves?"

The four looked at one another. Alarm came into their faces. Involuntarily, they turned round and threw themselves into a fighting attitude.

"The best and only proper course is for you to take the U. 1000 and put your women on land; you can stay with them too."

"Out of the question," said Maxstadt, "out of the question! The girls wouldn't keep quiet now in spite of their oath. They've seen too much here."

"What's to happen then?"

"We shall protect them. The lads will be sensible too."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE women remained under lock and key. Their "husbands" were allowed to visit them once a day. At first both parties declared themselves satisfied with this arrangement.

Work proceeded more rapidly than formerly. The rock-drill hummed in the shaft, while in the dockyard U.-*Vaterland* was approaching completion. The men had become more silent and unapproachable. No one trusted his fellows. The four "bridegrooms" were followed by glances of hate. The smith, Unterberger, a Westphalian, one day accosted Mader brusquely:

"Why has my carbine been taken away, Captain?"

Mader nearly lost his temper. The strain of the last few days had made him very nervy.

"You yourself know best why, Unterberger. Anyhow, for what purpose do you want your carbine?"

"For what purpose was it given me? I have had the weapon for over six years. Why should it be taken away from me now?"

"You can have it back at any time, Unterberger."

Mader turned away and left the smith standing. The giant

lost all control of himself and clenched his fists with a glance of fury.

The week passed by and this time no trip was made. Only the U. 10 went out one night, manned by the engineers, in order to fish. Ulitz was in command. Rinseler, Herdigerhoff, Göbel and Maxstadt had constructed quarters for their girls in cave 9 quite apart from the other living-rooms. The girls remained locked up and were only allowed out twice a day for a walk on the sports ground. During this time the approach to the cave was guarded by officers.

During the night on which the U. 10 was out fishing, the smith collected a few supporters in a corner of cave 4 where they proceeded to whisper eagerly together. Rinseler, tormented by a vague feeling of uneasiness, went into the cave and stared at the group in surprise. The smith noticed him and rushed towards him. Rinseler saw that there was danger in the air and ran back quickly. With a few words he alarmed his comrades. Göbel, Maxstadt and Herdigerhoff were on their feet in a moment. They hurried to Mader's room and wakened him. The captain was out of bed with a single leap. The alarm was given. Mader ran to cave 4 carrying two fully-cocked pistols and followed by the four men, some officers and engineers. The cave was empty. They ran further. In cave 8 the sentry, Midshipman Loitner, who was always such a quiet lad, lay on his face. Dead on the ground. Blood was dripping from his temple.

From in front came the sound of shrieking. Mader and his followers rushed forward at top speed. They arrived in cave 9 streaming with perspiration. There a terrible scene met their eyes. Möller was swinging aloft a large crowbar and defending the women's quarters. His face was streaming with blood. The smith had seized the red-haired Linda and was carrying her away in his arms, kissing her ecstatically the while, despite her vigorous resistance. Two engineers were fighting like lions against seven men.

Mader rushed at the smith and seized hold of him, after dropping his pistols. He could not have used them for fear of hitting the girl. With all his strength he pulled Unterberger back. The smith held the violently struggling Linda fast with one hand, and seized Mader with the other. Rinseler snatched the girl out of the furious giant's grip. The latter then hurled himself upon the captain in boundless fury. Mader's athletic frame resisted the shock.

The others were fighting in front of the women's quarters.

They tried to come to Möller's assistance, but this was not possible, for he and his opponent were rolling in the sand tightly locked together. All discipline was forgotten. Men came rushing up on every side and joined in the fray. On one side or the other. Men against officers and petty officers. The wild beast, man, was raging furiously against his kind. The women screamed. Möller lay on the ground bleeding from many wounds.

The smith with a clever twist had got Mader down. His huge hand gripped Mader's throat. The latter tried in vain to free himself. Then something large and shaggy leapt upon Unterberger. He yelled and let go his grip on Mader's throat. The next moment he was himself rolling in the sand. Nelson, the St. Bernard, had followed his master and joined in the fight. With his large sharp fangs he hung on to Unterberger's throat and bit hard. Mader was on his feet with a single bound; he rushed to the smith and pulled the dog off him. Unterberger lay as though dead with bleeding neck.

Meanwhile the mutineers had been overpowered. Cudgels had been used at the first attack, after which the struggle had resolved itself into individual fighting with fists. In addition to Unterberger and Möller, two other men were lying on the ground unconscious. Mader picked up his pistols. The mutineers were bound and put in a place of safety. Dr. Katzberg and the barber attended to Möller. Rinseler, Göbel, Herdigerhoff and Maxstadt stayed to protect the women.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

UNTERBERGER and another man were lying unconscious in hospital. Dr. Katzberg and the barber, who was also hospital orderly, had spent the whole night caring for the two wounded men. Unterberger had had his artery and windpipe damaged by Nelson's teeth. The other man was suffering from a compound fracture of the skull. Two other men had escaped with only moderately serious wounds. Möller was already about again. His head was completely swathed in bandages. He was suffering from slight concussion of the brain, caused by a

blow over the head with an iron bar. Five men were lying under arrest heavily shackled. Their infuriated comrades wanted to administer justice to the evil-doers, but Mader raised objections.

When Ulitz returned with the U. 10 and several hundred-weight of freshly caught fish, he was greatly astonished to see all the men on the platform with bandaged heads. He also brought news which had been picked up on the wireless. The whole neighbourhood was in an uproar owing to the disappearance of the women. Patrols were out everywhere on land and sea. A searchlight had again been placed on the island, and the sea and the cliffs near the cave were lighted up at night by its beam. Ulitz also reported that he had not risen to the surface until far out at sea, as an inner voice had warned him against showing himself nearer the coast. If he had come up at the usual place, he would certainly have been spotted by the searchlight. The radio messages did not deal exclusively with the mysterious disappearance of the women. News about home had also been picked up.

The statements regarding the disappearance of the four women contradicted one another. Some of the newspapers were very sceptical, and calmed their readers by refusing to believe in a crime, but asking ironically instead whether perhaps an investigation of certain houses in Genoa or other towns might not bring one or more of the missing girls to light. The sensation-mongering provincial and metropolitan press published hair-raising reports from their correspondents about pirates from Corsica.

An innkeeper at Fornaci stated that three very pale men had once forgathered with three girls in his garden. He definitely asserted that he could recognize two of the girls from the photographs. As, however, the innkeeper in question was known throughout the district for his tall stories, little credence was given to his declaration.

From Germany there was nothing but sad news. The enemy was still in the land, and his acts of oppression grew daily harder and harder. Whenever England disagreed with France, the "statesmen" met together, and some underhand deal resulted every time. France merely had to drop a hint that she would give up looking after British interests in some corner or other of the colonies, and the English ministers at once withdrew their opposition. Mader sighed. If only there could be some good news for a change! The clouds which darkened the horizon of peace and happiness were

growing heavier and gloomier. A storm was gathering which sooner or later must burst with fearful results. Hyenas were at large in the land and were gnawing at the marrow of the people. The idea of morality and decency was being trodden underfoot by a gang of unscrupulous and criminal merchants and tradesmen. Luxury and lasciviousness on the one side, unspeakable misery on the other. At the head of the country, weak men. Reeds bending in the wind. No backbone. There was no helmsman who dared with sure hand to save the ship of state from the danger of the waves, and to guide it out of the morass of corruption. The iron broom was lacking which should have swept the friends of every country but their own to Hades and the devil. There was no Messiah able to unite Germany: one who was ready to go the way which must be trodden at whatever sacrifice.

Thou poor, poor country! Thou who hast so much to suffer beneath the heel of the foe! Poor country that art not able to crush the parasites in thine own flesh! Thou poor Fatherland, when will the sun rise for thee again?

In the afternoon Midshipman Loitner was buried. No one knew who had fired the fatal shot. Loitner had ordered the furious band of mutineers to halt, and when the order was not obeyed, he had fired. Thereupon they had overwhelmed him. Some of the officers wanted Mader to make an example, so that they could henceforth live in peace. Mader objected that no one in the Submarine City could claim the right to act as judge. Here they stood outside the law.

Mader delivered a short address at the graveside. He had the imprisoned mutineers brought forward and ordered their fetters to be removed. The men stood there with downcast eyes. They did not know what was going to be done to them. In their outburst of animality the previous night, they had not noticed that a human life had been destroyed. They stared horror-stricken at their dead comrade when Captain Mader raised the black, white, and red flag which covered the corpse. Their bewildered minds became slowly sober.

"A comrade, a splendid young man, has been murdered. He has lost his young life in the fulfilment of his duty. You men, who have allowed your passions to lead you astray, will now have to suffer torments of conscience for the rest of your lives because you are guilty of the death of a brave and honourable comrade. Now you can see what mischief can be caused by sedition. At home there are unscrupulous agitators who set German against German, and rend our

poor Fatherland with dissensions. Here, in this place of seclusion, where we have been working for our country in secret and without its knowledge—here we were living together like one large family, until you broke the bond and in a fit of madness murdered a comrade. Tell me, has poor Midshipman Loitner ever done you any harm? Was he not the quietest and kindest of fellows, the best of comrades, and a true son of his country? We cannot punish you, nor do we wish to. You must reconcile this misdeed with your own consciences, and that is punishment enough."

A small white fox-terrier bitch sat beside Loitner's body. Loitner had been her master. He had spent hours playing with her. She was remarkably clever and had come to understand her master. She never left his side, ate at his table, and slept at the foot of his bed. When his comrades had chaffed Loitner good-naturedly on account of his love for Fifi—this was the dog's name—he had only laughed and stroked his pet. Fifi sat beside his head and stared fixedly into the dead face. At his mouth. From time to time she gave a low bark or made as if to do so. She meant to say: "Do say something; you have never slept so long before, and you have never felt so cold." She touched his temple lightly with her tongue and started back. At a sign from Mader, Möller picked Fifi up and stroked the poor loyal animal.

The captain replaced the flag over Loitner's face. "God be with you, comrade. You died in carrying out your duty. Never, never in this life will we forget you." The hospital orderly blew Chopin's Funeral March on his bugle, while the young midshipman was lowered into the hole which had been dug beside the other three graves. Mader's eyes were dim with tears as he threw the three handfuls of earth into the grave. The others concealed their tears. Fifi jumped out of Mader's arms and attacked the legs of the men who were burying her master. Möller had to restrain her by force.

Ulitz stepped in front of the grave and sang in his clear voice the song: "I had a comrade . . ." The tears coursed down his cheeks but he went on singing though the salt moisture ran down into his mouth. Some of the others tried to join in, but their voices were stifled by emotion and sobbing.

Kricheldorf, one of the mutineers, was overcome with a fit of hysterical weeping. He threw himself on to the grave and dug his nails into the ground. These were no weaklings,

but real men. The circumstances, however, under which they had been living, or rather vegetating, for years, had affected their minds. Fifi howled in shrill tones, and Möller had to carry her away to the living quarters. He talked to her as though to a human being and consoled her until her shrieks and howls changed to a gentle whimper.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

THE bell rang in the engine-room. Mader manipulated the hydroplane controls. The tanks emptied. The boat rose slowly. Again the bell rang. The engines were working. The valves closed. The gear for operating the hydroplanes was made fast. From the conning-tower came the signal to open the hatch. The starry sky became visible in the opening of the hatchway. Mader climbed up on to the deck of the *U.-Vaterland*. It was the giant submarine's first trip. She had a length of 330 feet, and was equipped with many technical inventions which the engineers had discovered through calculations and experiments made in the course of the last four years.

The maiden voyage of the *U.-Vaterland*! Almost the whole garrison was on board. The four "bridegrooms" with their "brides", Möller and Unterberger, who was now on the road to recovery, and two other men, had stayed behind in the Submarine City. Everyone else was on board the *U.-Vaterland*.

Mader was the first on deck. Across there were shining the lights of Leghorn. The lighthouses were casting their white and red beams across the darkness. A slight breeze was blowing. Mader ordered his men to launch the four motor-pinnaces. These were newly constructed boats equipped with Diesel engines taken from the old U.-boats; so-called speed-boats, which could, when necessary, fly across the waves at a tremendous rate. Only Mader, two engine-room hands, and the builders of the giant U.-boat remained on board the submarine.

The pinnaces had a new kind of silencer over their engines.

Made of quartz-glass: four-inch thick quartz-glass. Not a sound came through these novel covers. This perfectly transparent quartz-glass was a discovery of Engineer Neugebauer's, who had succeeded, after two years of experimenting, in producing perfectly transparent glass-plates up to eighteen inches in thickness from the quartz-schist, of which vast quantities were available in the caves, by an admixture of pulverized stalactites effected at a temperature of a thousand degrees by a special chemical process.

The boats departed one after another. Each one this time bore an English name. In a few minutes they were already far away from the *U.-Vaterland*. Each took a different course. One was bound for the West Harbour at Leghorn, the second for the South Harbour, the third for Antignano, and the fourth for Calambrone.

The *U.-Vaterland* proceeded westwards and cast fishing-nets. The night was starlit and the sea calm. Mader stood next to Ulitz at the wheel, and gazed yearningly towards the north. There lay his country. There lay Germany. He was dissatisfied with himself. Why was he worrying so much about his country? Millions of Germans did not feel the ignominy under which Germany lay. If only he could get over it too.

"Well," muttered little Ulitz beside him, "I'm curious to know how the fellows will come back. That was an idea of yours simply to say to them: 'Now go and amuse yourselves. But take care not to give yourselves away. There are so many foreign boats at Leghorn that you won't be noticed if you are careful. And only talk English.'"

Mader smiled. "I wonder if they'll all return?"

"Of course they will," Ulitz laughed. "It's to be hoped they find some decent German cigarettes somewhere; these Italian *régie* fags are ghastly."

Mader laughed.

The four pinnaces returned to the *U.-Vaterland* the following evening fully laden. One man was missing. Schröder reported:

"Knierblech told me this morning, Captain, that he was not coming back. I was in a pub with him and there he picked up a girl and stayed with her. I went back to the pinnacle, and early this morning he came, gave me back part of the money, and said he wasn't returning; he said you had given permission to anybody who wished to go home. He was going to report himself on board a German steamer."

Mader merely nodded and looked at Ulitz.

The purchases were stowed away in the hold of the *U.-Vaterland*. One boat had fifty cans of petrol on board. The stocks of this fuel in the Submarine City had run very short in the course of the last year, and the storage tanks rang rather hollow. Schröder, acting on Möller's instructions, had bought several bales of hay and a number of sacks of greenstuff. The store-rooms were to be refilled, and Mader was specially anxious to lay in a large fresh supply of tinned foods for the *U.-Vaterland*. An inner voice told him that some day the *U.-Vaterland* must be ready equipped for the homeward voyage.

The *U.-Vaterland* did not reach the cave until the following morning. Although the submarine, with its gigantic engines, side turbines and wave apertures, had a speed of 28 knots an hour, it was a very long distance from Leghorn to the Submarine City, which was situated not far from Savona.

Möller was standing on the platform in the cave with the whole of his four-footed family, waiting for the good things which were about to arrive. He was holding Fifi in his arms. Fifi had not yet forgotten her master, and Möller had had to feed her forcibly, for since Loitner's death she had refused her food. It was on her account that Möller with four other dogs had moved into the dead officer's room, so that Fifi could sleep on her accustomed bed. When she could get away, she ran to cave 2 and lay down on her master's grave. Throughout the caves there were pigeons flying and fluttering about. These birds multiplied exceedingly, and new specimens were brought back on every trip. Möller had greatly extended his lawns and made quite a meadow for Liesel and her two kids.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

THE newspapers acquired at Leghorn told of the shooting of Germans in the occupied territory. Germans who refused to submit patiently to the humiliations heaped upon their country, and took their own patriotic course. The men in the Submarine City swore and clenched their fists in impotent wrath. Oh, to be able to requite these shameful crimes!

Where were the protests from the neutral countries? Did nobody dare to speak up for justice and righteousness? Would no one stand up and fling the accusation through the world? No, they sat quietly at home, and thus made themselves accomplices in these crimes which made all civilization a mockery.

Unterberger had recovered, and was going about with a gloomy mien. He thought that everybody was looking askance at him and attributing to him the responsibility for the rising and for Loitner's death. Mader had forgiven him and had offered him the opportunity of coming on the *U.-Vaterland* and of going home or elsewhere from Leghorn. He had declined. He wanted to remain down here. Once Ulitz had surprised him kneeling and praying beside Loitner's grave. All the others were contented after their trip in the *U.-Vaterland*. They had amused themselves; each of them had had a girl, and they left the four women in peace. Maxstadt, Göbel, Rinseler and Herdigerhoff had become husbands in the sight of Heaven. They spent all their spare time with their "wives". The latter now moved about freely among the men, and gradually got acclimatized. They spent most of their time in cave 9.

Mader had had the sewing-machines from the former tailor's shop taken to cave 9, and the women made all kinds of new things from the old stocks of clothes and uniforms. Materials had been brought from Leghorn, and these were worked up by the women. Marietta and Linda helped Möller with looking after the animals and cleaning the stalls, while the other two girls were occupied from time to time in the kitchen. Rinseler, Maxstadt, and Göbel built a small chapel with a pretty altar. The Italian girls, who were pious Catholics, often knelt there and prayed God to forgive them for living with their husbands without the blessing of the Church. Mader had repeatedly promised them that their marriage should be solemnized by a priest at the earliest opportunity. All four women had great faith in the captain, and were a little bit in love with the handsome man. Their husbands often teased them about their secret affection for their commander.

Mader had many worries. Money was getting scarce. It would not do to have it sent from Germany. Zirbental must help. On the next trip, letters in identical terms were to be dispatched from different places, asking that money orders be sent in several letters addressed to a fictitious name, *poste restante*, at a seaport town.

Mader intended to ask Zirbental to advance the money on the security of property which he owned in Germany. It was high time. In three or four months all the money which they still possessed would be at an end. Mader had had over a thousand pounds. An enormous sum. But many things had had to be obtained for the construction of the *U.-Vaterland*, and metals were expensive. Also fuel, oil, and other things, especially medicaments and food, had cost a lot of money. There were still over two hundred pounds in hand, but this sum would not last more than four months, however economically they made their purchases.

On the next trip, Schröder took three thick letters with him. The *U. 10* was used on this occasion, as important improvements were still necessary in the *U.-Vaterland*. Schröder was also given fifty pounds for purchases. Autumn would soon be at hand when they could no longer risk long trips in the small boats on account of the stormy weather. This time they were bound for Genoa. The bigger the town, the smaller was the risk of detection. The Customs officials never asked where the *U. 10*'s small motor-boat came from. It had the Italian name *Vendetta* painted on its side, and *Cogoleto* was shown as the port of origin. It always came into harbour empty. The official only rummaged about superficially and then let it pass with a laugh.

Schröder posted a letter at the general post office. He then took the train to Rapallo and posted a second letter. The third he slipped into the letter-box of a departing Riviera express at Recco. If the authorities opened one of these letters, they would have no reason to suspect the contents, which were a very harmless message, written in Italian, to the effect that the writer asked his friend to lend him five hundred pounds towards starting an exporting business, or to enter into partnership with him.

Schröder then bought petrol, aluminium, and powdered magnesia, while the other two men saw to the supplies for the kitchen and, of course, Möller's requirements. The fourth man stayed near the boat. Schröder had also been commissioned by Maxstadt to buy some linen. Baby clothes. Schröder laughed to himself. "By gad, those four have a good time of it. Each one's got a nice little wife, and they live in clover."

Seated before a glass of good Barbera, Schröder's thoughts ran on. "It's a pity the captain doesn't say each of us can go and fetch himself a wife. That 'ud be fine. Why, we could

have dances in the Submarine City. But the captain, though a good fellow, is a bit of a mug." He ordered another bottle. He looked into his glass and his eyes gleamed softly. "Well, I'll look for a wife, too, and the captain can't say anything, once she's down there. Then he'll have to let her stay like the others."

Yes, but how was he to get her down there? If he brought her along with him to the submarine, the captain would be sure to send him back. And then where was he to get the woman from? Out of a pub? Those wenches were good for nothing. Yes, if he could only have a stroke of luck like those other fellows. Oh, well, he would find the right girl in the end. And if there was no other way, then one simply took a girl one liked, and forced her to come along. What was the name of that stuff which he had bought for Dr. Katzberg at the chemist's? The man in the shop had asked a lot of questions. Where did the doctor live, and the name was so illegible.

Schröder had lied to the best of his ability, and eventually got the drug. What was it called? Chloroform, that was it. He wasn't to uncork it, Doctor Katzberg had said. He mustn't sniff it, else he would go to sleep. Schröder laughed into his wine glass, and filled it again from the fat flask. Why, there was one always sitting on the cliff near Bergeggi, the little fishing village. With large black eyes. She was waiting there for her lover, one of them silly fishermen, a half-starved bloke. He poured another glass of wine down his throat. Devil take it, what did she want that *povero pescatore* for? He, Schröder, was a fine fellow. If he asked her to become his *moglie*, she wouldn't say no, and if she did, he would simply give her a sniff of the colosonium, or whatever the stuff was called.

The idea took firm root in his mind. Down by the harbour he met the other three men. They grinned as Schröder came lurching along with his mail-bag.

"We must go across to Bergeggi before we go out to the boat. I've got something to get for the captain."

"You didn't say anything about that this morning though, Schröder."

"That's why I'm telling you now."

The motor-boat put off. Schröder emptied his mail-bag and rolled it up.

"Now you wait for me down by the grotto," he stuttered

as he left the boat with his mail-bag under his arm. He nearly fell into the water in the process. The other three looked after him and laughed. Schröder always got tight on these trips, but they had never seen him so canned as this before.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

EMILIA ROSSI was often known as "La Fortuna". She had been so named by a poor fisherman's son, a painter of genius, who was always getting beaten by his father for drawing and painting, instead of obeying his father's behests and occupying himself with the catching and sale of fish and the care of the nets.

Feruccio Gialdini always found greater pleasure in "smearing", as his father called it. He always kept back a few soldi of the shopping money, and bought himself pencils, drawing blocks, paints, and brushes. On several occasions old Gialdini had thrown the whole collection into the fire, but Feruccio always managed to replace it. The young fisherman had great talent, which his father in his stupidity and avarice did not recognize. Feruccio had once painted the portrait of the fair Emilia in the new boat belonging to Francesco Tetrazzini, Emilia Rossi's fiancé. A foreign gentleman had seen the picture, recognized Feruccio as a genius, and had him educated. The young man's fortune was made. Emilia's portrait had become his fortune, and whenever he came or wrote home, he called her "La Fortuna".

The name stuck to her. She was engaged to the fisherman Francesco Tetrazzini. Emilia's mother had decreed this, and the girl had submitted. She liked Francesco. He was a fine, handsome young man who attached great importance to bodily fitness. During his military service he had been the servant of a regimental doctor, and what he had then learnt about hygiene and the care of the body supplemented his natural taste for cleanliness. In this he contrasted advantageously with most of the village lads, and was one of the few to use tooth-brush and mouth-wash.

Emilia had spent three years with an aunt in Rome, where she had learnt and seen many things of which the other girls of the village had no idea. Francesco complained

a lot of his sweetheart's coldness, and Emilia's mother kept consoling him with words of hope for the future. When they were married, her daughter would show more ardour. Emilia was always serious. Never unduly merry. She went regularly to church, but was no bigot. When Francesco sailed to Spotorno with his catch, in order to deliver the fish at the big hotel there, Emilia used to wait for him, whenever she had the time, at the "Testa di Cavallo" (horse's head) rock. This was a high projecting portion of cliff beyond the village. From this view-point she could see as far as Spotorno and recognize Francesco's boat from afar.

This evening she was sitting as usual at her favourite spot. The sun had already disappeared into the sea and daylight was fading into dusk. Schröder came along, walking rather unsteadily. He peered ahead with blinking eyes. He came to a stop behind Emilia. She had not heard him approaching. The noise of the breakers had made his footsteps inaudible. Suddenly an uneasy feeling came over the girl: the feeling that there was someone standing behind her. Involuntarily she turned round. A man with a face as white as a sheet and blazing eyes was staring at her. She wanted to scream but was unable to utter a sound. He was holding the mail-bag rolled up under his left arm, while he kept his right hidden behind his back. Like a flash the thought of the four girls who had disappeared came into Emilia's mind. This was the ravisher.

Schröder looked at her with the stupid expression typical of the drunkard. Emilia involuntarily took a step backwards. He opened his mouth and spoke:

"Don't be frightened, miss. You're going to be my wife."

Emilia tried to escape. He seized her by the hand.

"But I won't hurt you. You're going to be my wife."

"Francesco! Francesco. . . ." Her voice was drowned by the sound of the breakers.

Schröder had dropped his mail-bag. Claspings the helpless girl with his left arm, he pressed a handkerchief soaked in chloroform over her nose and mouth with his right. She writhed in his grasp. The drug took effect, and within a minute she was unconscious. In the deep sleep of narcosis.

The three men in the boat were uneasy at Schröder's long absence. They were relieved when they saw him coming down the cliff with his full mail-bag over his shoulder. They

wanted to take it from him, but he thrust them aside, stepped into the boat, and laid the sack carefully on the floor.

Mader had come out with the U. 10, and was keeping well out to sea, so as to be out of range of the searchlights. He gave a sigh of relief when he heard the low hum of the motor-boat approaching in the darkness. The outer lights were switched on for a moment to give the motor-boat the position, and soon it was alongside the U. 10. The bags were rapidly transhipped. Schröder carried his burden to the hatchway and it disappeared below. Incredible quantities of foodstuffs and the cans of petrol went down into the hold. At 10 o'clock the submarine arrived in the cave.

The unloading of the purchases proceeded rapidly. When Schröder's mail-bag was lifted out, the man who was holding it gave a start of surprise. He had touched a human face. Hesitatingly he felt the sack. Schröder sprang at him and hit him in the face. They all stared in amazement. Schröder furiously tore the bag out of the man's hands and ran with it across the gangway.

"There's a person in the bag," the man shouted out.

Schröder ran with his burden across the platform. Möller rushed after him and tried to tear the bag from his grasp. Schröder resisted like a madman. Other men came up, pulled Schröder off and held him fast. Möller opened the lock of the mail-bag and put his hand inside. A lot of grass came out when he drew it back. Again he thrust it in, pulled, felt, and hurriedly withdrew his hand. Schröder was roaring and laying about him like a maniac.

"There's a woman in the bag," Möller called out.

They all stared in alarm. Everyone thought it must be a corpse.

Emilia lay pale-faced and with closed eyes on the wet floor of the rock. At first the men drew back, but then they pressed forward inquisitively with staring eyes. Mader fearing danger again, as in the case of the four women and the fight, lifted the unconscious girl up and gave her to Möller.

"Quick, Möller, take her to the hospital."

He snatched a pistol from his pocket with one hand and with the other a second weapon from the pocket of Ulitz, who was standing beside him.

"Hands up! If anyone moves, I'll shoot."

Slowly and in amazement the men raised their hands. Meanwhile Möller and Dr. Katzberg had placed the uncon-

scious girl on the trolley. Möller switched on the engine and departed with the girl single-handed.

"Schröder, stay here."

Schröder stood still, pale-faced and sobered, with arms raised. The officers and petty officers had grouped themselves round Captain Mader.

What followed has already been recorded in the opening chapters, and will no doubt still be within the reader's recollection.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

IN the hospital, Dr. Katzberg was busy attending to the unconscious girl. Linda had been fetched and was helping him.

"It was a pretty stiff dose," the doctor said to Möller, "but, fortunately, the girl has got a strong heart."

Linda rubbed Emilia's pulses. The colour slowly returned to her face. Möller stood on one side gazing at Emilia with wide-open eyes. The girl's beauty made a strong impression on him.

Schröder stood before Mader in cave 6.

"Well, whatever were you thinking of, Schröder? Why do you drink so much, if you are not responsible for your actions when you are drunk?"

Schröder stood there like a beaten dog.

"I must have been very drunk, Captain."

"That doesn't help us now. We're in a fine mess."

Emilia came round slowly. She looked around her at first in astonishment and then in horror. Linda bent over her and whispered something in her ear. Immediately afterwards Emilia fell asleep again.

CHAPTER FORTY

THE next afternoon all the inhabitants, except the women, assembled in cave 6. Dr. Katzberg had just reported to Mader that Emilia was still fast asleep, and that this was an after-effect of the drug and would last a few hours longer. The men conversed in low tones. Mader made a sign that he wished to speak. Silence reigned at once.

"As you all saw last night, Schröder, while under the influence of drink, has committed a serious offence—a crime. The other four women followed their men of their own free-will. In this case, however, a girl has been brought here by force."

They all looked at Schröder, who stood on one side, with bowed head.

"There'll be hell to pay outside. Every effort will be made to find the kidnapper or kidnappers. We may no longer be as safe here as we imagine."

All looked at the captain in astonishment.

"They don't know anything yet," Mader proceeded, "but they may find us out in course of time. We must on no account go outside for the present. Not even at night. What's more, the girl can't stay here, either. As soon as the fuss outside dies down a bit, in three or four weeks, we must put her ashore somewhere."

"Won't she give us away?" asked someone.

"What can she give away? We shall put her ashore a long way to the south or west, and she will only be able to say that she had been in a cave under the sea, and nothing more. Only then they will mobilize the whole Fleet against us."

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

CAPTAIN MADER was right. The whole of Italy was in an uproar. The authorities were reproached on every side for not showing sufficient energy. Thorough investigations were now carried out, all outgoing ships carefully examined, all

railway trains searched and frontier crossings guarded. All disorderly houses were closely investigated; women known to be connected with the white slave trade were arrested by the dozen and then released for lack of evidence. Even the air-ports were watched. The government offered a large reward for the discovery of the criminals or of the missing girls. The photographs of Emilia and of the other girls were broadcast throughout the world in millions of posters and police reports printed in every important language. The posters were stuck up in every railway station in the world. The police of every country in the world were making investigations. Private detectives were constantly on the search. Wealthy private individuals spent large sums of money in order to find and set free the kidnapped girls. Nothing, not the slightest clue was discovered; Emilia, "La Fortuna", like the other four girls, remained undiscovered.

One clue in particular was followed up. The innkeeper who had been denounced as a liar, had previously stated that three pale-faced men had sat in his garden with three young girls. But the man was notorious as a vain and random talker. Among the many witnesses whose statements proved to be false, was a carter who related that while he was driving along the road from Bergeggi to Spotorno one evening, he had seen a girl—he was sure it was a girl—sitting on the "Testa di Cavello" and a man with a strikingly white face approaching her. He himself had, however, not taken any further notice of them.

Reports now came in from many harbours about pale-faced men who had landed here and there and made purchases. The tradespeople either could not or would not call them to mind. They did not want to have any fuss and were specially anxious to have nothing to do with the police. The strangers had always paid well, not bought anything suspicious, and in general behaved like respectable people. Why then should they get decent seamen into trouble? In spite of all investigation, no trace of the missing ones was discovered; of the white-faced men, too, not a single one was to be found.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

IN the Submarine City life was pursuing its normal course. The improvements on the U.-*Vaterland* were diligently carried out, and work also proceeded in the gallery.

On the third day Emilia had recovered sufficiently to be able to talk. Mader had asked Linda to break it to her that he was coming to see her, talk things over, explain the position, and pacify her. Not a hair of her head would be touched.

Emilia had listened in a half-apathetic condition to Linda's soothing words as she informed her of the approaching visit of the "capitano". She trembled when she heard the word "capitano", for this was the name given to the leaders of the "briganti", of whom there were still supposed to be some in Sicily. Linda calmed her and enlightened her as to her mistake. Emilia wanted to know where she was. Linda shrugged her shoulders and only said "submarina". In reply to Emilia's questions she said that she was one of the four girls who had accompanied their husbands here in a dark ship without windows. This increased Emilia's fear and she begged Linda to remain with her when the capitano came to speak to her.

Mader was quite taken aback by Emilia's extraordinary beauty. The girl clung to Linda, and Mader asked the latter to remain. Emilia examined the capitano with a timid glance. Mader apologized to her, spoke to her kindly, and explained that a man had committed the crime when drunk. She must have patience. Just now it was impossible to put her on shore, but in three or four weeks there would, no doubt, be an opportunity to set her free. Emilia listened anxiously. Mader told Linda to take Emilia with her to the other women in cave 9. A cubicle would be put up for her to-day where she could live until the time came when they could put her ashore without danger. The other women would lend her clothes and linen.

Emilia asked to be taken to her people or set on shore at once. Mader again explained the impossibility of granting her request, and promised to set her free at the appropriate time.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

LINDA took Emilia to cave 9. They made their way on foot. Fear and amazement were expressed in the new-comer's face. What she saw here made her tremble. The white-faced men at their work looked at the beautiful girl with large eyes. Unterberger came towards them. The huge man with his pale face and glowing eyes alarmed Emilia. The towering stalactites, the strange stalagmitic formations on the walls—everything inspired her with awe. She grew more and more nervous. Linda tried to calm her.

In cave 9, Emilia's astonishment grew at the sight of the tennis ground, the white expanse of lawn on which goats and kids were grazing, and the poultry scratching in their pen. Two cocks were crowing alternately, each trying to outdo the other. Large numbers of rabbits were running in another wire enclosure, some pigs were grunting in a corner, and countless pigeons were flying about. The light was so strong that Emilia had to shut her eyes. She thought she was in a fairyland, in a different world. Dogs came to meet the girls, jumped up at Linda, and sniffed Emilia. As the girls approached the living quarters, they could hear a canary singing.

Möller and the four "husbands" were engaged in building a roomy cubicle, with partitions taken from the large dormitory and common-room. The other three girls came up to Linda and Emilia and overwhelmed them with questions. Linda pushed them aside and bade them be quiet. The presence of the three women increased Emilia's astonishment. Linda took her to her own quarters, where she was to stay until the evening. By then Emilia's cubicle would be finished.

Schröder lay in his cubicle with a thick head, suffering a physical and moral reaction after his debauch. Mader had told him to stay in his quarters and keep out of Emilia's sight for the next few days. He lay pondering over the matter and felt too ashamed to venture among his comrades. How could he get so drunk? How could he have brought himself to put his comrades in such a dangerous position, and to grieve the captain who had placed so much trust in him? He punched his aching head with both fists and swore by all the gods never to get drunk again.

Mader walked anxiously from cave to cave. The situation

in the Submarine City was growing more and more difficult. The men could no longer be kept in hand. The seclusion of so many years' duration had begun to have an effect on their minds.

But what was to be done? To return to Germany with the U.-boats was impossible. Wherever they landed, the authorities would be on the spot at once. Investigations would be made, the men would be cross-examined, and it would probably be made public that they had lived underground in foreign territory for nearly five years after the War. This would lead to international complications; nobody would believe the Germans when they said that they knew nothing about the matter. New reasons would be invented and new excuses fabricated for humiliating their country still further. The former enemy powers would declare that there had been a deliberate breach of the peace treaty, and decree fresh sanctions. The breach of the treaty would be represented as a very serious one, although Germany knew nothing about the Submarine City. Nevertheless it would be stated that Germany, despite the conditions of the peace treaty and all her assurances that all the U.-boats had been handed over or demolished, had been maintaining a secret submarine base in foreign territory, and still possessed arms and munitions; and that a dockyard for submarines had been in use five years after the conclusion of peace.

It was perfectly clear to Mader that their return would in present circumstances be disastrous for Germany, and was therefore not to be thought of. But what was to be done? They could not stay here any longer. Mader racked his brains to no effect. He could think of no solution. In all his thoughts, Emilia's head kept rising before his mind's eye. How timidly the girl had looked at him. He could have struck Schröder for his brutal act, for his fatal blunder, for getting them all into such an unpleasant predicament. The whole day long Mader was pursued by a pair of large black eyes.

Emilia was sitting with the four women in Linda's "room". They were all talking to her. They all wanted to know what the news was "outside". They were astonished to hear that their disappearance had caused such an uproar throughout the country. They were more than a little proud when they

heard that their photographs had been published in every newspaper in Italy, and even throughout the world; that the Army and Navy had been set in motion on their account as well as the police and *gendarmerie*.

"Why, the King himself has been scolding the ministers," reported Emilia.

The four girls looked at one another. So they had become such celebrities, had they?

"Aren't you going back home again?" asked Emilia.

The girls smiled, and all spoke together:

"Oh, no! Not just yet. Later on."

Emilia asked where they were. Oh, that they did not know themselves. But it was certainly under the sea. Emilia was appalled. Under the sea! Then it was not night now? No, of course not. The siren would be sounding directly for the dinner-hour. It was a few minutes to twelve. Emilia shuddered. Always lamp-light? Never the sun?

In all the information and reports which the four girls gave Emilia, "*il capitano*" was mentioned in every other sentence. How good he was! How he had protected them at the risk of his own life. How he always cared for their well-being. "*Un cavaliere*" (a gentleman).

Marietta, Francesca and Mercedes were in an interesting condition. The capitano did not allow them to do any heavy work. Oh, no! The Signor Dottore had ordered them to go a lot of walks. Emilia's astonishment increased. She asked with some hesitation when the couples had been married, and whether there were a padre and a church down here. The women looked embarrassed. But Linda recovered herself quickly. No, they were not married. But the capitano had promised them that a padre should come at the first opportunity. And what the capitano promised, he fulfilled.

Always the capitano! His praises were sung uninterruptedly by the women. Had they accompanied the men voluntarily? Of course they had. Naturally they had not known that they were going under the sea. But they were happy here, and so it did not matter where they were.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

AND yet there were people in the world who could have explained the disappearance of the five women. The German comrades at home looked astonished when they read of the disappearance of the four women on the shores of the Ligurian Sea. They put two and two together, and arrived at the correct result. Not one of them spoke a word. Their lips were sealed by their oath. They had never said a word on this subject, and no power on earth could have wrested the secret of the Submarine City from them. Many of them, not knowing the circumstances, disapproved of the kidnapping of the women. It might cause mischief and lead to treachery. Some of them were anxious on their comrades' account. They wanted to help them, but did not know how to get into touch with them.

A senior naval officer who had remained in the service of the Republic, and had as a submarine commander been in the Submarine City during the War, consulted a few of his comrades as to whether they could not charter a submarine from a small overseas government, and investigate whether their comrades were still actually living down there, or whether they had left the place or come to grief. The scheme had to be abandoned, however, owing to the impossibility of obtaining a submarine.

Another comrade, who held an important post at the wireless transmitting station at Nauhen, decided one day to send out at night the old call sign which the submarines in the Mediterranean had used towards the end of the War. He put his plan into effect. Unfortunately he did so just at the time when the U-boats were staying at home on account of the kidnapping of Emilia.

Maxl Schrittenbacher, too, read about the kidnapping of the girls, and the thought immediately occurred to him that his comrades down there had been up to some tricks. One Sunday morning he was lying in his summer-house in Tegernseer Strasse, Harlaching, near Munich. He stuffed ten slices of radish, which was on a plate beside him, into his mouth at once, washed them down with a pint of beer, and meditated :

'My Gawd Almighty ! 'Ere's a go ! Fetchin' gals down inter the caive. Lot of darned silly fat 'eads. Oh, my, I might 'ave let me old gal be kidnapped. Lawd luv' me, yes. So

they've got gals down there. They won't mind the life now. No, they've bin long enough without wimmen. I don't grudge 'em a few."

Maxl often thought of his comrades, especially when he went for walks in the mountains on Sundays and enjoyed the sun. Then he would think of his years in the Submarine City, where there was never a ray of sunlight to rejoice the heart of man. Were his friends still down there? If it had been within his power, he would gladly have torn up the mountain with his muscular arms in order to give the lads a little sunshine.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

IN Nuova Germanica, too, they thought of their comrades, and were very surprised when Mader's letter to his friend and companion-in-arms arrived. Zirbental sent the five hundred pounds to the address named without hesitation, without formalities, and without thinking about security. Immediately after the dispatch of the money, the construction of a wireless station in Nuova Germanica was put in hand. The government was glad to grant all concessions to the Germans. It might well be proud of the settlement. In the space of four and a half years the settlers had built a small model town. The government sent the mayors of the principal towns in Ecuador to Nuova Germanica so that they might see for themselves how a town ought to be kept clean and healthy.

Zirbental pressed on the contracts for the wireless station. He wrote to Mader that it would be possible for them to communicate with one another by this means in three months' time. The letter was sent in a sealed envelope to a friend in Spain who was to send it on by post, so that in case it were opened, the sender should remain unknown.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed since Emilia's arrival in the Submarine City. Mader often had occasion to visit cave 9. Emilia was shy, yet she felt safe and calm when Mader was

near. She trusted him and the kind-hearted Möller. All the other men inspired her with fear.

This fear was groundless, for everyone treated her with respect. No man ventured to address her. Möller taught her the love of animals. She spent many hours with him and never ceased to marvel at his patience and gentleness. The rough sailor had no other desire than to make his pets comfortable and happy. Fifi in particular he had taken to his heart. The fox-terrier had been depressed since her master's death. Now, as the result of Möller's infinite love, the little creature was beginning to enjoy life again. Emilia became fond of Fifi and also of Nelson, Mader's St. Bernard. Nelson followed her about and kept looking at her with faithful eyes, begging for love.

Mader stood before Emilia. She bowed her head. She was furious with herself for blushing every time the capitano came near her. Mader asked her anxiously how she felt, and informed her that her trials would soon be at an end. They would attempt to put her ashore in a fortnight's time; not of course on the beach of her native village, but in some town whence she could go home by train. Emilia did not say a word. Nor did she raise her head, but continued to stroke Fifi, who lay in her lap. Mader wanted to shake hands with Emilia. Fifi misunderstood his movement and snapped at his hand, badly biting the index and middle fingers.

Emilia shrieked when she saw the blood running from Mader's fingers. She seized the wounded hand and pressed her handkerchief on it. Mader calmed her. But she was greatly upset, led him to the bath-room, and washed the wound. Mader let her do as she pleased. A curious feeling stole over him. He would have been only too glad to touch her black hair with his lips. Her head was bent over his hand. She called to Signor Möller, and asked him to get some dressings and carbolic from the doctor at once. The other four women arrived on the scene and uttered loud lamentations when they saw that "their" capitano was injured. Möller muttered something about "silly wenches", and drove off on the trolley. Emilia still kept holding Mader's hand and pressing her handkerchief on it.

He could not help smiling. How soft this simple girl's hand was. She still stood before him with bowed head. How glad he would have been to see her face and her beautiful eyes. He felt quite sorry when Möller returned with Dr. Katzberg, and the doctor took his hand from Emilia's. When

the wound was bound up, Mader thanked Emilia, and gave the four "wives" a piece of news.

He had decided after mature consideration that they should get into communication with their families. Each of them was to give a sign of life so as to relieve her people's anxiety. The four girls looked at one another in alarm. Marietta began to cry, and Mercedes and Francesca supported her. Did the capitano want to separate them from their husbands? Why was he making them unhappy?

Mader reassured them. He intended nothing of the kind. They were simply to pacify their relatives and to say that they were well and would return home some day. Only they were not to say anything about the Submarine City, nor give away any indication as to their whereabouts. This satisfied the girls, and they wanted to kiss their beloved capitano's hand. Emilia stood on one side and cast fugitive glances at Mader. Fifi had long been at her feet, fawning and begging with folded paws to be forgiven and taken up once more. Emilia picked up the little dog and stroked her, while reproaching her in low tones for biting the capitano. Mader came up to her. He laughed as Fifi showed her teeth and growled.

"No, no, Fifi, I won't hurt your pretty mistress," he said, speaking in German. Emilia noted the words exactly, and resolved to ask Möller afterwards what they meant. Mader repeated his assurance that she should go home in a fortnight. He then took his leave rapidly and went to Möller in the poultry house. She looked after him for a long time and then sat down and continued to stroke the little dog thoughtfully.

Möller received orders that most of the men were to be warned to hold themselves in readiness for a trip in the U. 10 the next day. They would be absent for two days.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

THE sea was choppy. A large German steamer was proceeding on its course. The swell only caused it to pitch slightly. Barefooted and holding the nozzle of the hose-pipe in his rough brown hands, a sailor was directing a stream of water

across the first-class promenade deck. The officer of the watch was walking up and down on the bridge with turned-up collar. The air was fresh and cool.

The quartermaster turned the wheel and observed the compass. ESE. The wheel flew round eight points. In the pantry the steward swore as a pile of plates crashed to the floor owing to the sudden turn of the ship. Fritz Hansen, the sailor, moved along with the hose and turned the corner of the saloon. The water swished in a strong jet on to the planks of the deck. The passengers were still asleep. The sun lay hidden behind the mirror of the sea.

"Good Lord, man, did yer see that?"

"See what, Fritz?"

"Periscope sticking out to starboard."

"Yer must be barmy. 'Ow should there be a submarine about 'ere?"

"When I tells yer it was a periscope, yer can b'lieve me it was. I ain't a fool."

The look-out man called out a warning through his megaphone. The young officer stopped walking up and down, and called aloft that he had not understood. The look-out man directed the megaphone downwards.

"A submarine to starboard. South-west."

"Now didn't I say so," yelled Fritz Hansen.

The officer examined the waves carefully through his glass. There was nothing to be seen. The ship's clock struck eight bells. The look-out man came down from his observation-post. The officer was still scanning the waves. The man came on to the bridge.

"You must have been day-dreaming, man."

"No, sir. A periscope showed out of the water to the SW., quite close."

"Oh, very well. But in my opinion you saw a stickleback."

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

NEITHER the look-out man nor Fritz Hansen were in error. A periscope had moved above the surface for a full minute, and a German, a German ex-naval officer, had been standing

by the eye-piece down below, and examining with shining eyes the picture shown in the mirror. "*Albatros Bremen*" he had read and then given the order to submerge.

Mader called the engineer Weber and shouted in his ear :

"A big German steamer has just passed us. Nearly rammed us."

This was the first German merchant ship which Mader had seen for many a long year. His heart beat gaily. He emphasized the word "German" when he imparted the news to Ulitz, who now came up. A good omen. A German ship.

Mader gave the order to empty the trimming tanks. The submarine slowly rose. Lights appeared in the west. A halo shone through the morning sky. The sun slowly came up. The U. 10 was to the north of the island of Elba. In the distance to the south-west a range of hills resembling a cloud stood out of the sea.

All men were ordered on deck. The whole crew made their appearance in bathing costume. The small motor-boat was afloat. A refreshing morning bathe. They splashed about in the water for a long time and then all lay on deck. The order was that they were to get brown. No "white-faced man" must be allowed to betray them. They broiled in the heat of the southern sun. From time to time they were ordered into the water, and then back on deck again. There were to be no sunburn blisters.

Towards evening the U. 10 proceeded towards the rocky east coast of Corsica. Exactly at nine o'clock the motor-boat put into the little bay of Cervione. An old customs guard ran up and demanded information as to where they had come from. Herdigerhoff swore at the man in English and pointed to a ship out in the roads. The old fellow poked about in the boat and then begged for a few cigarettes. Herdigerhoff had a cigar on him and handed it to the man. Glaser remained near the boat while Herdigerhoff went inland.

It was almost dark in the streets of the dirty little hole. Only an occasional street-lamp. Lights were shining from a few taverns near the harbour. In the houses, music and song. Rats crossed the streets in large numbers. They squeaked. Fought over refuse. Carrion. Smell of fish. Putrid stench. A sign above a shop door : "*Bureau de Poste*".

Herdigerhoff strolled along slowly ; spied the letter-box ; walked more slowly still ; stopped ; pulled a cigar out of one pocket and a matchbox out of the other ; turned round

unostentatiously, and while lighting his cigar, observed the neighbourhood attentively. Not a soul was near. With a hand which was wrapped round with a handkerchief, he cautiously drew from his pocket the letter written by his "wife". Mader had given explicit instructions that nothing must be touched with the bare fingers. The girl's finger-prints were on the envelopes, and the object was this: if the police secured the envelope, they would not be able to identify Herdigerhoff's finger-prints. Those of the girl and of the postal official might be recognized and that would be all.

Herdigerhoff gently pushed the letter into the box. It was not stamped, for they possessed no French stamps. The addressee would just have to pay double.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

BEFORE day dawned, the boat landed at San Vincenzo on the west coast of Italy. No customs guard was to be seen. The barber and hospital orderly went ashore this time, accompanied by a machinist, Schneider. The third man remained in the little motor-boat. The name on the stern had been erased and the boat's external appearance transformed.

There was activity at the station. The train from Rome to Leghorn was due in half an hour. Schneider stood in front of the letter-box, making a screen while the barber slipped the second letter into the box. The two men then breakfasted at the station restaurant, after which they went into the town to make some purchases. Two hundredweight of fuel at one shop and four at another. They also purchased fruit and some utensils that were needed. The motor-boat fully laden met the U. 10 at sea out of sight of land.

That evening the same procedure was followed at Levania with the third letter. The U.-boat cruised all night long and lowered the motor-boat next morning before dawn. When the sun rose it shone upon the gaming hell of Monaco. To the west lay Nice, the queen of the Riviera. The road from

Monaco to Nice with its great palms was busy. Motors were driving back to Nice, conveying those who had been turning night into day. The international crooks and gamblers.

The motor-boat proceeded straight to the customs quay. The official saluted sleepily, pocketed the hundred lire note and retired into his hut. Monte Carlo was not dependent on customs duties for revenue. The customs guards had to live, too. The great luxury which displays itself before their eyes year in year out is infectious. They do not want to live like silly French or Italian officials.

Held, a sailor who had sailed on French ships before the War and had lived for some time at Marseilles, made himself spruce and took the early train to Nice. At the frontier he snarled at the customs official who demanded his passport. The official replied equally rudely. It was a risky game that Held was playing, but he knew his man. He had a wonderful command of the dialect of the "Midi". The passengers enjoyed the dispute and Held promised to give the official a further opportunity to use bad language.

At Nice the stillness of early morning reigned. Projecting into the sea at the end of the promenade, the Palais de la Jetée Promenade stood in the sunshine. A few early risers were wandering on the beach. Held posted the fourth letter in a side street. He had obtained some stamps from a waiter in a café.

On the return voyage to the Submarine City, the motor-boat was sent out twice again—to San Lorenzo and Alassio—for purchases. Fuel was taken aboard at both places. The U. 10 remained on the surface all day long and the crew let the sun tan them. Late the following night, the U. 10 arrived back in the cave.

CHAPTER FIFTY

THE whole of Italy was in an uproar. The four letters had been duly delivered and had burst like so many bombshells. The handwriting was immediately identified by the relatives. Handwriting experts confirmed the genuineness of the letters by comparing them with previous specimens which were

shown them. The distinguishing characteristics were identical in each case.

One thing, however, Mader had not known. This was that the letters were not composed by the girls themselves. The four "husbands" had drafted them and the girls had copied them out. The friends and relatives were all agreed that the girls could not be the authors of these letters; probably the letters had been dictated to them and they had been compelled to write them in this form.

The police now put all levers in motion to discover the sender of the letters. Special detectives were sent to each of the places at which a letter had been posted; these were indicated by the post-marks, which were quite legible. The best and cleverest experts were chosen for the purpose.

An official was sent to Cervione who had on one occasion captured two Italian murderers, who had escaped to Corsica, despite the fact that they were hidden by the inhabitants. He came to Cervione as a private individual, a traveller. He was well-acquainted with the language of the country and even the dialect. He visited the only public house in the place in the evening. He offered to treat the whole house to wine. Eight girls came. The one he was in search of was not amongst them. He looked about him searchingly. No Linda was to be discovered.

The eight beauties were mostly over forty in reality. Thin, fat, short, tall, with red, black, brown, and two with dyed blonde, hair; appallingly demoralized-looking faces, bloated from their horrible course of life, and with heavy pouches under the eyes. Years spent in vice were visible in the folds and wrinkles in their necks, in their slack, pendulous breasts, in the dirtiness of their skin which was particularly repulsive in the glaring light. Their pupils were unnaturally large, and dulled by alcohol, and the whites of their eyes were bloodshot.

"What d'you keep lookin' round for, you old bull-dog?" A fat, red-haired woman sat down heavily on the detective's knees, thrust her hand through his shirt beneath his tie, and seized him by the chest.

"'Ave a look at me! I'm Jeanette d'Ignone. Aren't I pretty enough for you? At the Taverne d'Olympia in Paris, I was the queen of the whores. Counts, princes, and even the old King of the Belgians slept with me."

The detective pushed her off his knees, and laughed. She misinterpreted his laugh and took it for derision. Rage and the alcohol she had consumed took effect.

"What, you filthy cur, don't you believe me?" She tore her kimono open and displayed her horrible withered naked bosom.

"Look 'ere, you idiot. 'Igh financiers and noblemen 'ave ruined themselves just to 'ave a sight of this." She pushed her disgusting breasts into his face. She lifted her breasts with both hands and shrieked :

"Ah, you rotten monkey, you'd like to get at 'em, wouldn't you, but first of all you'll have to show the colour of your money."

The detective made a sign to the "Mother Superior", who had just come into the room. The noble lady came forward and relieved the detective of Jeanette d'Ignone's embarrassing attentions. The other girls were splitting their sides with laughter. A small, withered, emaciated creature with dishevelled black hair, called out :

"But Comtesse d'Ignone, doesn't Your Grace see who the gentleman is? He's the Emperor of Honolulu, who would like to love Your Grace—in the Honolulu fashion. Your Grace, gracious Princess, will understand. Like this and then like that." Here she performed obscene motions with her withered body. The girls shrieked louder than ever. Jeanette flew at her and gave her a box on the ears, to which she replied with a kick on the shin. Madame sprang between them like a fury. She hit, shoved, spat, and kicked. Jeanette ran into a corner and howled. The others were bent double with laughing.

The detective produced a handful of silver francs, coins which had not been seen for years in Corsica, and threw them on the table. The "ladies" sprang at the money with cat-like rapidity. Madame also took part in the competition.

A drunken sailor came into the room. He was singing a coarse ditty in a tipsy voice. Madame rushed at him and bade him be silent. A French marquis—she indicated the detective—was in the room, and a drunken beast like the sailor had better keep quiet. Well, which of the ladies did he want?

"He wants me, of course, otherwise he'll have nobody." Jeanette thrust against him with her bare bosom and drew him towards the door.

"Pay first, you pig," yelled Madame and placed herself before the door. "Twenty francs."

The sailor pushed the old woman aside, put his hand in

his pocket, threw her two francs and disappeared with Jeanette d'Ignone.

"Madame," said the detective, "a better wine, if you have one. Even if it costs a bit. Won't you join me in a glass?"

Madame nodded, feeling honoured, and yet observing the detective suspiciously. She was up to all the tricks of the trade, and trusted no foreigner.

"Well, ladies, everybody in the house must join us. Please fetch the other ladies, too."

"We're all here. There's no one else."

"What about the dark one? The Piedmontese girl."

"A dark Piedmontese? Who is she?" Madame asked sharply. "There's no such lady in this house."

A tall black-haired girl called out:

"Oh, he means Baby Face."

"Yes, Baby Face, that's it. Where is she now?" the detective asked hastily.

Madame trod on the talkative girl's ingrowing toe-nail beneath the table. The blood rushed to the girl's head. The detective no doubt noticed this silent and gentle reminder, but pretended not to have done so and said with a laugh:

"Yes, Baby Face. She's the Piedmontese."

"Oh, she must have been telling you lies. She's from Venetia not from Piedmont."

"What, is she such a liar as all that?" asked the detective naïvely.

"Oh, she told a lie every time she opened her mouth."

"She was an awful swindler," all the girls shouted together.

"Oh, stow your gab and dance something for the gentleman." Madame looked round with a severe expression which brooked no opposition. The women threw off their kimonos and began to dance. It was a horrid sight. Their flabby bellies wobbled up and down. Their slack breasts swung this way and that. The detective pulled one of the women on to his knee and whispered in her ear:

"I'll give you twenty francs if you tell me where Baby Face is now."

The woman pretended to be kissing the man and bent down to his ear.

"Give me the money first. But on the sly, so the old woman don't see."

Madame noticed the whispering. The woman saw this and said aloud:

"Come upstairs. I will be really nice to you."

The detective threw Madame a twenty-franc note and rose to his feet. Madame pocketed the money. The dancing women came to the table dripping with perspiration, and held out their hands. Madame shouted: "And who's paying for the wine and the dance? The wine'll be eight francs." Another twenty-franc note closed her mouth.

"Now tell me, where is the Piedmontese girl? What did she call herself here?"

"We never called her anything but Baby Face."

"Look here," he took a photograph out of his pocket, "is that she?"

The woman looked at Linda's picture and shook her head.

"The eyes are the same, but Baby Face had short hair. She may have looked like that when she was still respectable."

"Where is she now?"

"In Marseilles. At Madame Desroches'. Her friend sold her there. He had an awful row with Madame. He used to be Madame's lover. She had to cough up when he took Baby Face away from her. He got two hundred francs and his fare."

"When did she leave?"

"Oh, a week ago. No, I remember now, it's only four days since she went."

In Marseilles the detective was to learn to his disappointment that Baby Face really did come from Venetia and did not look at all like Linda. He returned to Cervione, spent another week in making inquiries, and then went home empty-handed.

No better results attended the efforts of the other police officials. Neither in San Vincenzo, nor in Levania, nor in Nice could anything be discovered. The white-faced men, too, had not been seen by anybody.

Meanwhile the official chemists had not been idle. The composition of the letter-paper had been minutely examined. Paper experts from all over the country came to Rome, and it was generally agreed that the paper was of German manufacture. The German police received samples of it, and in the course of a fortnight ascertained that it was the product of a factory at Karlsruhe. The ink also was examined and

analysed. It was easily discovered that it was no chemical product but was made from cuttle-fish.

The result of the police investigation was as follows: All the four letters, consisting of the same paper, had been posted in four different towns, but had no doubt been written at one and the same place with identical ink. The paper was of German manufacture. Plain white notepaper which had not been produced since 1917. During 1916 and 1917 large quantities had been delivered to military depots, chiefly Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Only insignificant quantities had found their way into ordinary commercial channels, and it had never been exported to Italy.

A host of conjectures were made, only to be cast aside again. One thing was clear to the authorities: the women were still in Italy, most likely in some secret disorderly house, and had been compelled to write the letters. The chief thing was to keep an eye on Germans living in hotels or other houses who possessed notepaper of the same quality.

A quite young detective brought the report from Kiel and Wilhelmshaven that the paper in question had been issued to ratings on board ships of war of all kinds. It was, therefore, specially necessary to watch any men who had served on German warships and were now staying in Italy.

It was discovered that at the time of the disappearance of the first four girls, a small German steamer had been lying in Savona harbour. Further investigations had a negative result. The ship was easily found, but examination showed that none of the crew were concerned. The authorities were confronted with a riddle, and the public jeered and cursed at the police whom they considered to be so incompetent.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

EVERY day at three o'clock in the morning the U. 1000 put out to sea with a few men on board in order to come to the surface far from the mainland and to enable the men to get brown in the sun. The crew was changed every time so that each man had his turn.

Down in the Submarine City great activity prevailed. The engineers and experts worked secretly at their inventions. Great excitement was called forth by a discovery of the Friesian Gabert's. He had been working for two years on a pyrotechnical apparatus which made it possible to eject through the torpedo tube a fluid which on reaching the surface of the water, by means of the mixture of water and air, changed into a thick black clinging smoke-cloud which spread like a curtain to a height of sixty feet and any required width according to the quantity of the material ejected. This cloud remained impenetrable for ten or fifteen minutes and only gradually dissolved. The projectile could be fired to any required distance, and the smoke-cloud be developed at any distance up to a mile and a quarter from the boat. The boat only had to turn after every shot, and the smoke-screen spread across the water in different directions, so that it was impossible to ascertain the position of the boat.

Experiments were carried out in the lake cave with small projectiles, and there was never a single misfire. The whole garrison were present at these trials in order that every man should have the opportunity to make any criticisms or suggest improvements.

Engineer Neugebauer had meanwhile been engaged in improving the quartz-glass which had been discovered by him. A new fusing method enabled him to make glass plates up to eighteen inches in thickness, and as transparent as thin window glass. A breakage of these plates was out of the question. Moreover, it was impossible that they should give way even under the strongest water pressure. Neugebauer tested the plates at tremendous heat. They stood the trial perfectly. A glass-cutting machine had been constructed, and by its means lenses were ground from the plates; these lenses were to be built into the *U.-Vaterland* and to act as reflectors for lighting up great distances under the water.

And now a discovery was made through that famous medium, chance. A Würtemberger called Felsing, armament engineer and explosives expert by profession, had been trying for years to perfect an entirely noiseless cartridge. He had reached the stage that only quite a slight click was audible. He had made a small projectile the size of a revolver cartridge which possessed an enormous penetrating power. This cartridge

had at a test passed through a one-and-a-half-inch steel plate.

Neugebauer was trying his quartz lenses in cave 8 with a gigantic newly-constructed reflector lamp. The bluish light rays shot through the eighteen inch lenses and lighted up the cave far more brightly than daylight. The light dazzled everyone who came near to it. Neugebauer felt that these rays possessed immense powers.

Felsing came to cave 8 to carry out some experiments with his projectile. He was dazzled by the rays from the quartz lenses and put on some dark spectacles. Jokingly he aimed at one of the lenses. Neugebauer laughed and urged Felsing on to shoot. Felsing thought that that would be the end of the lense. Neugebauer now insisted that Felsing should shoot at the lense. He wanted to give it a thorough testing, even against Felsing's new shot. Everything behind the lense was cleared away and only the reflector was left, standing to one side. Felsing shouted to Neugebauer:

"You'll have to get yourself a new reflector as well as a new lense."

"Go on! We'll see which is the stronger, your cartridge or my lense."

Felsing examined the revolver, leant the weapon on his left arm which he held bent and aimed slowly. When he had the lense in the middle of the sight he pressed the trigger.

The revolver misfired. Felsing was astonished. He tried again. Once more there was a misfire. He took the cartridge out of the revolver. The mark made by the hammer was deep and conspicuous.

Neugebauer approached. Felsing carefully inserted another cartridge. Again there was a misfire. Felsing got annoyed and shouted:

"The damned pistol's no good; it's got no punch in it."

Neugebauer sent for another weapon. Felsing tried again, but with the same negative result as previously. He was very much annoyed, inserted a new cartridge, went behind the reflector and aimed at the wall of rock in the background. He pressed the trigger. There was a fearful report and a large chunk of rock flew away from the wall.

Neugebauer had become interested. He asked for an ordinary revolver and fired two shots which struck the rock wall. The third shot he aimed at the lense and . . . the weapon misfired.

Neugebauer got excited; he spoke not a word. He

repeatedly aimed and shot at the rock wall and the shot succeeded. Every time, however, that he aimed at the lense the cartridge refused to explode. He threw the revolver away, danced about in the cave like a madman and shouted :

"Quick, fetch the captain! Felsing, man, don't you realize? Do you see what this means? The rays of the quartz possess a wonderful power. They prevent the explosion of the charge in the cartridge! This is a tremendous discovery."

Felsing stood in amazement. He tried several more cartridges with the same results as before. Mader was astonished when experiments convinced him of the mighty significance of this discovery. Preparations were immediately put in hand for testing the rays against large projectiles.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

EMILIA had meanwhile become acclimatized in the Submarine City. She knew that the day was not distant on which she would be allowed to return to her people and to Francesco. She was puzzled, however, by her own feelings, for she felt no joy at the thought of her sweetheart and of her return home. She now had plenty of opportunity to observe the extent of Linda's love for Herdigerhoff. She had never regarded Francesco in such a light. She had never waited for him with such yearning as Linda did for Herdigerhoff when he was on duty or making a cruise. No, if that was real love, then—then she did not love Francesco as a girl ought to love her sweetheart.

She tested herself daily, and recognized that it was only friendship and not love that she felt for Francesco. Why had her "love" for Francesco never caused her any disquiet? She never turned red when he took her hand or when he kissed her on taking leave. She saw how Linda and Mercedes rushed to meet their husbands when the latter returned from a cruise. That was real love. And she had never felt it.

A curious sensation overcame her when the captain looked into her eyes. She always grew embarrassed and longed for the presence of a third person. When he stood before

her she could not look into his face, and found no answer to his questions. She was ashamed and annoyed at her foolishness, and feared that the capitano would attribute it to stupidity or coquetry. Why did she no longer yearn for the day of freedom with the same impatience as before? She no longer understood herself.

Linda and the other women had teased her and said that she was gone on the capitano. When she thought the matter over she took alarm. Was she really in love with the capitano? Was it love that moved her innermost being? No, it was not love—it might not be. She was promised to Francesco. Everyone in the village and in the neighbourhood knew of their betrothal. She belonged to Francesco and nobody else. She clung forcibly to the thought. What did this mysterious man matter to her? Away with these profitless thoughts! In a few days she would be returning home, and then the banns would be published and the capitano would soon be forgotten.

Mader had recently been working uninterruptedly. All preparations had to be made to carry out a vital decision. Zirbenthal had sent money. Held had secured the letters at San Remo, Ospedaletti and Porto Mauricio—a thousand pounds in English money. Zirbenthal was anxious about the future of Mader and his comrades, but the only advice he could give was that they should all come to Nuova Germanica.

Emilia stood in the way of this plan. Mader kept asking himself why he loved this simple fisher-girl. He had tested himself exactly and knew the position he was in. He had analysed his feelings. Love—deep, heartfelt, manly love. It was pure love which drew him to Emilia. He who had always faced the situation so calmly had suddenly become vacillating.

Ought he to cherish thoughts of this kind at all? Had he not hindered Schröder from approaching the girl? What would the men think if he himself approached Emilia? They would misinterpret his intention and suspect him of having concealed his real feelings. His duty was to repress his love. Had he not suffered enough on Hertha's account?

Emilia stood in front of her room watering the pinks on the window-sill. The flowers flourished in the warm damp air. Of those which had been sown only the sweet-smelling

mignonette had done well. The flowers had all kept their natural colours. Emilia grew rigid with fright. She had just been thinking intently of the capitano and now he stood behind her. She turned her head slowly, he must not see the red in her face. She did not suspect that he had noticed the colour rising on the back of her neck. Mader was looking before him thoughtfully. It was hard for him to tell the girl of her coming departure. At last he pulled himself together.

"You must keep yourself in readiness, Emilia. To-morrow evening we are going out; you are to receive your freedom and return to your people."

All the colour left her face. She looked up at Mader anxiously.

"Don't you believe what I am telling you?"

"*Si, si, Signor Capitano.*" She uttered the words hastily. He must not think that she distrusted him. "Yes, Captain, of course I believe you."

It gradually dawned on Mader that Emilia loved him. He might be mistaken and must not appear to notice anything. After all, she was engaged to another. Could she have forgotten her lover so quickly? Was she like Hertha, who had simply thrown him over? No doubt in Hertha's case there had been no question of another man, but how easy she had found it to tell him that all was over and the engagement ended. No, he was not going to expose himself again so quickly to the danger of another disappointment.

"Emilia, you know that we are living under Italian soil, on forbidden ground. You also know that we are German. You have seen a lot here, and are in a position to cause us much unpleasantness."

She looked at him with large eyes and shook her head: "No, no", he must not think of that. He looked at the ground and stroked the head of Nelson who was standing beside him.

"No harm has been done you here, Emilia. Everyone respects you and treats you with consideration. The man who in his drunkenness brought you here would like to beg you personally for forgiveness. Will you pardon him?"

Tears came into her eyes.

"Yes, Captain, I have forgiven him long ago."

"He would like to hear it from your own lips—Schröder, come here. Miss Emilia wishes to speak to you."

Emilia had not noticed anything and had not realized Schröder's presence. The latter approached and said, looking very red in the face :

"Signorina Emilia, can you forgive me?"

She offered him her hand and smiled. Schröder joyfully pressed her hand until she winced with pain.

"Now, Emilia, Schröder will take you to the Lake Cave to-morrow evening at seven o'clock on the trolley. He is to set you on land as well. He must make full atonement."

Mader turned away hastily and walked to the trolley. Möller came up to him and took him to see his latest invention. He was raising asparagus, very tender and tasty heads. He had also increased his poultry and rabbit farm to such an extent that in case of need the inhabitants of the Submarine City could be supplied with fresh meat for a long time.

Emilia had stood staring after Mader. Then she ran to her room, threw herself on the bed, and bit her teeth into the blanket so that the other women should not be able to hear anything. Deep sobs shook her frame.

Linda came in presently and noticed that Emilia's eyes were red and swollen with weeping. She wanted to question her but refrained. She knew how Emilia was situated, and was too wise to attempt to destroy by speech something whose depth she understood.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

HERTHA VON ZÖBING, now Frau Oberbaurat von Henseler, was walking restlessly up and down in her flat in the Nürnberger Strasse. Oberbaurat von Henseler stood at the window and drummed gently on the sill. On the table lay some newspapers. An article marked in red stood out from a middle column. Hertha stopped by the table. She read the article through again.

The petition for the release of the industrialist, von Zöbing, was rejected by the French authorities in spite of a certificate from the doctors to the effect that the old

gentleman was suffering from severe heart-disease. Yesterday, Herr von Zöbing died without any medical assistance, after severe suffering lasting several hours.

Hertha raised her head and looked at her husband ; her eyes were burning ; she could not weep.

"Murdered—Papa has been brutally murdered. Oh, this ignominy ! Oh, this disgrace to civilization ! And the whole world stands by and watches these abominations without stirring a finger."

Hertha von Zöbing had married the Oberbaurat eight months ago. Not from love, simply to please her father. He had felt that he had not much longer to live. The Fatherland's shame, the continued oppressions of the occupation authorities, the vast immeasurable misery of his country, weighed him down and increased his sufferings. Oberbaurat von Henseler, an old friend of the family, a long-standing admirer of Hertha, applied discreetly for her hand. Her father urged Hertha to accept, but it was only to fulfil the desire of his heart that she consented to the marriage.

The Oberbaurat was a presentable and thoroughly amiable person. Mader was dead. Moreover, she had herself taken leave of him. She had been cured of her pacifistic and humanitarian ideas of a brotherhood of the peoples since her own country had been suffering under the occupation. The "brothers" beyond the frontiers were prepared for anything except to offer their hand in brotherly love as a sign of reconciliation. She had not yet got rid of her delusion when the catastrophe took place. One night her father was suddenly arrested. Ostensibly because he had taken part with other mine-owners and industrialists in a secret meeting at which certain resolutions were approved which were directed against the regulations of the occupation authorities and the safety of the army.

Domiciliary visits were carried out. Hertha was cross-examined a countless number of times. As she really knew nothing, for, in fact, no assembly of the kind had ever been held, she was naturally unable to give any information. The old gentleman refused to be put upon, despite his ill-health, and kept insisting on seeing proofs—which were not available. The authorities treated him brutally, and prevented the daughter from seeing her father in order to bring him help and consolation.

In their house were billeted a major and his wife and

sister-in-law, two children, a governess and other servants. These people kept house abominably, and when Hertha and the Oberbaurat protested against the unheard-of conduct of the family, they were abruptly ordered out of the occupied territory.

Hertha was now cured of her humanitarian ideas. She had recently seen daily and hourly and experienced in her own person how vilely and insatiably revengeful this people was. How cowardly fear constantly devised new forcible measures in order to irritate and to brutalize. The old gentleman died while his case was still under investigation, without his only child being allowed to see him. The authorities even refused Hertha's request to be allowed to attend her father's funeral. This was petty spite, for Hertha had made the case public and the German papers informed the whole world of this incredible rascality.

Often her thoughts went back to Mader. He had been right when he had said that every man must think of his own Fatherland first, and that only afterwards came consideration for foreign countries. How disgracefully most of the officers of the Army of Occupation had behaved. How mean and revengeful their families had been. The wives and mistresses of officers, officials and N.C.O.s harassed the German women in the most impudent fashion. No opportunity was missed of humiliating the German women.

These "ladies", who had no inkling of the thoroughness of German housekeeping methods, let the houses get into a state of dirt and neglect, despite all the cleaning materials which were available. They even purposely ruined furniture and other fittings. The gentry knew that this glorious life would not last for ever. The finest villas and flats were confiscated. Linen, china, silver, carpets, etc., came into the possession of these people. Much disappeared immediately so that it could be removed in safety in case of rapid departure. Such was the conduct of the representatives of the nations who had come into the War ostensibly for the protection of civilization.

For the protection of civilization, niggers from Senegal and Morocco, a loathsome coloured rabble, were put into garrison in Germany. Girls and women were raped and violated by dozens, and only in the rarest cases did the evil-doer receive his merited punishment. The enemy courts martial made a point of punishing these coloured brutes mildly, while Germans were sent to prison and banishment for years on account of

trifling offences. America, the glorious U.S.A., in which hundreds of negroes are lynched, or tarred and feathered, every year, where blacks are often burnt alive, where coloured people are always kept in their place, where the difference between black and white is emphasized in the crudest way, America quietly looked on at this disgrace to civilization committed by the French, and did not even raise a finger to stop it. The American newspapers never printed reports of the abominable deeds committed by the blacks and purposely kept silent so that every protest died away unheard.

"When will the world's consciousness awake? How long is this public shame to continue under the cloak of civilization? How much longer is France going to be allowed to do as she pleases and commit the meanest crimes with general approval? When will someone at last have the courage to open the eyes of the world—to announce the truth?"

Hertha flung these words at her husband. He shrugged his shoulders.

She looked through the window, and like a vision Mader's face appeared before her. How right he had been when he had said that no justice was to be expected from their former enemies. They surely knew the great injustice which had been committed against a people which had atoned for its mistakes to an extent almost beyond human endurance. The whole tissue of lies about the responsibility for the War, the whole fraud by means of which at the setting up of the Versailles dictatorship approval was given to the violence and crimes which were committed against the German people—those responsible for all this would have had to answer for the greatest injustices and themselves stand in the pillory if they had been inspired by a genuine readiness for peace.

How right—how right Mader had been.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

THE four women stood round Emilia weeping, kissed her by turns and outvied one another in loving words. Schröder was urgent, and after a further leave-taking the trolley departed with the two of them on board. In the Lake Cave, Mader and

the crew of the U.-boat were standing ready. The motor trolley drove in with a clatter. Emilia went quickly up to Mader, who gave her his hand and helped her over the gangway down into the boat.

It now struck him for the first time how pale Emilia was. The Submarine City had deprived her of her brown complexion. She was trembling in every limb as she went through the hatchway and climbed down the companion ladder. She stood beside Mader the whole time in the control-room. Her eyes were opened wide. Mader was steering himself, and Ulitz repeated his commands below.

This was to be the U. 10's last trip. To-morrow the boat was going into dry dock to be completely overhauled so as to be in condition for a long voyage.

Mader felt Emilia's eyes fixed on him. He did not dare to look round. Emilia was overcome with dizziness when the boat dived. Involuntarily she grasped Mader's arm. He turned his head towards her and smiled. Her large eyes looked at him imploringly. Her look betrayed everything. Mader consoled her with banal words and told her that she would soon be at home among her loved ones. At San Remo Schröder and three other men were to put her on shore and then she could take the Riviera express to Bergeggi or Spotorno. She would catch the ten o'clock train and get in by one. She would be able to spend the night at one of the above-mentioned stations and be at home the following morning.

Emilia kept looking into his face as he spoke. He kept his eyes purposely fixed on the steering gear so as not to look at her. Emilia's bosom rose and fell heavily. She wanted to speak, to scream, to tell him that he should turn back, but she could not utter a sound.

The boat proceeded slowly and quietly under the water. It bore within it two persons who were on the point of taking leave of one another for ever, although destiny had decreed that their path through life should be a joint one. Order followed on order, the bells rang in the steering-room and in the engine-room. The tanks were emptied and the boat slowly rose. Ulitz who was standing at the periscope signalled that they were above the surface. The hatchway cover flew open. The motors stopped humming and the boat glided forward gently. The quartermaster stood at the wheel on top and steered the boat SSW. It was very cool and the U. 10 pitched gently in the slight swell.

Emilia stood beside Mader. He had told them to give her

a coat so that she should not run the risk of catching cold. It was not the cool evening, however, which made Emilia shiver, but the great excitement which had taken possession of her. The boat rolled. Emilia slipped and Mader caught hold of her in order to prevent her falling.

"Do you see those small lights over there, Emilia? That is your home. That is where they are sorrowing for you, and there will be great joy when you return."

She made no reply.

"One more hour, Emilia, and you will be leaving us. Have you any request to make? Is there any way in which I can give you pleasure?"

"*Sì, Capitano!* Do not stay under the sea any longer. Return to your home—surely a mother or a bride is awaiting you there?"

"Neither one nor the other, Emilia. I have neither mother nor sweetheart, but I promise you that our stay in the Submarine City will not continue much longer."

She was silent. Her heart felt so heavy—so very heavy. She, a poor girl from a fishing village—and he, the great capitano who knew so much and was so extraordinarily clever.

"Capitano," Emilia uttered the words hastily. "Signor Capitano, may I write to you and tell you what my people say and what the village is talking about?"

"If you would like to write, please do. Address your letter to 'Capitano', U. 10, Poste Restante, Savona. But be careful, so that nobody sees you."

"I shan't let myself be caught!"

"And what will you tell your people as to where you have been?"

"I shall simply say nothing at all."

"But they will ask you."

"They will ask in vain. I shan't say a word to anyone as to where I have been."

"Not even to your fiancé?"

Emilia quickly turned her face towards him.

"No, certainly not to him!"

"Won't he be jealous and make inquiries and worry you until you give in and admit everything?"

"Neither Francesco nor anybody else will get anything out of me."

Lights were shining all along the coast. San Remo was sparkling from the sea-shore to the heights of the upper

town. From Ospedaletti the bright glow of the gaming-rooms and the Casino shone across the water. The motor-boat was rapidly lowered. It seemed to Mader as though he were taking leave of life. Schröder, Held, Maxstadt and Göbel jumped into the boat. Emilia held out her hand to Mader, and he tenderly pressed her fingers.

"Farewell, Emilia, and do not forget us. I shall send to Savona in a fortnight to see if there is a letter from you."

"I will certainly write, Capitano, though probably later, and do not forget poor Emilia!" She threw both arms round his neck and her glowing lips burnt on his mouth.

"Addio, Capitano!"

With a single jump she was in the boat. *"Addio—addio, Capitano!"*

Mader stood with glowing eyes and a burning pain in his heart.

He lightly touched his lips.

"Addio, addio, mia bella Emilia—addio, addio!"

His farewell greeting flew across the water to the little motor-boat which was pitching violently. Was it not foolish of him to let her go? Was not all that makes life worth living going from him? Why did he not hold her fast? She would have stayed if he had only said a word. Again he passed his hand over his lips. How soft her mouth had been. He sighed.

No, he must not occupy himself with childish thoughts. She was engaged. She had not said a single word to the effect that she wanted to part from her fiancé. He had other duties before him. He was obliged to bring this enterprise to a successful end. It was no use waiting for a swing of the pendulum at home. There would be no change for the better there for some time to come. He had promised his comrades and the men to look after them and to lead them to a better and happier future, and he must keep his word. He would soon know exactly how he was situated. As soon as the U.-Vaterland, U. 10 and U. 1000 were in a condition to undertake a long voyage, the Submarine City was to be given up. Only, he must not grow weak!

The motor-boat put in to shore between San Remo and Ospedaletti. Schröder gave Emilia an envelope containing a small sum of money for her journey. He accompanied her on the tram to San Remo. They sat down on the first two seats in front so that they had nobody opposite them and ran no risk of being recognized.

At San Remo they went on as far as the station. Schröder went into the booking-hall while Emilia waited outside in a dark corner. The official took a long time to change the English pound note. Meanwhile, outside, a policeman passed by Emilia several times unsuspectingly. Then he noticed that the girl by the wall turned her head away ostentatiously every time he came past. He now quietly observed her. Schröder came out of the hall, gave Emilia her ticket, and pressed the remainder of the money into her hand. She might need it on the way.

The policeman was watching the pair.

Schröder looked at his watch and then asked Emilia again whether she had forgiven him. She repeated that she bore him no ill-will. She felt like crying out that she was glad she had been abducted, for only thus had she gained the happiness of a love, even though a hopeless one. She gave Schröder her hand and bade him not to forget to give her regards to the capitano and the four girls. She rapidly slipped into the hall.

Schröder went to the railing from which he could see the platform. He wanted to see her get into the train. As the girl was climbing into the carriage, Schröder was tapped on the shoulder. He turned round hastily and stared into the face of the policeman.

"Who are you, and why are you putting the girl into the train in such a mysterious way?"

Schröder stared at the man loftily and then told him that that was no concern of his. The guardian of public order thought he had to do with a white slave trader and ordered Schröder to follow him to the train. Schröder pretended to obey the order. His brain worked actively. In no case must Emilia be recognized. He walked slowly beside the policeman. In front of the station there was great activity. The Riviera express was due to leave in a few minutes and the last passengers were hurrying along.

Some bicycles were leaning against the station wall. Schröder had noticed them in the entrance. He brushed against a porter who was carrying a trunk and suddenly gave him a powerful shove. The trunk shot off the man's shoulder and landed on the policeman's foot. The porter looked round aggressively. The owner of the trunk swore in bad English, thereby announcing the fact that he was German. The trunk had burst open and the contents were strewn on the dirty floor.

The policeman, disregarding his pain, tried to hurry after Schröder, but the cursing traveller held him by the arm in

order to assure himself of evidence that his luggage had suffered damage. The policeman furiously tore himself loose.

Meanwhile Schröder had got on a bicycle and had sped away. Two porters noticed the theft, and called loudly for the police. At the same moment the policeman came out of the station. The porters drew his attention to the bicycle thief disappearing in the distance. He got into a car and ordered the chauffeur to drive after the thief. The chauffeur, however, had not yet received any money from his last fare and refused.

Meanwhile Schröder had seen the train depart. He rode quickly down the smooth steep roadway. Suddenly he noticed that a car was driving up rapidly behind him. He realized he was being followed, and feared that the car would overtake him. Only a short distance more and he had a chance to escape. He leapt off his machine, threw it down across the middle of the road, and ran with great strides down to the shore. The car, which was followed by a number of policemen on bicycles who had meanwhile joined in the pursuit, stopped and all ran after the fugitive. The latter reached the neighbourhood of the boat. Göbel had seen from afar that Schröder was being pursued. The motor was hastily started. Schröder arrived breathless. Behind him was the policeman from the station. Schröder leapt into the boat, the policeman jumped in after him, and the boat departed at full speed. As the other policemen came on the scene they saw the boat disappearing in the darkness.

Held had knocked the revolver out of the policeman's hand, pulled the man down, bound his hands behind his back with a bit of rope, and held him down. Schröder called out to Held in English to speak this language only. Held understood. They consulted.

"The captain is not to see him in any case; he must not catch sight of the ship," said Schröder.

"We'll simply put him ashore somewhere," Göbel proposed.

The policeman called out telling them to set him at liberty at once. In the name of the law he declared that all of them were arrested.

"All right, darling, arrest us as much as you like, we're real criminals," said Maxstadt, "but please don't hurt us."

Suddenly they saw the searchlight of the police-boat lighting up in the harbour. They changed their course and made for Bordighera. At Grimaldi—on French territory—they laid the fettered policeman down in front of a private house.

Schröder took the gag out of his mouth and ran to the boat as quickly as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile Emilia travelled unrecognized towards her home. It was now exactly five weeks since she had been abducted. Would they still be thinking of her? Would Francesco still be searching? It seemed to her as if she had been away from home for years. She dreamt through the babble of foreign tongues in the train, but when German words came to her ear, she roused with a start. This language which generally seems so harsh to Italians, had not sounded harsh in the mouth of the capitano, but rather soft and melodious. Or was she only imagining this? The rattle of the wheels reminded her of the turbines in the Submarine City. Was the capitano thinking of her? The wheels of the train made a curious music; they sang uninterruptedly: Ca-pi-ta-no, Ca-pi-ta-no. The syllables followed quickly one after the other. A wonderful melody for the ear of the girl who was in love. Gradually the song led Emilia into dreamland. With a smile upon her lips she fell asleep.

Schröder made a full report to Mader and pointed out that the policeman would have no further opportunity on French soil of stopping the Riviera express and having it examined. Meanwhile Emilia would long ago have reached Bergeggi. Mader was at first alarmed when he heard of the police pursuit, but after Schröder's complete report he became reassured.

At Grimaldi, they were not a little astonished to find an Italian policeman tied up. The man behaved like a madman when he heard that he was on French soil. He demanded to be taken to the frontier at once, but this was not permitted. It was not until late the next day that the formalities were settled and he could return home.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

TWO-THIRTY at night. Sleepily the station attendant lighted the lamps of the little station of Spotorno. He was cursing gently to himself: "Why can't people travel by day? Anyhow

hardly anyone ever gets in or out at Spotorno. A crazy world. The devil take the rich. Especially the foreigners. Probably it will only be the dirty mail-bag that will be thrown out." Grumbling to himself he closed the barriers on the road to the Col di Melogne. Noli reported with a ring of the bell that the express had passed that station. In the distance one could hear the long whistle of the locomotive echoing through the stillness of the night. The headlights lit up the darkness on the rails and with a grinding of brakes the train came to a standstill. The stoker was leaning out of the window and the whites of his eyes gleamed in the night. Only a solitary woman left the train. She sprang across the rails, and held a ticket out to the attendant while the train passed out into the darkness grinding and creaking. The station attendant looked at the ticket which the female form had handed him—with face concealed—and crossed himself. He looked after her and muttered: "Fancy an express stopping for a dirty whore like that! Where the devil has she been gadding about? Yes, yes, women, the devil take them." He spat again and walked out of the way of the station-master who always had some fault to find with him.

Emilia walked quickly down the coast road which led to her village. In the large hotel at Spotorno lights were still shining in some of the windows. She had purposely left the train at Spotorno, as the road from there to her village was shorter and also more solitary than that from Bergeggi. She strode along in great haste. In the distance shone the lights of Savona and still further off the Genoa lighthouse. Her glance swept across the sea. Where would the boat with the capitano be now? Was he still thinking of her? Surely—yes, surely! She was woman enough to know instinctively that the capitano loved her. Why had he never said so? Suddenly the blood rose to her head. What could he have thought when she kissed him good-bye? But she did not regret it. She smiled and her eyes lighted up. Involuntarily she bit her underlip and then slowly passed her tongue over her upper lip. How different had been the capitano's beardless mouth from Francesco's everlastingly damp moustache smelling of stale cigarette smoke. Why had the capitano not bade her stay if he loved her? Was his love not great enough or was she beneath him? Involuntarily she stretched herself. No, she too had her pride. Now she felt ashamed of the kiss which she had given in the effervescence of her passion.

A span of mules came towards her. The driver was asleep on the wagon. The beasts were finding their way alone along the empty road. Emilia hastily slipped behind a giant cactus. A dog which was running beside the cart had noticed the shadowy form of the girl disappear. He remained standing nervously near the plant and barked into the night. Emilia remained motionless. The dog barked more furiously than ever. The driver woke up and called out to the dog : "*Vieni qui, Nerone, maledetto porco cane !*"

The dog ran after the cart but stopped from time to time to bark behind him. It was only with reluctance that he obeyed his master's call.

With a sigh of relief Emilia pursued her way. She knew to what molestations she was exposed from the carters on this lonely road, and in what great danger she stood. Her thoughts kept switching back to the Submarine City and to the capitano. She forced herself not to think of them, but the nerve centres which run through the brain refused to be thus violently controlled. Suddenly she looked up. There was the rock on which Schröder had attacked her. No fear overcame her at the remembrance. Involuntarily the scene reappeared before her eyes. How the white-faced man with the drunken look in his darkly-glowing eyes had stood before her. Had he not in spite of all been a bringer of good fortune ? It was through his act of violence that she had learnt the meaning of real love. She sat down on the rock. In the distance a church clock was striking three. Suddenly she started in alarm. From the little island opposite a searchlight blazed out and the shaft of light flew across the sea. The waves glittered like silver in the rays of the light. The slackers' section had probably been snoozing and only just woken up. "Supposing they discover the U.-boat ! Will the capitano be clever enough to keep outside the rays ?"

With a rapid turn the light was switched on to the rock. It remained fixed on Emilia. She bowed her head so that her face should not be lighted up. Had they discovered her ? On the ground in front of her she saw the brilliant patch of light. She sat motionless. Would they send a boat across ? But the light had already disappeared and was glittering metallically over the waves. Emilia rose at once and ran over the rocks to the road. With rapid steps she hurried towards the village. At the very beginning of the village a watch-dog gave tongue. His bark found an echo in the neighbouring

house. Thereupon a number of other dogs joined in. The moon made a rent in the clouds and thrust them all aside. Hastily and anxiously milky white clouds scurried across the face of the ruler of the night. The village lay ghost-like in the changing light. A black cat was stalking slowly along the roof of a house. Was it a witch's familiar spirit? The barking grew louder. Emilia hurried through the lanes. Now that she was in her own village, she was overcome with terrible fear. The echo of her footsteps seemed to her like the trampling of invisible pursuers. Gasping for breath, she reached the fence surrounding her mother's house. The watch-dog tugged madly at his chain and his barks resounded hoarsely. She sprang towards the dog to silence him but the animal only behaved more wildly. He was barking for joy. Emilia slipped through the door into the front room of the little house. Her mother, awakened by the barking of the dog, sat up in bed. The light of a small oil lamp under a picture of the Virgin lit up the room weirdly. A feeling of panic fear, of unspeakable horror, suddenly came over the old woman. With trembling hand she snatched the rosary from the wall, and the withered lips over her toothless mouth twitched in hasty prayer. The door opened and in the doorway stood Emilia.

"*Madonna mia!*" The old woman uttered the words horror-stricken. Emilia's face against the black impenetrable background appeared even paler than it was in reality. The hands holding the rosary fell limply on to the feather bed. Emilia sprang forward and caught the old woman whose head was falling backwards. The mother thought that in the pale Emilia she was looking upon her child's ghost.

"*Madre mia! Io son Emilia!* I am Emilia! Listen to me, mother!"

The old woman's teeth were chattering as though with ague. Emilia's cold hands strengthened her belief that she was being embraced by a ghost. The girl grew alarmed. She ran to the table and lit the lamp with trembling hands. Her mother followed Emilia's movements with horror in her gaze and motionless with terror. The girl came back to the bed, talked to the old woman and touched her with hands which the returning blood had now made warm. The old woman began to stop trembling. Slowly she came to herself. Was this no ghost? It was really her Emilia! Realization of the truth banished her fear.

"Emilia, my child!" Her tone was tearful and her voice

shook. "Emilia, have you come home?" Tears flowed from her frightened eyes.

"Yes, mother, I am back again."

Her fear had now left the old woman. She dried her face with a corner of the sheet. Her eyes dwelt inquisitively on her daughter:

"And where have you been all this time?"

"To-morrow, mother, I will tell you everything. To-day I am too tired. To-morrow!"

"No!" The mother's energy had quite returned. Since she knew for certain that it was Emilia, and not her ghost, her courage had come back to her: "I'll tell you this, that if you've brought shame upon us, and perhaps got yourself with child, then you'd better go back where you've come from."

The blood rose to Emilia's face.

"If you want me to go, I will do so."

"You will stop here!" With a rapidity of which one would not have expected the old woman capable, she had jumped out of bed and torn the girl away from the door.

"To-morrow, mother. Leave me now. I am tired."

With heavy tread Emilia went to her room and threw herself fully dressed upon her bed. The mother followed her and wanted to go on scolding. But Emilia shut her eyes and made no reply. The old woman took off her daughter's shoes, removed her apron, undid the waistband of her skirt, and covered her over carefully. She looked searchingly into the girl's face. If she could only read that pale countenance! What had happened to her child during the last five weeks?

Emilia's breast rose and fell with her deep breathing.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

THE telegraph was working in all directions. The papers brought out special editions. The authorities sent the most experienced detectives; reporters from all the large and small papers in Italy, and many foreign ones as well, were on their way.

When the news of Emilia's return spread through the village next morning, the excitement was great. Men and women surrounded the house. Children with their fingers in their mouths stuck their snotty noses through the fence. Everyone talked at the same time. Each person wanted the mother to answer his question first. The mother was conscious of her great importance. Newspaper men had been in and out of the house for weeks. Despite her sorrow for her child, the old woman had soon discovered that these sensation-mongers were ready to pay if she did not answer their questions at once. At first she had been satisfied with a few soldi, but later not a word passed her lips until a few lire had changed hands. Happy as she was to-day that her child had returned, she was quietly calculating how much the business would bring her in. Emilia was not to give the newspaper men any information for less than five lire. She might earn a few hundred, nay, even a few thousand lire, and then she would be able to start a general shop and a tavern. Emilia would serve the customers. Woe to the stupid creature if she said a word before the reporters had paid! If only she would wake up. But she lay like one dead, breathing heavily. Her neighbour, fisherman Gialdini's wife, made her way into the room. Until now nobody had seen Emilia. Mother Gialdini stretched her wrinkled dirty old neck and squinted across at the bed. With a rapid glance she took in the sleeping girl and the paleness of her face. Her hawk eyes darted this way and that. They wanted to see what Emilia had brought home with her. Nothing was to be seen. The old woman had no doubt hidden everything already. Emilia's mother pushed her inquisitive friend into the kitchen, made her sit down, and said significantly: "She must have been in a castle, her hands have got quite smooth."

She then reflected quickly and went out with her neighbour in front of the house. The dog on the chain jumped about like mad, rushed into his kennel and came out again. The crowd of people in front of the house made him crazy. Mother Rossi and the old Gialdini appeared in the doorway. The dog received a kick and withdrew howling into his kennel. The Gialdini was in a hurry. Before she reached the fence she called out:

"I have seen her. She's been staying with a prince in a castle."

"Will you shut your lying mouth, you old hag! Who told you that my child has been staying with a prince?"

"Didn't you say she'd been at a castle and don't princes live in castles?"

"I didn't say anything, you mangy liar. I'll tear the tongue out of your throat, you poisonous old scandal-monger."

"You did say so though." Thereupon the Gialdini, fearing Mother Rossi's talons, beat a hasty retreat.

The old woman was annoyed with herself for what she had told the Gialdini. Devil take it, that might cause her serious loss. If the newspaper fellows made inquiries in the village and heard from the other woman the lie which she herself had invented, they would perhaps no longer come to her. How stupid she had been to say anything of the kind to the Gialdini.

Down on the shore the fishing boats were returning. The clock of the village church struck eight. A young fellow rushed towards Francesco's boat and called out :

"Emilia has come back !"

Francesco jumped up in the boat and stared at the youngster.

"Yes, have a good look at me. It is true. 'La Fortuna' has come back."

"Come here, Carlo, here's half a soldo ; just run up and tell Emilia I'm in the boat and she's to come down at once."

The youngster climbed the rocks like a monkey. Francesco sorted his catch. Oh, so she was back again was she? Well, he had one or two questions to put to her. She would have to prove to him that she hadn't run away with any other man. Oh, he wouldn't let himself be taken in. She would come quick enough when she heard that Francesco was down on the shore. He must just wait a bit. She would start talking of her own accord, and he would soon see if she were lying.

The chief of police of Savona had gone to the trouble of coming over personally in a car. The village police had telegraphed the news to the *gendarmerie* at Bergeggi, and the chief of the Carabinieri section had repeated the news to Savona.

Emilia had woken up and looked round astonished in the low room. She had first to consider where she was. Just as she was about to call Linda from the neighbouring room, she remembered that she was no longer in the Submarine City but at home. She looked round the room with a certain disappointment. She noticed that her mother, during her absence, had allowed the house to get dirty after the Italian

fashion. Everywhere dirt and dust were to be seen. She slowly rose from her bed, did her hair and dressed. Outside she heard her mother scolding.

Francesco was waiting on the shore. He was astonished that Emilia did not come. She must be engaged in making herself beautiful for his benefit. All that wouldn't avail her. She would have to tell the truth. He threw the fish about in a fury. As soon as they were married, he would show her how he was to be obeyed. He looked up the cliff. Nothing was to be seen. Probably the youngster to whom he had given the half-soldo was fooling about somewhere and had not delivered the message at all. About a hundred yards away old Gialdini was shouldering his baskets of fish.

"Hullo, Father Gialdini, have you heard the news? Emilia's come back. So when you get up there, will you ask her to come down here at once, and say that I am waiting for her here. I can't leave, for that swine of a fish merchant from Savona is coming across in his motor-boat."

Old Gialdini merely nodded and went up the cliff with bent back bearing his catch of fish.

The chief of police drove furiously through the village street in his new Lancia. Children, hens, geese and dogs flew in all directions.

"So you won't tell me where you've been?" The mother with both hands planted on her hips stood angrily in front of Emilia. "Speak I tell you. I know already where you've been."

Emilia was tidying up the room and avoided looking at her mother. She remained dumb to all inquiries.

"I shall find out where you were! I shall discover it all right. But then I shall tell the village what you are."

Emilia went out of the room. The old woman stamped furiously behind her.

The dog was now lying on the hearth; he was only chained in front of the house at night. He jumped up at Emilia, barking joyfully. A grey cat came along and rubbed itself against the girl's leg. The mother drove the animals away and hissed in Emilia's ear:

"Woe betide you if you say anything before the people have paid. You must let me speak, and everybody who wants to know anything must pay five lire."

Emilia stared at her mother. She did not understand.

"Do you hear? I shall do the talking; and I must get a thousand lire out of it so that I can open the shop. And if

the old Gialdini says a word about your being down there, I'll wring her neck."

Emilia turned round quickly.

"Down where?"

"Well, somewhere down in the south in the castle, of course. But do say where you've been and what is the name of the swine you've been playing about with."

Emilia sighed with relief. She had feared she might have betrayed herself in her sleep. She took no notice of her mother's base accusations. From outside came the noise of the police chief's car. The mother took alarm and ran out in a fluster. The great man graciously acknowledged her curtsies and followed her into the room. Emilia was sitting on a bench. Her determination remained firm. She would say nothing. The police chief was astonished at Emilia's beauty. The pale oval face framed in blue-black hair seemed suited to any place rather than a fisherman's hut. He stroked his moustache affectedly as he greeted Emilia with a slight bow. He was surprised at himself for bowing to such a simple fisher-girl. The secretary, a small, thick-set fellow, who suffered from a nervous tic and had a slight squint, likewise paid homage to the girl's beauty. His nervous tic consisted in his left cheek twitching upwards from time to time, thereby somewhat compressing his left eye. As he squinted, the mother thought he was looking at her, and interpreted his nervous tic as a sign that she was to leave the room. With a shy glance at the two gentlemen, the old woman slipped out.

"Now my child," said the police chief, "do not be frightened. Take a seat and answer a few questions."

The little secretary twitched and fidgeted about the room. The chief threw him a furious glance and told him to sit down. The little man wished to obey his chief's command, and without taking his eyes off him, let himself down on to the kitchen bench, but immediately sprang up again as the cat, upon which he had sat, refused to submit to this treatment and disappeared behind the stove with a screech and a blow of the paw into the thick gentleman's seat.

"*Imbecille*," was the great man's single remark. A further furious glance caused the poor little fellow to wilt.

"Well, miss, I notice that you are quite cheerful and so I will not trouble you for long."

Emilia had not been able to suppress her laughter at the secretary's mishap.

"Will you be so good as to start right from the beginning, miss. Tell the story from the very moment when it began."

"I have nothing to tell."

The great man looked at the girl quite taken aback, while not only the cheek but the whole left shoulder of the secretary twitched upwards.

"My dear child, do not be afraid ; nothing will happen to you ; just get it all off your chest."

Emilia merely shrugged her shoulders. The police chief thought that he had not handled the girl properly. He grew kinder and more friendly in tone. Emilia made no reply at all. This was too much for the mighty man.

"Do you think, you silly goose, that I have come here for nothing ? Tell me at once, truthfully, where you have been."

Emilia merely stared at the man and remained silent. The little secretary blew his nose violently. The police chief turned round angrily and cast a second "*Imbecille*" in the little man's face. Emilia stood by the window and looked quietly out. Then her mother's voice was heard outside scolding.

"No, you can't go in, there is an important gentleman in with her."

"Let me go ! I don't give a damn for all the important gentlemen."

The door flew open. Francesco stood framed in the doorway. Outside one could see the anxious face of the old woman. The door was closed with a bang.

"What is the matter with you, Emilia ? I've been waiting for you down on the beach for an hour and a half. I sent Carlo along to tell you to come down at once. What are you thinking of, keeping me waiting like this ? I've got just this to say to you, that if . . ."

Francesco now noticed the chief of police, who was glaring at the intruder with the fiercest manner he possessed. Francesco recollected that this was the police chief from Savona who had interviewed him personally three times after Emilia's disappearance.

"You filthy lout ! Will you clear out of this room at once ? I'll teach you to give a damn for all the important gentlemen. I heard what you said."

Francesco wilted and stammered :

"The gentlemen must forgive me. I only meant important gentlemen. But you are not an important gentleman, you are from the police."

"Get out, you idiot, or I'll wring your neck."

Francesco crept out of the door abashed. Then he opened it again and called in :

"I must speak to you directly afterwards, Emilia."

The police chief sprang to the door and slammed it furiously. The little secretary doubled up like a pocket knife at the bang.

"Well, I'm going to make short work of you. Just begin at once to tell me what happened."

Emilia looked quietly and seriously into the police chief's eyes and said : "I have nothing to tell."

The police chief was dumbfounded. Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. He had condescended to be affable, and had even called the silly goose "miss", and now the woman refused to say a word.

"If you do not say anything, I shall have to arrest you."

"Why, have I stolen anything or committed any crime?" Emilia asked the question quietly.

The police chief bit his lips. He was beaten. He really had no right to arrest the girl. On his way he had already imagined to himself how he was going to clear up the whole mystery of the abduction. How this would surely win him promotion, so that he could at last get out of that dreadful hole Savona, and eventually perhaps even gain a decoration into the bargain. But now nothing of the sort would take place. Suddenly an idea came into his poor brain.

"Listen to me, Emilia," he intentionally no longer addressed her as "miss", "listen—over a hundred thousand lire have been offered as a reward for the explanation of the mystery. You can gain a great part of that sum if you help to clear the matter up."

"I have nothing to say." The words came quietly from her lips.

The chief of police grew white to the lips. He went up to Emilia and remained standing before her with clenched teeth.

"You *canaille*, I will have you kept in prison until you confess your whoreish behaviour."

Emilia now turned her back on him and looked out of the window.

"You will not leave the house until I have examined you again. Do you understand?"

Emilia did not deign to reply. The little secretary looked at the group by the window and his cheek performed a veritable war dance with his eye.

"What are you staring at the stove for, you idiot? Put everything together. We're off."

The little man had as a matter of fact been looking, not at the stove, but at Emilia; however, he did not blame his chief for the mistake. In front of the door the mother and Francesco were standing with their ears firmly pressed against the wood. The chief of police wrenched the door open violently, and the two eavesdroppers fell into the room. The great man kicked both of them viciously.

"The wench is to remain shut up in the house," he shouted so loud that all the people hanging about in the street could hear. The mother was still bowing when the car was a long way off. Francesco had rushed into the room but found it empty. Emilia had retired to her bedroom and locked herself in. The door remained locked, and Emilia dumb behind it.

Her mother came rushing into the front room followed by two gentlemen. One of them was holding a camera ready for action. The first of the paragraph hunters had arrived. The old woman pushed Francesco out, then went to the door and called out: "Emilia, my darling, open the door! Two gentlemen from Savona are here, from the newspapers *Corriere della Sera* and *Stampa*."

Not a sound came from behind the door.

"She won't come because she wants to be paid for her story," the old woman whispered mysteriously.

"Well, that can be managed." One of the men threw a lira on to the table, and the other followed suit.

The old woman took the coins and shook her head. "No, no, Emilia is very much upset; she won't say a word under five lire."

"You damned old procuress, I'll give you one more lira and then the girl must cough up."

The two further lire rapidly disappeared. "Emilia, *mia poveretta*, my poor child, you can come out now, the gentlemen have paid."

Emilia's voice sounded sharply through the door: "Get my mother to give you back your money. I have nothing to say."

The two reporters cursed; they believed that this was merely a device for further extortion. One of them shouted towards the door: "Don't make any excuses; we have given your mother money, and then I will make a nice picture of you."

Emilia did not answer. The second man went to the door and thumped on it with his fists.

"Let her rest a bit longer, gentlemen. The prince in the castle . . . you know."

"What prince? What castle?"

"I know nothing further. She has been with a prince in a castle." The old woman spoke in a whisper and gesticulated violently. Both the reporters took notes busily.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

MADER sat in the lower control-room of the U. 1000 with a bundle of Italian newspapers before him. News items regarding Emilia's home-coming crowded upon each other. Every paper brought out a different version. The facts were as follows: Emilia had not said a word as to what had happened to her or where she had been. She had been summoned officially to tell her story, and the authorities had attempted with kindness and with threats to find out her secret. All in vain. Then her mother had found a closed letter beside the wall under the bed. It was addressed to a Frau Dolores Contanabilio at Pontinrea. Emilia had mislaid this letter on the day of her return, and had since looked for it in vain. Her mother had kept her under constant observation and whenever she left the room for a moment the old woman searched under the bed until one day she noticed a corner of white paper sticking out between two floorboards. She brought a letter to light, hid it from Emilia, and being unable to read, took it to the post office. The postmaster read the address, and scenting the reward which had been offered, made a note of the name and address and instructed the old woman to keep the letter carefully. That afternoon the postmaster knew that Dolores Contanabilio was the sister-in-law of the missing Marietta, and that the letter previously sent by the missing Marietta had been made out to the same address. The crafty postmaster went the same day to Genoa and made sure that the reward for the discovery of the four missing girls was still being offered. In case clues could be given leading to their discovery.

The postmaster appeared at the old woman's house with two detectives and demanded the surrender of the letter. The old woman refused, but when threatened with immediate arrest, began to bargain for what they would pay for the letter. The detectives gave her short shrift and told her she was under arrest, and when she saw that they were in earnest she surrendered the letter amidst ugly curses.

Mader read further. The *Idea Nazionale* said :

"The letter is addressed to the same woman as one of the four which were recently handed to the police. Paper, envelope, writing and ink are the same. The authorities are keeping the contents of the letter secret, but it throws light upon where the women are to be found. As the recently returned Emilia R. has refused to give any information to the local officials, she has been sent to Rome."

Mader crumpled up the paper in a rage. This woman, this fool of a Marietta had, despite his strict prohibition, pressed a letter upon Emilia. The good-natured Emilia had allowed herself to be persuaded to take it. How could she have been so careless as to lose it? He took up another paper, a Neapolitan one. It gave a drawing of a girl who was stated to be Emilia, which did not resemble her in the least, and had evidently been produced at random by some scribbler. The paper said :

"Apart from the letter, about whose genuineness there is no doubt, the whole story is extremely unsavoury. The girl's mother has to be well paid for any information. Our reporter had to pay her five lire before hearing a completely fictitious story of love in a princely castle from the old woman's lips. The young woman refuses to speak to anyone, and is most likely in league with her mother. A matter of good business. The whole affair appears to be a carefully planned swindle. One cannot avoid the suspicion that the other four letters were forged by the young girl or her accomplice."

The *Secolo* said :

"The affair is shrouded in mysterious darkness. In our estimation the whole thing is nothing but a well arranged coup for the purpose of gaining publicity. We do not

doubt the story which is current to the effect that this crafty adventuress has been in some castle with her protector, who has now grown tired of her and simply turned her out. It is naturally not to be expected that the 'gentleman' will come forward."

The *Avanti* published the news under the following headline :

"GALLANT ADVENTURE OF AN ITALIAN DUKE"

and proceeded :

"A further dirty incident from the life of the high aristocracy, etc., etc." . . .

and at the end :

" . . . One is again forced to the conclusion that for these gentry the ordinary code of conduct does not exist when a poor girl is concerned. Now, no doubt, the music-hall managers and brothel-keepers are already lying in wait for this latest attraction."

Mader was unrecognizable. In the whole course of the nine years which they had served with him, the crew had never seen him give way to such an outburst of fury.

"Ulitz, we must postpone the completion of the *U.-Vaterland*. To-morrow evening we are putting to sea again and this time we are going to Rome. During my absence you will take over the command and press on all the work. I have a feeling that there are some surprises in store for us now."

"Right you are, Mader ! But my dear man, why excite yourself about all this drivel in the papers ? The whole thing's nothing but a pack of lies !"

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

EMILIA had been taken to police headquarters in Rome. They had prepared a nice room for her and to begin with they questioned her kindly and in a friendly spirit. Emilia refused all information. They had no doubt told her about the discovery of the letter, but kept silent as to its contents. The detectives of the political police had the matter in hand. No information reached the public as to the course of the affair since Emilia had been detained in Rome.

She had already been in Rome over a week and all the officials at the Ministry of the Interior were made to quake by the decrees of the Minister in the case of "Emilia R." Three officials had already been transferred to other positions. The police chief of Savona had been appointed to a post at Cagliari in the South of Sardinia on account of his incompetence in the conduct of the case, and two minor officials had been similarly punished. The Minister decided to take the affair into his own hands. He ordered the girl to be brought before him. He would get out of her in five minutes what all the others appeared to have found impossible to discover. The command that Emilia was to be produced, arrived at police headquarters telephonically at eight o'clock in the evening. Emilia had been examined uninterruptedly since eight o'clock in the morning. They had in fact been trying the forbidden American third degree. Twelve officials placed themselves in a semi-circle round Emilia in a large room at police headquarters. She had been fetched from her room before breakfast, and without giving her anything to eat or even a drink of water, the detectives kept up an uninterrupted fire of questions. They relieved one another during the course of the day. They had cups of fragrant coffee standing before them and ate all manner of good things. Emilia was not given a morsel of food the whole day and was refused the smallest drink. The questions beat down upon her without cessation, but she was not to be drawn. She combated any tendency to faintness with an iron will. She kept silent obstinately. The Submarine City with the four women, the good and kind-hearted Möller and the rest of them, and particularly Mader, stood before her mind's eye. Let them go on with their questions! She had committed no crime, consequently they would have to let her go. The

detectives got more and more heated. They begged, shouted, joked—all in vain.

The torture had lasted twelve hours when the order of the Minister of the Interior burst upon the assembly. Emilia swayed with weakness as they led her to her room in order that she might get ready for her trip. On the table stood a jug of water. She poured the whole contents down her burning throat. For twenty-six hours she had had nothing to eat. The previous night her interrogation had lasted until two o'clock, and at six she had been awakened in order to undergo further torments. The wardress quietly slipped an apple into her hand.

In the Minister's ante-room sat the secretary casting furtive glances at the white-faced girl on a chair between the two stupid-looking officials. By Jove, what a beauty she is, he thought, and so white, she must be seriously ill. She could give points to any woman in Roman society for looks.

A bell rang discreetly. The secretary quickly disappeared through a large padded double door. The Minister ordered the bowing secretary to bring in the "prisoner". The living question mark disappeared behind the door. The Minister took a revolver from a drawer of his large desk, slowly loaded it, and then concealed it beneath a sheet of paper. Emilia was led in by the officials. The Minister bade them withdraw. Without preliminaries, he then took up his revolver and aimed at the girl.

"If you will be good enough to tell me everything, you will receive the whole of the advertised reward. If you refuse to speak, I shall make use of this weapon. I shall say that you tried to attack me. Sit down."

Emilia looked quietly at the Minister of the Interior. She knew for certain that he would never shoot. They had been tormenting her for weeks and could find nothing against her.

"Tell me everything quietly." He was fingering his weapon.

"I can only repeat that I have nothing to tell." Emilia spoke quite clearly and looked her opponent steadily in the eyes. He raised his revolver and pointed the barrel at Emilia: "Do you see this clock?" He turned the face of a small morocco-bound clock standing on his desk towards Emilia: "It is now twenty to nine. I will give you until the quarter to consider. When the minute hand reaches the figure nine, if you have not spoken, I will shoot you."

Emilia made no reply.

"In order to make it easier for you to confess, I will tell you something which until now has been kept from you."

She looked at him expectantly. The Minister proceeded to speak the following words very slowly:

"I know exactly where you have been staying during your five weeks' absence. You have been in La Città sotto il Mare."

Emilia started back. A rush of blood rose from the back of her neck and flooded her face. Her eyes widened.

"You see, I knew you would betray yourself. Now just tell me your story; I know all about it."

Emilia pulled herself together. Why was he pressing her so urgently—why had they been tormenting her for a fortnight in their endeavours to make her confess? They could not know anything. And suddenly the idea came into her head that probably Marietta had referred to the Submarine City in her letter.

"I know no Submarine City."

"Oh, really! Then I will prove to you that you do know a Submarine City."

He took Marietta's letter out of a portfolio and pointed to a passage in it.

"Here is the name plainly written. Tell me where this mysterious city lies."

"I know nothing about it."

"Oh, and where did the writer of this letter hand it to you?"

"In the place in which I stayed during the five weeks."

"In the Submarine City?"

"I know no Submarine City."

"The time limit which I gave you has already been exceeded by two minutes. My patience is exhausted."

Emilia made no reply. The Minister ground his teeth furiously. He looked at Marietta's letter, then suddenly raised his head, looked sharply at Emilia, and said rapidly:

"I know your lover is there. Tell me everything, and I will spare him. I will give you the undertaking in writing."

Emilia looked at him expectantly. Had the stupid Marietta dropped some hint in her letter?

"I see you are considering. I will just say this to you. Your lover and the four 'husbands' referred to in the letter shall all be spared if you hand the 'capitano' over to me."

A deep sigh of relief escaped from Emilia's breast. The last sentence had given the Minister away completely. Now

he might ask what he liked and play with his revolver how he liked. She would give him no further answer.

"Now will you begin?"

Emilia looked at him and kept silent.

Slowly he raised his revolver and aimed at her forehead. His finger was on the trigger. She did not move a muscle and looked straight into the barrel of the weapon. He rose to his feet still aiming, leant across the desk, and whispered:

"Your lover will remain alive. You will become rich, or otherwise I shall have you locked up for life. I can make you disappear, and not a soul will know anything about you."

Emilia merely looked at him.

"For the last time, I order you. Speak!"

"You will learn nothing from me." She uttered the words brusquely, almost roughly. Her eyes glowed, as though with fever.

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

THE last days had been spent in working on the *U.-Vaterland* uninterruptedly day and night. The engineers and mechanics called it "the ship of the thousand marvels". According to an exact calculation, just a thousand inventions and improvements had been incorporated in the boat. Here was an interesting problem for scientists, and especially psychologists, to solve, or rather a phenomenon to be observed. These engineers, mechanics, chemists, nautical experts and machine constructors had accomplished marvels in their five years' seclusion. It was indisputable that it was precisely this seclusion which had had such an immeasurable influence upon the inventive and working ability of all. Here they had created forces which nothing could turn aside. Here there was no trace of pretence or of jealousy. These clever brains worked together hand in hand. The one helped the other. The men were influenced neither by the prospect of reward nor by worldly success. Their sole incentive was the joy of work. It is generally maintained that woman is indispensable as a stimulus and inspiration for the brain worker,

but here was proof to the contrary. This theory is always put forward by those who are dependent on the female sex, or are in need of an excuse. It is to be admitted that for many brain workers society is useful as a relaxation, but it is not a necessity.

The scientists in the Submarine City were all first-class practical men, who only paid that amount of attention to theory which was absolutely essential for the successful progress of their work. But not more than that. The creative worker, especially in mechanics, must never allow himself to be guided by theory alone, but he should be able immediately to translate his thoughts into action, so as to test the practical value of his work. It must not be supposed that the men in the Submarine City did not think of the future, but this only occupied them to a slight extent. Here, joy in the success of their work was the main motive which guided all these men. With nothing to distract them and with no material cares, they had in the years of their seclusion become practical experts who—perhaps unconsciously—strove to give the world, in the course of their earthly pilgrimage, things which were capable of effecting a universal revolution in everyday habits of life. Each invention was inspired by the desire to serve the world, and especially the Fatherland. Every evening these men held consultations, examinations and tests in regard to their work. Every possible improvement was envisaged, and feasible suggestions were put into practice on the very next day. Those things which were important for the world at large were immediately put down on paper, so as to afford an opportunity in the future for those anxious to teach and to learn to get to understand the evolution of the whole discovery.

The whole crew were assembled on the platform in the Lake Cave. Mader intended to show them the wonderful inventions and improvements. Many of the men were not yet acquainted with the interior of the boat. The inventors and experts acted as guides. To begin with the hatchway was different from that customary in all other U.-boats. A new kind of escalator or moving stairway enabled the crew to be on deck in an instant. The tiresome ascent of the companion ladder was avoided. The escalator worked according to the chain system used in dredgers, and had steps which were big enough for three men to stand on together. The chains were driven by Diesel engines.

The tubular apertures in the sides of the ship with the

horizontal and vertical turbines grew wider towards the back, being shaped like funnels. The masses of water which shot through the tubes when the boat was in motion rushed through the funnels and set the turbines in motion. The turbines furnished the motive power for dynamos which fed the accumulators. Thus the consumption of fuel was reduced to a minimum.

Engineer Helwig had constructed a new accumulator of quite small dimensions, which could easily be carried in a man's hand, and which was able to work a large motor for forty-eight hours. This discovery meant a revolution in the whole motor world. When this discovery is made public, automobiles will dispense with the internal combustion engine, and substitute the new Helwig accumulator. The tabooed electro-motor will celebrate its resurrection in a new form, and will enable a far higher speed to be attained at much smaller expense. Two Helwig accumulators will last for three thousand miles. The authorities will decree that only the odourless Helwig cars are to be admitted into urban areas.

The submerging and rising of the boat had been accelerated by means of a new arrangement of the water tanks. Owing to the enormous diminution of the size of the engines and dynamos, the weight of the U.-boat was smaller, and consequently proportionally larger lading space was available. A large part of the machines from the cave workshop had already been stowed away in the hold and made fast to the sides. The steering gear was less complicated and far easier to handle. The U.-*Vaterland* only needed a crew of eight men. All the engines and dynamos could be operated from the upper control-room, and, when the boat was on the surface, from the main deck, by means of a horizontally placed switch-board. The periscope was equipped with an eye-piece made of the new magnifying quartz lenses, which by a magnification of 1 by 24 enabled everything to be seen distinctly up to immense distances.

Moreover the boat could never quite sink because the water tanks did not empty. Engines forced the water out of the tanks at the required moment by hydraulic pressure, while other engines pumped compressed air into the tanks as the boat rose. By means of a so-called floating aerial which consisted of an oval sheet of cork with a metal inset made fast at the stern of the boat by a watertight connection, and connected by a lead to the upper control-room, it became

possible to emit and to receive wireless messages while submerged. The floating aerial could not attract the attention of a passing steamer as no one would take any notice of a piece of cork floating in the water. The range of the wireless waves could be set to the very longest distances.

On deck four rapid motor-boats were stowed away, in a watertight condition, in such a manner that they could be set afloat in two minutes. Their speed had been increased by a strengthening of the engines. The batteries and tanks were movable. Of ~~the~~ reflector lenses for rendering projectiles useless, six were fixed on each side of the boat. They had been strengthened to such an extent that they were able to neutralize any explosive up to a distance of four miles under water. On the surface the effective range of the rays attained twelve miles.

There were a hundred other things which increased the boat's safety and comfort ; in particular, the newly invented hydrophone which made it possible to pick up the slightest sounds. The approach of danger was thereby announced long beforehand.

The crew observed everything with astonishment and wonder, and when Mader spoke by wireless telephone from the *U.-Vaterland* to the *U. 10*, which was lying over three hundred yards away, and explained that by means of the floating aerial they could communicate even when submerged, the men spontaneously burst forth into three cheers.

At seven o'clock that evening the *U.-Vaterland* put to sea. Only ten men were on board. Neugebauer had taken over command in the *Submarine City* and was working with the crew at full steam on the completion of the *U. 10* and the *U. 1000*. Möller and two other men were engaged in making portable cages, while the women helped the cook in the kitchen.

The *U.-Vaterland* proceeded SSE at full speed. The objective was Rome. Mader wished to be in Rome. He wanted to help Emilia in some way, and if necessary to carry her off. He let Ulitz into his plans, and they came to an exact agreement as to where the motor-boat was to put ashore, and where it was to meet the *U.-boat* again. Mader assured him that he had no intention of running into danger, as he had taken upon himself the responsibility for the men, and now for the women also, in the *Submarine City*.

At 5 a.m. the boat had reached the latitude of Rome. She was standing fifteen miles off from the coast. The Italian

flag was fluttering at the stern as a measure of precaution. One of the motor-boats was afloat in two minutes. Mader, accompanied by Schröder and Held, proceeded at full speed towards the coast. When three miles from the coast Mader reduced speed. The boat made fast at the pier of Fiumicino. Mader walked up the stone steps without taking any notice of the approaching Customs official. Held also left the boat and followed Mader. The Customs guard was interested to read the name *Vineta*, and under it the port of origin "Castellamare", examined the boat, graciously accepted a cigar which Schröder offered him together with a drink from a flask of Chianti, and departed with a negligent salute.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Mader reached Rome from Fiumicino by slow train. The life and activity in the Eternal City made a great impression upon him. He had not seen a town since 1917. With a single exception, and that was on the hill above the Submarine City, he had not been on land for seven years. Thanks to the numerous sunbaths he had taken during the last cruises, the paleness of his face had given way to a healthy brown. The life and atmosphere of the great town of Rome had taken on a new appearance through the development of motor traffic. Mader thought that Rome had lost in the process. The noise of his footsteps on the large concrete blocks of the pavement gave him a curious sensation. His heels had softened during the constant movement in the sand of the Submarine City. The shop windows, the modern cars, the change of fashions since 1917, the appallingly red-painted lips of the women and girls, their white powdered faces and short boyishly-cut hair excited his attention. Had the world really changed so much? The new uniforms of the officers, and the large numbers of black-shirted Fascisti! The town was very noisy. Dealers cried their wares and newspaper vendors the latest editions. In every corner shoe-cleaners urged passers-by in the most pressing fashion to allow their dusty footwear to receive a cleaning.

Suddenly Mader paused. He thought he must be mistaken, and looked more carefully before him. Wasn't that Hertha von Zöbing coming towards him on the arm of a blond-bearded gentleman? Yes, it really was she! He was about to turn round when he noticed that Hertha had seen him and that astonishment was plainly written on her features. Now he could no longer go back. Making a pretence of

indifference, he walked on. Hertha and her husband came nearer; she could not master her surprise and embarrassment. Mader had made up his mind what to do. He approached the couple with a cold expression on his motionless features. Hertha expected a greeting, but Mader went past without taking any notice. He walked calmly and collectedly. She was so excited that Henseler noticed it. He asked what was the matter with her.

"Nothing, nothing," she replied almost violently in her embarrassment.

He looked at her in astonishment. With a sudden impulse she tore herself from him: "Please wait for me at the Restaurant Michael. I have left my jewel-case lying open in the hotel."

He wanted to save her the trouble of going back.

"No, no, let me go. I shall be back directly," and she rushed away in the direction Mader had taken.

Her husband looked after her for a moment shaking his head, and then proceeded on his way. He had not yet got to understand Hertha. When her father died months before, she had urged him to obtain passports. She wanted to leave Germany for a time, hoping to forget her country's shame and misfortunes.

Mader strode hastily along the street. He suspected that Hertha would follow him. Who was the man with whom she was walking arm in arm? Had she married? For a moment a feeling of jealousy rose within him, but only for a few seconds, and then he laughed bitterly. Was he still in love with this woman? No—he merely noticed that he was human, and like all other men, liable to suffer from wounded vanity. He quickly fought down the momentary rise of feeling, and a sensation of shame came over him. He was greatly astonished to hear so much German spoken all around him. What had happened to bring so many Germans to Italy and to Rome? He noticed how German women, in the company of their husbands, flirted disgracefully with Italian dandies, officers, and especially with Fascisti. What manner of Germans were these who prostituted their homeland abroad? The English women went by with cold unapproachable expressions; the American women were mere dressed-up, gaudily-painted, uninteresting peacocks. Had the world undergone such a fundamental change in the last five years or had he not previously paid any attention to these things? How ostentatiously and in what

bad taste these Germans behaved ! These were not the art-hungry Germans of pre-War days. This was a new kind of being which Germany had spawned. These were the Germans of whom Mader had read, who had grown rich through the unscrupulous exploitation of their fellow citizens, and now compromised Germany's name in foreign countries. Mader noticed that many of the women smiled at him, too, and he turned away in disgust. Curiously enough he heard no French. The "Grande Nation", the brother ally, who still did not give up Savoy, which he had formerly stolen, and who had tried to exploit and keep for himself all the advantages of the so-called "victory"; this Latin brother was never loved in Italy, and is now hated by the Italians to the very depths of their soul. If the people had been asked by a referendum in 1915 whether they would march against Germany or France, there would have been a majority of votes for a war against France. Only the old hatred of Austria, and the promises of the dear secret allies France and England, holding out to Italy the prospect of the acquisition of large portions of land in the heart of Austria, gave unscrupulous ministers the means to break an alliance which had lasted more than three decades, and in which the stupid Germans and still more stupid Austrians had put their trust. And now masses of Germans came rushing to this perjured country and ogled with traitors in a dishonourable and shameless fashion. Mader sighed deeply as all these thoughts which were so depressing for a patriotic German passed through his mind.

"Eugen, Eugen !"

He started violently. Hertha had come after him and was calling to him. Now he must be on his guard and avert the danger quickly. He heard Hertha hastening her steps.

"Eugen !" Now she was at his side. "Eugen, don't you recognize me or do you hate me so bitterly ?"

He looked her coldly in the face and answered in Portuguese that he regretted he was unable to understand the lady ; and as she gazed at him in utter consternation, he repeated the sentence in perfect French.

"Excuse me, madame, I do not understand what you say."

Her embarrassment increased. Could she have made a mistake ? Could there be such a likeness anywhere in the world ? No, this was Mader. It was just that he could not

forgive her for having written the letter of farewell, and was still angry with her. She did not give up.

"Eugen, you must forgive me; I must speak to you. Listen, Papa died during imprisonment by the French. I will explain everything that has come between us."

Mader started slightly when Hertha mentioned the death of her father, but she did not notice it as she was speaking hesitatingly and looking at the ground. She walked on beside him. He was in great danger. The possibility was not to be ignored that among the many Germans who were staying in Rome there might be a common acquaintance who might now meet them, and in that case it would be impossible for him to keep up the pretence of being a Portuguese.

"Madame must forgive me, but I have not understood a word of what she has been saying." Mader spoke calmly and quietly, though with a somewhat hoarse undertone, in irreproachable French, whilst looking Hertha in the face like a stranger. She grew still more confused. He raised his hat and crossed the road. She looked after him quite dumbfounded, but her confusion only lasted a short while. It was he. No doubt he was here on some secret mission and did not wish to be drawn into danger. Making up her mind rapidly, she hurried after him. Now she had remembered that on his forehead above the left eye he had a small scar which was darker than the surrounding skin. Now she would have a look! Mader was walking rapidly along the other side of the road. Hertha caught him up and spoke to him while looking attentively at his forehead.

"I understand, Eugen, that you cannot recognize me, but I want to know how you are getting on and whether you have forgiven me. You can no longer deny that you are Eugen Mader for I have recognized you for certain by the little scar on your forehead."

He changed colour slightly, but came to a stand before her and again raised his hat:

"I am extremely sorry, madame, but you seem to be making a mistake. I have unfortunately not understood a word of what you have said." He bowed again and left her standing undecided. He jumped on to a passing tram and gave his companion, who was following at some distance, a sign to do the same. He was sorry about Hertha, but he had broken with the past, and it was on Emilia's account that he was in Rome. She was in great danger, and some-

thing must be done to free her from it. Hertha was no doubt married to the gentleman whom he had seen with her, and no longer needed his protection. He asked the conductor for a ticket in the purest Italian without looking round for an instant.

Hertha went back thoughtfully by the way she had come. She could not understand why Mader refused to recognize her. Some mystery lay at the bottom of it all. That it was Mader with whom she had spoken, she had not the slightest doubt. When she met her husband again, she confessed the truth, told him why she had gone back, and recounted her conversation with Mader. Henseler was overcome with a feeling of jealousy, but did not allow it to be noticed, and merely said :

"Then you must have made a mistake. If it had been Mader, he would certainly have recognized you."

She made no reply.

Involuntarily a suspicion dawned on her that perhaps Mader loved another woman. Or else he—who loved his Fatherland above everything—was here on a secret mission. Possibly he belonged to one of the organizations which were trying to compel the restoration of order in the homeland. Was it on account of a woman that he had denied his identity ? A dull pain took possession of her heart. She had cast from her a man whose mind was pure and whose heart was untouched by all the ugliness of this world. Repentance often comes too late.

That same night the *U.-Vaterland* sailed northwards. Mader had easily discovered in Rome that Emilia had already been set free and had returned home. Now he must wait and see whether she wrote. His determination remained firm : as soon as Emilia's affair was settled, the Submarine City was to be evacuated. An inner feeling told him that it would not be possible to stay there much longer. The day might come on which the authorities by some chance might discover the secret, and then they would leave no stone unturned to find the Submarine City, and as soon as they succeeded in this they would attempt the annihilation of its inhabitants. If it proved to be impossible for Emilia to remain at home, and if she should be willing to come with him, he would not hesitate for a second to make her his wife.

If no news came from her, and he received an assurance that she was being left in peace—well then he would bury this love, and in a new home, live for his comrades alone; all his endeavours should be directed to dedicating his services to the Fatherland in case it should have need of them.

CHAPTER SIXTY

THE little fishing village had risen to undreamt-of fame. The two inns did big business, and the garage owners in Savona and Spotorno reaped a rich harvest. Reporters and press photographers came and went daily. Film-producing companies sent their operators to the village in order to capture for the screen the mysterious fishing girl who had actually been dragged to Rome to be examined and had then been set free. The operators had been staying in the village for days awaiting an opportunity to get Emilia in front of their lenses. Until now their patience had met with no reward. Emilia had arrived at night, and had since refrained from showing herself in the street. Meanwhile the operators were merely piling up expenses. The film factories of Pittaluga and Fert in Turin, Cines in Rome, and Milanofilm in Milan sent emissaries to the village to induce Emilia, whose beauty was the talk of the whole country, to sign an engagement.

The mother was doing magnificent business. She did not limit herself to any price and obtained very high payments for her information. But all her attempts to induce Emilia to give personal interviews and to allow herself to be photographed and cinematographed were in vain. The old woman through constant receipt of money had entirely lost every idea of morality. She employed the most vulgar expressions when her persuasions constantly encountered an obstinate "no" from Emilia. She abused her daughter in the most indecent terms and loaded her with the ugliest epithets.

Francesco had several times tried to force his way into Emilia's room, but the old woman forbade his entrance with

the utmost vehemence. She had completely given up the idea of marrying Emilia to Francesco. She wanted a better match. Emilia's beauty made it possible for her to associate with counts and princes. Procuresses had already been there to make propositions, women who had been sent by men of fashion, whose lust for something extraordinary had been aroused by Emilia's picture in the papers, to drive Emilia into the hands of one of these debauched perverts. The mother first of all listened to these women, and then, when she had obtained from them everything which she wished to know and which might be of advantage to her, quickly showed them the door. Ho, ho, she would see to that herself! Now the golden fountain was flowing. If the stream diminished, she would sell the little house and move with Emilia to Turin or Milan. There people would pay thousands of lire for the girl's love.

The innocent victim of these most motherly calculations was in sore straits. She was at her wits' end to know what to do. She never ceased considering what course to follow. One thing was certain: she could not stay here. Should she write to Mader? Whenever she thought of the capitano, and this occurred more and more frequently every day, she remembered the kiss which she had given him as she took her leave. Then his last words: "*Addio, mia bella Emilia!*" rang in her ears. If she only knew whether he returned her love. If he, being such a clever and highly educated man, could not marry her, she was ready to give him her love without the church's blessing. Her reputation was gone in any case, so it did not matter. She decided to go to the old village schoolmaster. He was a thoroughly kind-hearted man, and would give her good advice. She need not tell him the true facts of the case, but only give a few hints. Late in the evening when her mother was already asleep, Emilia climbed out of her bedroom window. She stole through the little garden and reached the old schoolmaster's house by a circuitous route. She tapped gently at the window of the room in which he sat reading in front of a flask of Chianti. He looked in astonishment over his spectacles towards the window, stood up slowly, and came near. He was surprised to see Emilia outside. She was shivering in the cool evening breeze. Her teeth were chattering audibly. The old man closed the green shutters so that nobody could look into the room. Emilia sat, huddled together, in an old arm-chair. The teacher placed a warm shawl round her shoulders and

a woollen rug over her legs. He gave her time to recover herself. Slowly a little colour came into her pale face. She explained that she had by chance met a gentleman, an honourable man. She loved this highly placed gentleman. She believed also that he loved her, but that probably he could not marry her on account of the great difference in station.

The old teacher listened with bowed head. The old and eternally new song of love. When she ended, he asked her whether the *cavaliere* had said why he could not marry her. No, he had not said why. In fact, he had not spoken of his love at all. She was not quite sure whether he loved her at all, but she thought so.

How difficult men make life for each other, the old man thought. Why are there these silly conventions which forbid a girl to tell a man that she loves him, or to ask him whether he returns her love? Why cannot men make life a bit more agreeable for themselves during the few wretched days they have to spend on this earth? He advised her to ask the *cavaliere*. Of course she might write to him, indeed she must. In order to recover her peace of mind. Then on Sunday she might come to church again. She had now been back for weeks and had avoided the church. She should pray to God to change her mother's hard heart and impure mind. God would point out to her the right way.

Francesco had for nights been sneaking restlessly round the house of his beloved. He must see her, speak to her! His jealousy was far greater than his love. Instead of going out fishing all night, he spent most of the time lounging round his beloved's house. This evening too he could not rest. He slunk cautiously up to Emilia's house. In the old woman's room, which faced the front, the light was no longer burning. He went round the house and saw by the moonlight that Emilia's window was open and the room in darkness. He climbed the fence and suddenly stopped. He saw fresh footprints in the sand. He was seized with jealousy. He did not notice that the footprints were those of a woman and that the toes were pointing towards the fence. Ha! Had she someone in her room? Slowly he drew his fisherman's knife from his pocket. She should see how he dealt with a rival. Very carefully he climbed into the room. The floor creaked as he got down from the window-sill. He held his breath. It was to be hoped that Emilia would not scream and waken her lover, who must surely be lying in bed beside

her. He hurriedly struck a small wax vesta. The room was empty. Francesco stared open-mouthed at the untouched bed, and then turned his gaze to the door. The iron bolt was shot. His astonishment increased. Where was she? Ha! Now he knew. She had got out of the window and gone to meet her lover somewhere. Well, he would wait for her outside. He had a few questions to put to her. He would soon show her that a Francesco was not to be deceived with impunity. He would catch the paramour too, and present that gentleman with a memento of the occasion. The devil take her! Where had she got this trick from? Gadding about at night like a street-walker. He left the room as cautiously as he had entered it. Outside he vaulted over the fence and considered in what direction he should search. Would she be down on the rock by the beach. Where should he look for her? No! He would not go in search of her, for it might happen that while he was away in one direction, she would bring her lover into her room from the other. He would remain concealed here by the fence. Thus she would not escape him.

Emilia walked thoughtfully through the still, dark lanes of the village. She thought over what the teacher had told her. Yes, it would be best for her to write to the capitano that she wished to speak to him. He would come, and then she would ask him to take her away with him to the Submarine City. She lived in the constant fear that her mother would one day, or rather one night, open the door of her room to some well-paying profligate. She would rather stay with Linda and make herself useful down there. Would he take her with him? In her imagination she always saw a picture before her. How the captain came to the rendezvous and immediately folded her in his arms and called her his "little wife". She constantly had this picture in her mind's eye. A happy smile crept over her pale face as the vision rose before her.

"*Bestia maledetta, porco.*" Francesco held her arm in a firm grip and pressed his finger-nails into her flesh. "I have caught you, you bitch. You are coming from your fellow now at twelve o'clock at night!"

Emilia was unable for fear and horror to utter a sound. She quickly pulled herself together, however.

"Let go, Francesco, or I'll scream loud enough to rouse the whole village."

"Tell me first where I can find the fellow with whom

you've been up to your nasty tricks, so that I may shove a knife between his ribs. You dirty whore!"

As soon as he uttered the terrible word, Emilia hit him in the face with her fist.

"What, you dare to hit me, when your own mother has called you a whore from a brothel?" He struck Emilia furiously. She could not protect herself against his blows. He hammered her with his fist over her head and face.

"Will you tell me the name of your protector? Will you? Are you very much in love with him?"

"Yes! I don't love you any more, you wild animal! Yes, I am in love with another man."

"Oh! Then you can croak, you carrion." He picked up the knife which had dropped to the ground when he had seized her, and plunged it into her arm.

She shrieked, eluded his grasp, and ran down the village street screaming. Dogs barked, windows were thrown open, men and women looked out, and some ran out of the houses. A fisherman seized the raging Francesco and tore the blood-stained knife from his grasp. Emilia fled down the road and ran into her mother's arms in front of her cottage. The old woman wanted to make a noise, but Emilia slipped past her and hid in her room. The old woman hammered in vain on the door.

The next day a sergeant of Carabinieri came and questioned Emilia. He told her that Francesco had been arrested, and that she should confirm by her statement the charge that he had stabbed her.

"He did not stab me."

The sergeant forgot to shut his mouth. He could distinctly see her bandaged arm under her blouse and pointed dumbly at it. She shook her head.

"No, I did that when I was climbing over the fence. Francesco did not stab me."

The sergeant cast a contemptuous glance at her. How these women did change! What a respectable girl Emilia had been before she ran away with the prince or whatever the blackguard was. There was nothing he could do here. If she denied that the fellow had stabbed her, Francesco could only be charged with carrying a knife, which is a punishable offence in Italy, and could therefore not be kept in custody any longer. The sergeant spat contemptuously and left the room.

Emilia collapsed into a chair. On no account must there

be any judicial proceedings. The scandal was great enough already. Since earliest morning reporters and photographers had been besieging the house. Long telegrams were dispatched to the papers. The afternoon editions already contained the information that Emilia and her princely admirer had been interrupted in a tender *tête-à-tête* in her bedroom, and that both had received a thrashing. The prince, beaten black and blue, had taken flight in his car. . . .

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

THE large and small turbine installations had already been taken to pieces and stowed away in the U. 10. They were bolted to the sides of the boat. Mader had given up the project of driving the gallery in the hill through to the outer world. The danger was too great. However, they had drilled a hole through large enough to place a pipe in position. One night two men landed and proceeded to Monte Salvatore. At an agreed time during the night small clouds of smoke were to be blown out of the pipe at short intervals so that the two men could find the end. Everything went off splendidly. The exit of the pipe was discovered at the second smoke signal. This exit, which was not far from a tall pine, was covered over and a wire lead fixed thence to the summit of the tree. At the top an aerial was fastened between the branches so that it could not be seen. Climbing plants were wound up the stem so that in a few days the trunk was framed in green. Meanwhile in the Submarine City the cabin for the transmission and reception of wireless messages was fitted up with one of the new accumulators.

Everything was now ready for a cruise. Mader hastened on the final work, but the inventors and experts quietly proceeded with their researches.

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

IN Rome a special department had been set up for the clearing up of the case of Emilia R. and the four missing women. This was done with the utmost secrecy. Only the higher officials and those actually employed in the work knew anything about it. The passage in Marietta's letter about the "Città sotto il Mare" and certain obscure hints had been the immediate cause of the setting up of this department. What was this "Città sotto il Mare", and what did the name signify? Were there any subterranean or submarine grottoes or caves in existence which were inhabited by a band of pirates, bandits or other desperadoes? There must be something of the sort. This mysterious band was commanded by a "capitano". What were these people up to? What object was the band pursuing? Nothing was known of any mysterious crimes except the abduction of the four women. And then was it a case of abduction? According to the letter that had been discovered, the women appeared to be happy. Marietta wrote that her husband was kind to her, and that she was expecting a baby shortly. Also that they would soon be leaving the "Città sotto il Mare". And then there was her statement about the machines and wonderful appliances. What sort of machines were these? Could there perhaps be a band of anarchists who were manufacturing infernal machines? All these things were puzzles which must be solved. It also had to be discovered to what nationality these mysterious criminals belonged. For Marietta had written that an Italian never made such a good husband as such a "*straniero*". Every nationality, including the German, was guessed at in turn, but here the authorities were more than ever in the dark. Some people assumed that patriotic Germans or Austrians were planning a great crime against Italy in revenge for the "conquered" territories and for the breach of faith. Nervousness in the Ministry of the Interior rose to its highest point. The Prime Minister directed the researches personally, and received reports twice daily as to the progress of the investigations. But all inquiries were unsuccessful. Not the slightest trace of the bandits was to be found. The guards were doubled at all military establishments, and the supervision of civilians and military was made stricter. At the naval stations the

guards were trebled and quadrupled. All warships received special instructions to exercise extreme caution and watchfulness. The allied powers were informed by secret notes of the existence of a band of what were probably political criminals, who were working a secret factory somewhere in Italy. The only object of this band could be to commit some outrage against the government or military organizations by means of some secret weapons. Notes flew hither and thither. Scotland Yard and the French secret political police sent their best and most experienced detectives. All in vain. The only person who could have given exact information was kept under close observation. Emilia was more closely guarded than the Tsar of Russia had ever been. Repeated further attempts were made to get something out of her, but she remained dumb, and could not be induced to break her silence. She had been threatened with imprisonment for life, as being in league with enemies of the State. But no threats were able to make her speak a word.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

EMILIA felt that she was in the greatest straits. She could not get any message through to Mader. The authorities would have immediately opened the post-box in which she put the message, have looked through all the letters in it, and found hers. She pondered constantly as to the best and easiest way of informing the capitano and telling him to leave the Submarine City, as serious danger was threatening. The village priest came to interrupt her meditations. The government had turned to him and demanded that he should attempt by every means at his command to obtain possession of Emilia's secret. Perhaps in the confessional. His Holiness the Pope would free him from his obligation to silence. It was possible that the existence of the State was involved.

The Reverend Father Giovanni sat opposite Emilia in her room and spoke to her impressively. Emilia had realized the object of his visit as soon as he came in. She could not help smiling. What forces were being brought into action

against her! Now that the temporal authorities had failed, the ecclesiastical were to threaten her with the pains of hell in order to tear her secret from her. It was as she thought. Father Giovanni at first spoke impressively and unctuously, as befits a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Emilia quietly shook her head.

"No, your reverence, I have nothing to tell, and cannot say anything that I do not know."

"Emilia, my daughter, you are not to sin against God's commandments. You are not to tell lies. Confess what you know, and God will bless you."

"I declare again, your reverence, that I have nothing to confess."

"Do you not know that your country is in danger? Do you not understand the words 'Pro Patria'?"

"I do not know how my country can be in danger. I know nothing at all." The expression of her face was a tormented one. She knew very well that her country was not in danger, and that the capitano had no designs against Italy. She knew also that the story of the abduction of the four women was a lie, and that they had followed their lovers of their own free will. She sighed deeply.

"How can you say that you do not know anything, when you were the bearer of a letter from one of these forcibly abducted women?"

"It must have been written in the letter that these women were forcibly abducted. Anyhow, the letter was never given to me."

"Emilia, my daughter, you have given yourself away; for first of all you speak of the contents of the letter, and in the same breath you deny knowledge of it."

She made no reply. The priest got annoyed at her pig-headedness.

"You will certainly go to hell, you God-forsaken creature! Eternal damnation is awaiting you! The Holy Catholic Church will excommunicate you, if you persist in your stubbornness."

Emilia was silent. Father Giovanni, who had confidently expected that he would succeed in making the obstinate girl speak, and thus draw attention to himself so that in this way he might begin his long-desired ascent of the hierarchical ladder, was bitterly disappointed. He was far less concerned about clearing up the "crime" than with furthering his own ambitious plans. Were these now all to be shattered against

the obstinacy of this wench, and was he to be compelled to spend years longer, perhaps a whole lifetime, in this miserable fishing village? Uncontrollable rage overcame him. Here had been a good opportunity of stepping into the foreground, and now it had come to nothing. Raising his clenched fists in the air, the priest stood before Emilia, his face purple with fury:

"I will have you whipped out of the village, and forbid you entrance to the Church. You will die miserably on some dunghill for committing the incredible sin of lying to God and the Church."

Emilia looked him quietly in the face. He let his arms drop when he saw that all his threats were in vain, and with hasty steps left the room, slamming the door behind him. Outside he saw the old woman who had just sprung away from the door. She assumed a humble and pious expression and folded her hands in prayer. The priest threw her a furious glance and strode out of the house.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

NEWS of the mysterious band which was planning political crimes in Italy or elsewhere reached Germany too. It came about in this wise. The Italian espionage organizations in Germany received instructions from their central office in Geneva to institute certain discreet inquiries in Germany. One of the Italian agents was arrested in Berlin in the course of a police raid on secret gambling hells. The man attempted on the way to the police station to roll up and throw away a piece of paper. The escorting policeman caught him at it, and after a short struggle secured possession of the paper. The document was examined at the police station, but as it was written in code, it was handed over to the official bureau for deciphering secret messages. This office, in which a number of experts were available, quickly deciphered the document. It contained instructions that inquiries should be set on foot in Russian Bolshevik circles in Berlin with a view to discovering any clues regarding a secret organization which

had its base in Italy, and which was manufacturing appliances probably including explosives. Similar information should be sought in German Communistic and extreme Right circles. The Press got to hear of this through an indiscretion on the part of an official, and treated the matter after its own fashion with any amount of exaggeration. The ex-comrades from the Submarine City saw the papers and drew their own conclusions. When the German newspapers published fuller particulars which had been collected from the Italian Press and sent them by their correspondents in Italy, they definitely came to the conclusion that their friends were still living down there beneath the earth.

The comrade who occupied a prominent post at a large German wireless station now made repeated efforts to get into touch with Mader. He assumed that the captain would come out for trips in his old U. 10, and that he still had his receiver in working order. Night after night he sent his wireless message through the ether in the old secret code. The answer arrived during the fourth night. The captain answered in the same secret code: "Don't worry. Soon leaving. Mader." Not a soul knew of this exchange of messages. The comrade in Germany informed Mader in an unostentatious fashion—it was impossible to tell whether the secret code had not by this time been given away—that investigations were being pursued in Germany too.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

WHEN Mader was handed the first messages from his comrade in Germany he hesitated a long time before making up his mind to send a reply. He suspected a trap. It was not until the fourth night that he sent a reply, and was then heartily glad about the exchange of messages.

Meanwhile the inventors were making further experiments. New trials with the chemical smoke substance for the formation of smoke screens were carried out at the waterfall and at the adjoining part of the river. As soon as the smoke cartridge reached the surface of the water it developed thick

swathes of smoke, while the water became as black as ink. The whole river changed colour, and its blackness gave it the properties of a mirror.

In vain Mader sent the small motor-boat twice a week from the U. 10 to Savona. No reply came from Emilia. The capitano learnt of the progress of the investigations and inquiries regarding the Submarine City from the Italian papers which were for sale at Savona station. As the authorities let no news of any kind reach the Press, the latter had perforce to construct its own hypotheses. Mader recognized from all these reports that Emilia was under the strictest watch, and that it was therefore impossible for her to send him information. Or could she have forgotten him? Then he read of Francesco's attack on her, and cast away all gloomy thoughts that she had given him up on account of this rough fellow. He said to himself quite rightly that Emilia had been wounded by Francesco because she no longer loved him.

Mader had had everything ready for departure for some time, and had consulted with his comrades and men. In a short conference they had all agreed to proceed to "Nuova Germanica" with the three U.-boats. Zirbenthal had sent repeated invitations, and when the captain informed him that he was in a position to accomplish the long voyage with a new U.-boat built from several old ones, and that in addition he could bring with him two other boats, and also all the machines, as well as the turbine installations, Zirbenthal became very pressing and begged him to come soon. With the machines they would open a large factory, and there was room available for all German comrades. It was decided that Mader should command the U.-*Vaterland* on the long voyage, Ulitz the U. 10, and Neugebauer the U. 1000. The two last-mentioned boats also were equipped with many new inventions and improvements, particularly the new accumulators and the floating aerial, so that they could communicate from boat to boat by wireless telephony.

His comrades understood Mader when he explained to them that he had promised Emilia to await news from her, but that according to all the newspapers and radio reports it was at present quite impossible for her to write.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

AT the foot of Monte Settepani, a small river came to light under an enormous rock. This was no spring, such as usually rises in the mountains, but a small river or stream. Surveying of springs was hardly carried out in Italy at all, and at best only superficially. It was, therefore, possible that until now not a soul had thought of investigating whence the little river came. At the foot of Monte Settepani near the place where the stream came forth, a shepherd called Pietro Magiadore had built himself a hut, a shelter against sun, wind, and rain. There he dreamt away his days. Outside were grazing the goats and sheep belonging to the farmers in the small huddled village. Pietro was a little backward mentally. When he was three months old, a five-year-old sister had let him drop. Constant attacks of cramp set in, and while the body was retarded in development, the head grew beyond the normal measure. An enormous head sat on a small body. Nevertheless Pietro was not without gifts. At school he had learnt better and more quickly than others of his age, but had been abused for stupidity.

The crippled shepherd was having his midday meal. He ate a piece of dry bread and some spaghetti out of a pot. Before him burnt a little fire between two stones on which he had warmed his meal. From time to time he swallowed a mouthful from a portly Chianti flask. When he had finished, he rose slowly and went out of his hut in order to wash the pot in the little river. What was his astonishment when he looked into the water. It no longer flowed past clear and silvery but looked black as ink. Pietro stood open-mouthed. This was a phenomenon which he could neither understand nor explain. After he had watched the stream for half an hour or so, the colour of the water changed, and it again issued clear and pure from the mountain-side. That evening Pietro told his story in the village. Everybody laughed at him. He must have been dreaming again, the thick-headed old sluggard. At the osteria, a farmer, amidst general laughter, retailed Pietro's story of the dirty water. An old hawker and beggar, when the laughter had died down, called across to the farmer's table that he too had seen the water running black. He could swear to it by St. Crispinus. A party of trippers from Bormida were sitting noisily in another corner of the

inn. Among them happened to be Ferdinando Pasquali, the editor, publisher, and advertisement-manager of the *Corriere di Bormida*. He overheard the farmer's conversation, and as he was in permanent want of interesting novelties, asked for particulars, and next morning the *Corriere di Bormida* published the following :

THE RAINBOW RIVER

An interesting phenomenon was observed yesterday afternoon at the Bormida River, where it flows out of Monte Settepani. In the space of fifteen minutes the river changed colour eight times. The water, which always used to be clear as silver, came out of the mountain coloured red, green, brown, yellow, violet, pink, blue, and finally coal-black. It would be interesting if our geologists would look into the matter, for these colouring materials must exist in the mountain in order to cause the above described rainbow effect in the water.

Other papers took up the news, and so it was not to be wondered at that in the course of a few days the *Stampa* of Turin dished the item up for its readers, and told them that in a corner of Piedmont in the neighbourhood of Bormida there existed a river which had the peculiarity of letting its waters flow in divers colours. In the middle was a red streak and to the left and right thereof were ten other streaks all of equal width and in ten different shades of colour.

This information also reached the secret department in Rome, and detectives were at once ordered to Bormida in company with two scientists, official chemists. Was this the place where lay the solution of the great mystery regarding which the most experienced detectives had been racking their brains for months? The men were taken to Bormida in a military aeroplane, and immediately proceeded to the spot in cars. The next day the chemists were able to carry out a test of the "black water". The result of their analysis was that it was a question of the secretion of an unknown fish. The substance had a pyrotechnical base which developed a certain smoke-producing property in water by means of a special chemical process. It was impossible to carry out an exact analysis of its composition.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

Now the Italian government were nearer to the solution of the riddle. But through an indiscretion on the part of one of their officials, certain indications got into the papers. Emilia was again cross-examined by detectives. She was told definitely that the hiding-place of the bandits in Monte Settepani had been discovered, and that she must now say where the entrance to the robbers' den was to be found. Emilia kept silent as before, but an inner fear told her that she must inform Mader at once. After being questioned for hours, she stated that the exact position of the entrance was unknown to her, but that she would try to find it. She had been taken in and out at night. She was informed that she must hold herself ready to start in an hour's time.

When the men had gone, she locked her door, covered over her window, and sat down to write. She informed Mader of everything that he ought to know, and begged him to be extremely cautious; she asked him if possible to be at the Horse's Head rock, where Schröder had captured her, at twelve o'clock on the following Thursday night. He was to come up alone, the others could wait in hiding with the motor-boat down by the grotto. She herself would steal out of the house about eleven o'clock, and reach the rock by a detour. She begged the capitano moreover to hasten his preparations, as great danger was threatening him and his companions. Emilia hid the letter in the opening of her blouse and then waited for the detectives.

Her plan was fixed. Some opportunity would be sure to arise on the way for putting the letter into a post-box. To-day was Monday. She knew for certain that a U.-boat came out every Tuesday and Friday to fetch the post and make purchases. If she could post the letter to-day, it would be in Savona to-morrow. Held would fetch it on Wednesday, as the boat did not come out till Tuesday evening.

Emilia begged the detectives not to say who she was in the places to which they went. She did not want to be stared at like a calf with two heads. The detectives, glad to find Emilia so amenable, had no reason for refusing this request; they themselves were anxious that nobody should get to know their intentions, so that the bandits should not be warned. At Bormida they made their midday halt.

Emilia had dinner with the detectives at the *Hôtel Regina d'Italia*. She observed a letter-box opposite the window of the Hotel on the other side of the road. She drank a good deal of wine, and this on purpose. When the detectives tried to persuade her after dinner to take a liqueur as well, she at first refused, but in the end accepted. She drank the strong spirits at one draught. While the men were waiting for their "Caffé nero", Emilia suddenly clapped her serviette to her mouth, pretended to be ill, and ran through the door into the passage. The two detectives roared with laughter. Outside in the corridor she glanced quickly all round. A young girl was scrubbing the tiled floor. Emilia bent down quickly and whispered something into her ear. The girl followed Emilia into the ladies' lavatory. There Emilia gave her a tip of fifty centesimi and two soldi for a stamp. The girl was to post the letter at once after putting on the stamp. But she was to be very cautious, for her father was sitting in the room, and he was not to know that she was writing to her lover.

The young girl nodded ; she understood. She hurried off with the letter.

Emilia returned to the dining-room. The detectives looked at her inquiringly. She nodded her head and looked fixedly but unobtrusively on to the road. There she saw the girl come out of the tobacco shop and go to the letter-box and push the letter in. Emilia felt relieved. Thank God ! Now the letter was on its way. The day after to-morrow Mader would get it, and the next day he would come to the rendezvous.

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

EMILIA had not been able to find the entrance to the cave. The whole afternoon till late in the evening, then the whole of the following Tuesday and Wednesday, she had climbed about on the mountain with the detectives. She pretended to take the greatest trouble to find the entrance. All was in vain.

The detectives brought her back quite exhausted on Wednesday night to the fishing village.

Without delay the government sent mining-engineers and geologists to Bormida in order to determine as quickly as possible from where it was easiest to penetrate into the mountain. The experts said there was only one way, and that was on the right or left side of the river. It was necessary to follow the course of the water, but how far the cave lay in or under the mountain could not be decided from outside. The water might come from a distance of several miles. The course of the river also could not be determined from outside. The Prime Minister had resolved to catch the criminals at all costs.

Two battalions of pioneers and sappers were fully equipped with machines and tools and ordered to the mountain; they arrived early on Thursday at the foot of Monte Settepani. The officers of the sappers arranged the plan of the work, and at once drilling and digging was begun in two spots on the right and left of the river. The mountain was surrounded in a wide circle and cut off from all traffic. Two battalions of Bersaglieri arrived as well, and sentries were placed all round the place where they were working. The other troops bivouacked.

CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

MADER was delighted when he held Emilia's letter in his hand. She wrote without mistakes in the purest Italian. Again and again he read her letter.

Ulitz started out with Mader on Thursday evening in the U. 1000. Everything was arranged exactly. If anything unforeseen were to happen to Mader, the three U.-boats were to leave the Submarine City as quickly as possible. The stations of the crews for all three U.-boats were fixed. On all the vessels the means of defence against attack were provided. It was nine o'clock in the evening when the captain went on board the U. 1000 in the Lake Cave. He gave another look round the cave. Was he to return here or would it be impossible to do so? At a glance he took in everything. Memories from the first year onwards flew like lightning through his mind just as in a fall into infinite space. Like

lightning, too, his spirit told him that the years he had spent under the surface had not been lost.

On the stroke of ten the U. 1000 emerged outside the reach of the searchlight of the slackers' section on the little island. This precaution proved unnecessary. The sportsmen had gone off to a vintage festival at Noli, and never thought of troubling themselves about the lighting up of the Bay of Savona. It was really no use. The Briganti would not be so stupid as to venture within range of the searchlight. One could not illuminate the whole coast of Italy. And the pretty girls of Noli and Spotorno? God had destined them for the blessed world of men in general and soldiers in particular.

Mader stood in the small motor-boat. His glance was fixed steadily on the approaching rocks of the coast over the grotto opposite the small island. Held, Neugebauer and the smith sat in the boat and each was occupied with his own thoughts. Mader had enlightened them as to the consequences of a probable imprisonment. A long term of penal servitude, if not death, was certain, if they fell into the hands of the pursuers.

All the men had volunteered, the three were those chosen. Held laughed and said to Mader:

"But no one can catch us, Captain, and if anything should happen to the captain on land, well then we will go and fetch him back."

CHAPTER SEVENTY

ON Wednesday evening Emilia made her preparations for meeting Mader. She intended to hide in the goat house as soon as her mother had gone to bed, slip through the fence at night, and creep along the ditch beside the road. She would shut up the dog in her room during the evening, so that it should not betray her by barking.

In the room next to her mother's a guard of detectives was quartered to whom had been added a female political agent. This woman worried Emilia every day to get her to make a statement. The three state detectives tried to curry

favour with their female comrade. The latter was a voluptuous-looking, beautiful and desirable woman. The everlasting female played its part in getting the better of her colleagues in earning the laurels for herself in this unusual case. The everlasting male, which makes a fool of every man when there is a beautiful woman in the case, suffered defeat before an attack was made. Elena Ginregina was quite conscious of her power. She had in foreign countries outmanœuvred high officials and officers by simulated favours, and drawn from them important state secrets, or stolen them during an hour's love-making. She expected now to have an easy game with her three colleagues, and to set the enamoured fellows against one another in order to gain a free field of action.

Her purpose was soon attained. The three detectives regarded each other with grim jealousy. They spent a large part of their free time and of their working hours in love-making instead of attending to their duty. Elena was not only a woman of race; she was also a vampire who draws to herself the man she wants without more ado.

None of the officials pleased her. All three were already beyond the middle of the forties, whilst Elena, who was herself thirty-five years old, was more interested in men in the middle twenties. She was an international adventuress and did not mind betraying her employers. During the War she had practised espionage in Germany for Italy, but she also sold interesting little Italian secrets to Germany. The espionage headquarters in Germany were quite aware that this beautiful woman was spying for a hostile country. That was why people were often palmed off on her from whom she assumed that she received important information, which in reality was hardly ever the case. The cunning Elena saw through this purpose, and supplied her employers in Italy knowingly with false information. Often she also got important items of news. The sole reason why she was not arrested in Germany was because the news she supplied always possessed a certain strategic or diplomatic value. Her high position she owed to a certain senile diplomat who much appreciated her refined arts of love-making as applied to reviving his departed powers.

Elena had cast her lascivious eyes on Francesco, the pale young fisherman with the dark-lined eyes who was dying of jealousy. Altogether Elena's love had a strong inclination towards simple men who had not been prematurely

enfeebled by degenerate forbears nor had their backbone softened.

Francesco only went out fishing once or twice in the week. The rest of the time he slunk about Emilia's house. He particularly watched the back of the fisherman's cottage, staring at the window of his beloved's room. It was a special joy for Elena to keep having conferences with Francesco. Emilia's old mother had lately only seldom allowed Francesco to come into the house, and then only when he brought at least a basket of fish. During the conferences that Elena had with Francesco, her three colleagues were banished from the house. Only unwillingly did they leave the woman alone with the enamoured Italian Toggenburg. When Elena was alone with Francesco, she let all her charms have full play. She smiled at him, and during the reiterated questions, she stroked his hand tenderly, lifted his chin and gave a burning look into his beautiful and sad eyes, put her hand on his thigh and let it rest there for a long time with her fingers gently and as if unconsciously playing. Nothing was any use. Francesco's eyes kept turning towards the door of the room behind which was imprisoned the dream of his life, who had no wish to see him.

Elena had recourse to stronger measures. She crossed her legs so that the whole of her beautiful calf covered with silk stocking lay exposed. She let her dress slip up higher so that the beautiful white skin of her bare leg shone out above her knee. When all this was of no avail she took his hand and laid it as if unconsciously on the naked part of the leg. Francesco did not understand. His thoughts were only concentrated on Emilia. Not so much in love as burning with jealousy of his unknown rival. In spite of the six months' sentence which had been passed upon him for carrying a knife with a blade of forbidden length, and which he had still to serve, he was now in possession of a much longer dagger with which he intended to attack his rival in case he fell into his hands.

Ha! how he would slice him. He would only insert the dagger where it would cause horrible pain but not death. He would stab his face, would blind him and cut off his nose. He revelled in the thought of it. He wandered about the streets of the village with glowing eyes, and waved his hand in the air, as in imagination he dealt out blows with his dagger. He talked to himself and repeated every term of abuse which he could think of. "There you have got it, you

thief and robber, and now this blow, you brigand, and now this stab, you filthy dog. Now, my friend, you are blind, and I will cut out your lying tongue too."

The children ran after him open-mouthed and laughed at him. The men and women shook their heads and pointed at their foreheads with their forefinger when the poor youth suffering from "*amore furioso*" ran past them like a boar blind with rage.

On the day on which Emilia was to meet Mader, Elena had in the late afternoon run away from her three admirers who now hated each other, and begun to search for Francesco.

Emilia packed some of her things into small parcels, so that in case Mader wished to take her, she would have with her everything that was absolutely necessary. She put on a double set of underclothes and her best Sunday frock under her weekday dress. She also packed up a second apron and some small mementoes with which young girls do not readily part.

It was a dull day and got dark early. Emilia's excitement rose from minute to minute. If only none of the detectives nor Elena herself kept too sharp a watch and caught her climbing out of the window. At eight o'clock she took off her double set of clothes. She intended to go to bed at ten o'clock and if anyone in the front room asked anything, she would answer and turn in her bed so that the creaking of the old bedstead would reassure her watchers.

The three detectives were playing a well-known Italian ball game in front of the house when Elena approached with Francesco. She had caught him below at the fisherman's landing place at the moment when he was about to put out. At first he was unwilling to go with her, and so she played her trump card. Francesco was to come with her into Emilia's room, and there he could in her presence speak to his sweetheart. Elena promised that she would help him either to win Emilia's love or give him a chance of coming to a reckoning with his rival. She looked about her cautiously and whispered to Francesco with her glowing lips pressed to his ear:

"She is expecting him this evening. We shall let him into her room. You can deal with him first."

Elena was romancing and lying, but had no idea that she happened to be near the truth. Francesco's eyes burned; forgetting all caution he snatched the dagger from his bosom and struck out as if for a stab. The woman detective started backwards in alarm.

"I will stab him like this and like that, and finally like this." With madness in his eyes, Francesco shook the dagger about in the air.

Elena had composed herself. What fire there was in the young man! She wanted to bring him to the point when he would be just as fiery and crazy about herself.

The three rivals looked glum when they saw their adored one coming along with the barefooted fisherman. Elena called each of her colleagues singly and whispered to him that he should let her go alone with the lad to Emilia's room. Then he was to take his two comrades to the public house and keep them there. Pressing up to him so that her firm breasts rubbed against him, she whispered:

"At midnight come back to me alone, I want to speak to you privately." Bashfully she cast down her eyes. "But make your friends drunk so that they cannot follow you."

She said the same to each of the three. The more bluntly a woman sets to work the quicker the men are taken in. The old story. With a look of suspicion the befooled detectives went into the osteria. Each of them considered how he would take in his comrades. Each of them said to himself that it was a matter of course that Elena would prefer him to either of the others. If the three of them had had a single clear thought and had looked into the mirror, they would have been conscious that a woman like Elena would never cast her eyes upon them.

Elena sat in the front room with Francesco and poured out for him glass after glass from a bottle of *Lacrima Christi*. He should have burning fire inside him. She would soon win him. She would get Emilia out of the way with ease.

She left Francesco for a moment after he had promised her not to go to Emilia's room until her return. Outside in the kitchen she found the old woman consulting her cards. The cards were to say whether newspaper men with good Italian lire would soon come again. The stream had been dried up by the stupidity of her obstinate daughter. Besides that, she had these strange men and the woman in the house day and night.

Elena interrupted the old woman in her questioning of the infallible oracle of cards.

"To-night your daughter will stay in the kitchen here till twelve o'clock. The two of you are not to leave the house; the three men will watch outside."

The old woman answered with an oblique look and a nod

of the head. Elena did her best with Francesco who was trying the whole time to penetrate the door of Emilia's room with X-ray glances. She told him to keep quiet. Then she went to the door of the room.

Emilia was standing restlessly by the window. It was nearly ten o'clock. She had an hour's walk to reach the rock where Mader was to meet her, by the detour that they had planned. A knock at the door startled her. She quickly threw the second dress into the cupboard. She was only covered by the Sunday dress which she had put on under the everyday frock. Elena came in. Emilia looked questioningly at her tormentor. What did this woman keep wanting of her? Did she not understand yet that no word about this affair would ever pass her lips?

Behind Elena, Francesco appeared. He tried to push the agent aside, but without more ado she thrust him out of the door with a short remark. Emilia looked up inquiringly.

"He wants to ask you various questions and you must give him the required information. You will be brought to Rome this very evening or early to-morrow. I will tell you the reason directly."

A choking feeling rose in Emilia's throat. For God's sake! Now she would perhaps not be able to see Mader. For a moment the idea flashed through her mind of falling upon her tormentor and throttling her. She was now prepared for any act of desperation.

"Out there is your lover. He wants to put some questions to you, as I have already mentioned, and then for a reason that must be well known to you, I shall stay some time in your room."

Emilia looked up wonderingly. Everywhere she suspected treachery. Francesco pulled open the door. The woman detective cast a glance at him. A thought flashed through her mind.

"Ha, I see you at last, you shameless woman, Porco Madonna! She is waiting for her foreign lover here."

Elena stepped between Emilia and Francesco. "Any further denial is needless, Emilia. We know that you are expecting your lover to-night."

A feeling of dizziness came over her. So everything is betrayed! The capitano will fall into the hands of the police. They had got hold of her letter. Her heart contracted. Now it was a question of cunning, of a woman's cunning.

"I shall put my mark on the man who keeps you," cried

Francesco furiously, making dagger thrusts in the air. The agent bade him be silent.

"It is known to us that you are expecting your lover between eleven and twelve o'clock here in this room."

With a start Emilia looked up. What was the meaning of that? Did they intend to set a trap for her? Did they after all know nothing?

"A letter has fallen into our hands."

Again Emilia's courage sank. Then it was so. They had found her letter.

"He believed that his letter, in which he announced his coming, would be delivered to you. Now we know the fellow, and before dawn he will be in our hands. Perhaps we shall catch the whole band. The swell capitano included."

Emilia looked up, Francesco wanted to push himself forward after every sentence, but every time the woman detective held him back. She turned to Emilia.

"You will now go to the kitchen and await my further orders there."

Emilia walked slowly to the door. Francesco seized her by the arm and struck her in the face with his clenched fist. If he had not held her arm firmly she would have fallen to the ground. Elena pulled the raging man back, after a second blow of his fist had struck Emilia's face. Staggering, almost fainting, with bleeding mouth, Emilia stood at the door of the kitchen. Oh, if she had only had a weapon she would have murdered Francesco. An uncanny flame glowed in her eyes.

Elena opened the door quickly and pushed Emilia into the front room. There the ill-treated girl sank upon a bench. Confused thoughts went through her head. She had been struck, struck so that she was bleeding. She tried to staunch the flowing blood. Slowly her thoughts cleared. Was it credible that the capitano had written again and moreover that she should expect him in her room? Her head ached from the blows. Her left eye swelled up slowly. No, it was not possible. The capitano had not written. However that might be, she must save him. She rose from the bench heavily and walked unsteadily to the kitchen door.

The old woman jumped up horrified when Emilia came into the kitchen bleeding. The girl staggered to the wash-tub and cooled her throbbing face with water held in the hollow of her hand.

"*Madonna mia!* — *mia povera!* Who has done that?"

"Francesco."

"*Attenti!* Wait, you stinking louse!" With a leap she was outside the door.

Emilia dropped exhausted on the kitchen bench.

Francesco sat brooding by the window in Emilia's room when her mother rushed in.

"You Piedmontese pig! You dirty swine! You rotten carrion!" At each word she dug her claws into the young man's face and tore off his skin in strips. "You beggar! You dare to strike my child? You stinking fish!"

Elena pulled back the abusive woman. Francesco kicked with his feet at the raging fury. He held up his hands to protect his face. The old woman was as if demented. She pulled down Elena's hair, fixed her claws in it and roared out a stream of curses. Elena forcibly loosened the hands of the fury from her hair and at last threw her out at the door.

Emilia sat in the kitchen still half-stupefied by the blows. A wet cloth cooled her injured eye. The old woman came into the kitchen. She looked at Emilia. "Ah, I have given it the ruffian! And that canaille, too. To-morrow I shall tell it to the postmaster. He shall then telephone to the newspapers. They will have to pay, if they want to hear all that. Every time you show your face to them you can charge five lire. Now go to bed. I shall just run across to Mother Gialdini. You can lie down in my bed. It is already past eleven! *Madonna mia!*"

Emilia started up horrified. Already past eleven. She must hurry. She got up with difficulty and went out of the door holding the wet cloth to her face. When she arrived in her mother's room she bolted the door quickly behind her. Then she tied the wet cloth with a dry one over her eye. She listened at the door. Outside she heard her mother scolding and grumbling. Emilia slipped softly to the window, opened it, and climbed out cautiously. In the little garden she crept on all fours along the wall of the house. The watchdog began to bark and tugged madly at his chain. The old woman came out of the door and the dog immediately went back into his kennel. Emilia kept quiet, pressed against the wall. Mother Rossi went along the village street, and with one bound Emilia ran out of the garden. The dog sprang out of his kennel and barked, tugging at his chain in a fury.

Elena had in the meantime tidied up her hair. She stepped softly up to Francesco.

"The old woman can't disturb us any more. I have locked

the door. As soon as you have dealt with Emilia's lover, we will let your fiancée in." She put out the lamp suddenly. There was only some light from the window. "Francesco, lie down in the bed. Take off your coat. As soon as he bends over you, you grab him."

"I shall remain sitting here. I shall catch him most easily when he climbs in at the window."

"No, I tell you, he will bend over the bed in which he supposes Emilia to be, and thus you must get hold of him and pull him towards you." She pressed Francesco's head to her breasts. "So just lie down ; he may come any moment."

Francesco obeyed the order mechanically. He tore off his coat and jumped into the bed. Elena undid the press buttons of her dress, and the strings of her silk petticoat. Francesco lay in bed and paid no attention to what the woman detective was doing. Suddenly she stood before him in her chemise.

"You must move close to the wall ; I will lie down here at the edge of the bed. Emilia's lover is a giant in strength. When he has bent down I will take hold of him and then you can deal with him." Before Francesco could give any answer she jumped into the bed, and pressed her body against that of the young man. Francesco clenched his teeth. Elena likewise trembled with excitement.

The young fisherman moved away from the woman to give her more room. He still believed that she was playing an honest game. She moved forward immediately and pressed her body against him.

In the meantime Emilia rushed along the side of the road from the village to the rocky plateau above the grotto. The bandage on her painful eye hindered her sight. The clock struck half-past eleven from the clock tower in Spotorno. Other clocks followed at short intervals. The moon shone brightly over the sea. One could observe the trembling of the waves far out. A large steamer was steering towards Genoa. Moths fluttered ghostlike with flapping wings through the air. Spectrelike the dark pines contrasted with the bright sky. They bent their tops and branches humbly in the night wind. The distant howl of a siren could be heard from the harbour of Savona. Everywhere in the villages and the huts of the railway watchmen the watch-dogs made friends and enemies of one another by loud yelping.

Emilia, who was generally a brave girl, had an uncanny feeling. What if the capitano did not come? If he had already left the town? Forgotten her? All these thoughts hastened her steps. Surely, surely, he would come! She could not go back to the village. She was despised. On the last Sunday but one, the clergyman had mentioned her in his sermon from the pulpit, and had denounced the degeneracy of the young. He had referred to a girl who had run away at night with a strange man, who led a secret and criminal life, and had brought shame upon the whole parish.

Her mother had returned home from church weeping and scolding, and overwhelmed her with the most violent reproaches. In between, she kept reiterating that Emilia had no eye for business interests. The Sunday after Emilia had dressed herself, and had walked to church followed by her guard. It was still early. The young girls and lads stood on one side, and the elder people on the opposite side of the Church Square. When Emilia appeared there with her escort, the people were at first astonished and then a light murmur arose. When the girl was about to enter the door of the church, a young man darted forward and pulled her aside. Immediately others hurried up and placed themselves in front of the church door, thus barring her entrance. Emilia's mother had begun to scold, but she also was prevented from entering. The clergyman who had seen all this from the window of his house came out on to the square. He regarded Emilia with a stern look. Slowly he raised his hand and pointed with uplifted finger to the road.

"Away with you from this sacred place, you godless creature! So long as you have not expiated your crime, God's House will remain closed to you."

Emilia had drawn back frightened. She might perhaps have forced her way in through the chain of lads. But now she was terrorized by the fierce eyes of the fanatical priest. With a dramatic gesture the latter pointed to the road. He was acting contrary to Church law. But he could not forgive the girl for not answering his question, for not confessing everything to him, and for having hindered him in making an important step upwards on the ladder towards Rome.

Words of abuse became loud. In particular all the young men who had received rebuffs to their declarations of love at Emilia's window were conspicuous. The young girls of the village whose looks and figures did not come up to those of the victim, abused her through malicious and stupid

jealousy. They also wanted to drive away the mother. But the hypocritical priest stretched out his hands unctuously and said :

"Leave her alone, she cannot help a brood of devils having sprung from her body. She may be present at the service, and we will ask for God's mercy for the outcast."

All these experiences darted through Emilia's head. What was her crime ? Because she would not deliver over these innocent people to a revengeful jurisdiction ? Everywhere they cried out about a crime which in reality was not one. The four women in the Submarine City had not been carried off by force. They had followed their lovers voluntarily. Is that a crime ? And that the men have lived under the sea for years without the permission of the Italian government—is that a crime ?

Her thoughts whirled through her head confusedly. She did not understand the laws that had been made by highly-placed and wise men ; the crimes that to her mind demanded judicial punishment were robbery, theft, murder, and such-like. Her wounded eye hurt, and the bandage hindered her in seeing. Suddenly she slipped on a stone with her left foot. The ankle was sprained and she felt a sharp pain. She wanted to go on, but was obliged to sit down. Tears of pain started to her eyes. From the tower in Spotorno the clock struck a quarter to twelve. For God's sake ! She must not remain sitting here. The capitano was waiting and she must see him and warn him. Suppressing her pain she hobbled slowly along.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

FRANCESCO lay in Emilia's bed with teeth chattering. He kept himself pressed against the wall. The thinner he made himself, the closer Elena pressed up to him. He wanted to speak, but she bade him be silent. He was to remain quiet, so that the lover when he came to the window should not be frightened away. Francesco felt uneasy. Elena kept moving closer, her right hand lay on his leg and her fingers played nervously on his skin. The woman detective breathed

heavily ; a feeling of dizziness made her body tremble. How gladly she would have pulled the lad to herself ! Crushed him with her love ! But she knew that if she proceeded too quickly, the rascal was capable of jumping out of bed. She turned her face to him, and whispered into his ear what he was to do about the expected lover. She threw her arm round Francesco's neck and explained how he was to deal with the other man. She pressed his face to her bosom. Francesco, poor weak Francesco—Francesco who had thought only of Emilia, who believed there was only one woman in the world, Francesco who had almost lost his reason from grief about Emilia, his dearest on earth, this Francesco forgot Emilia and his grief, forgot everything around him. No longer master of his senses, he threw himself upon Elena, who in raging passion fastened her teeth into his neck.

Emilia's mother came back from a chat at Mother Gialdini's. She brought back great news. About the number of troops and the secret manœuvres on Monte Settepani, which was closed to all civilian traffic. Emilia must hear all about it. In vain she knocked at the door of her own bedroom where Emilia had shut herself in. She thought her daughter had gone back to her own room, and she tried to go in there. The door was locked from the inside. She was taken aback. So Emilia must still be in her mother's bedroom. The old woman ran round the outside of the house and looked in at the windows. The room was dark.

"Emilia ! *Attenti !* Listen ! On Monte Settepani, do you hear ?" Nothing stirred. The old woman became frightened and went back to Emilia's room. She listened and distinguished the voices of Francesco and Elena. She went on listening. It became clear to her what was going on in the room. With both fists she drummed on the door : "Porco, Porco ! You pigs, will you open the door ? Shameless pigs, what are you doing there ? Where is Emilia ?" Again she hammered on the door.

Francesco suddenly interrupted his love-making. He pushed the woman away from him and jumped out of the bed. Without considering what he was doing, he ran to the door and opened it.

"What about Emilia ? Where is she ?" cried Francesco.

The old woman had taken in at a glance what was happening. Elena lay in bed in much disorder. Francesco lighted the candle. The old woman snatched the candlestick from him, and struck him with it. She next ran to the bed and pulled the bedclothes from Elena. Then she threw herself upon the woman detective and struck and scratched her, while the latter resisted violently. Elena fell out of the bed. The mother then threw herself upon her again, and the two women rolled about on the floor. The old woman continued shouting :

"Where is my child ? You police whore ! Where is my child ? You Roman hog !"

Elena at last got the upper hand when the old woman lost her breath. Quick as lightning she threw her dress over her head and put on her shoes. She threw furious looks on Francesco, who stood there stupefied, and hissed only one word at him : "*Imbecille.*" Exactly the same word that the late chief of police at Savona had thrown at him.

"Where is Emilia ?" Stereotyped this question kept coming from his lips.

The old woman sat on the ground and whimpered. Elena staunched the blood that flowed from several deep scratches on her face. She ran silently from the room. Without thinking, Francesco followed her. They looked for the girl all over the house. At last Elena discovered the traces of the road that Emilia had taken. The dog barked and tugged violently at his chain. Elena had an idea.

"Let the dog loose."

Francesco looked at her stupidly.

"You are to let the dog loose, you *crétin* !" Now that the adventure had proved successful she began to feel some shame. The dog was led by Elena to the window through which Emilia had escaped. Quickly the animal picked up the scent. It paid no attention to the track of the mother. It rushed along the road. Elena and Francesco followed at a run.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO

MADER had been standing waiting on the Testa di Cavallo since a quarter to twelve. The minutes seemed hours. Would she come? Would they not stop her? He walked up and down in great excitement. What will she bring? What will be his position with regard to her? A hot wave of feeling surged up within him. If she were only here. Through a night-glass, which he had brought with him as a measure of precaution, he looked in the direction of the village. His impatience grew from one minute to another.

In intense pain Emilia dragged herself along with her injured foot. Each step was martyrdom. The ankle was already badly swollen. In spite of all her energy, she was obliged to stand still from time to time. If she only arrived in time, and the capitano did not become impatient and go away. It was still a few hundred feet to the plateau. Again she pulled herself together, clenched her teeth, and hobbled on.

His nose to the ground, the little dog ran along the road by the sea. Behind followed Francesco, and at a considerable distance Elena. The little dog wanted to go to his young mistress who had always been kind to him, whilst the old woman had never let him loose from his chain, and had always kicked and struck him.

Francesco had forgotten Elena and his adventure. He wanted to revenge himself on the man who had robbed him of Emilia and caused her to be unfaithful to him. The good Francesco who, although seduced, had lain in the arms of another woman a quarter of an hour ago! And yet he was heartbroken with love for Emilia.

Elena ran panting along the track of the dog and of Francesco. Her face burned like fire from the deep scratches which the old woman had inflicted on her. She was furious with herself. Why had she not left Emilia under the guard of one of the detectives? This affair might be her undoing. The old woman would not keep silent. If her adventure with the young fisherman became known, her patrons would not be in a position to save her. Oh, she would pay Emilia out, if she got hold of her.

Mader looked through his night-glass. Was not that the figure of a woman stumbling along? He strained his eyes

looking through the glass. Somebody was there in trouble. One could see that the woman was no longer able to keep on her feet. She kept stumbling. It was a matter of common humanity to help. Regardless of all precautions, he ran along the road. Then a cry reached his ears which hastened his steps.

"Capitano!" The cry tore aside every veil and removed all tension.

"Emilia! . . ." In spite of all her pain, she jumped up and flew to his neck. Mouth to mouth they stood in a close embrace, forgetting everything around them. Again and again she kissed him. The pain in her foot made her suddenly sink down with a groan. Gently he let her down on to a stone and tried to look at her foot. She prevented him.

"No, no—not here." He was to carry her to the edge of the rock; somebody might come here. Nobody must see her. He took her in his arms and carried her to the edge of the rock. The rock descended steeply into the sea. The surf rolled far below. Mader cut open her shoe from her much-swollen foot. Emilia clenched her teeth when he examined the painful spot. In a few words she told him what had happened and that great danger was threatening him and his people. He had better leave the Submarine City as soon as possible. When she informed him on which mountain they had begun to dig and blast, he reassured her. The outlet of the brook was many miles distant from the caves. They would play the gentlemen a fine trick. The small cave river made a long journey before it came to daylight. Slowly and tenderly he bound up the foot with his handkerchief.

The loud, joyful barking of a small dog sounded from the road. Emilia was startled. This could only be Pagliaccio, her little watch-dog. In a few bounds the animal reached her, danced round her barking, and licked her hands.

"For God's sake let's start from here; he is bringing the pursuers on our track."

Mader took her up in his arms, whereupon the little dog tore his coat. He ran with her to the downward path. On the rocks behind them shouts were heard. Francesco came up panting. He was out of breath.

"Halt, you bandit, you pirate."

Stones flew past Mader's head. It was too late. Mader laid Emilia down on the ground at once and awaited Francesco's onset. With protruding eyes Francesco rushed along. Mader saw at once that it was a question of life or death.

"Take care," Emilia cried in terror. "He has got a knife."

Mader held himself in readiness. Francesco threw himself with his full weight upon him. Mader forced up the hand that held the knife. A mortal struggle arose. The frenzy of love gave the young fisherman prodigious strength. Emilia had raised herself up, overcoming all her pain, with both arms. She thrust up Pagliaccio, the little dog, so that he reached up to the clenched fist carrying the knife.

"Bite, take hold." She pushed the dog's nose on to the fist.

Pagliaccio bit firmly into Francesco's fingers. The pain made the youth open his fingers. The knife dropped on the ground and rattled between the stones down into the sea. The fight became ever fiercer. Francesco was now clawing Mader's throat with both hands. Emilia had again sunk down to the ground with pain. She could give no assistance. Along the plateau Elena now stumbled along. She saw the struggling men and recognized that a lie often becomes the truth. So Emilia was really here together with a strange man. He could only be her lover. She ran up to the spot, and intended to attack Mader from behind. She must get this man into her power alive.

"*Attenti, capitano!*" This cry of fear had escaped from Emilia when Elena came up to Mader from behind. Mader did not hear; he was fully occupied in defending himself from Francesco. Emilia set Pagliaccio at Elena. The little dog jumped high up on to the woman and bit into her dress. In vain Elena tried to shake off the dog. Emilia crept up, seized Elena's leg and pulled her down to the ground. The woman detective struck her head against the rock and remained half-stunned. The two men wrestled desperately. Francesco pushed Mader to the edge of the rock. Emilia watched the fight with terror. The small dog tore the defenceless Elena's dress in strips from her body.

Down below in the motor-boat the cries and the yelping of the dog had attracted attention. Held was for going up. There seemed to be something wrong. Suddenly there appeared on the edge the outlines of the two struggling men. Neugebauer forgot all caution. He fixed up the small hand searchlight on board and let a ray of light travel along the shore. All three of them in the boat recognized Mader. Held jumped out of the boat immediately and began to climb upwards.

Francesco pressed himself with both fists against a stone

and forced Mader towards the edge. There was madness in his eyes. The heel of Mader's right foot had got fixed in a crack in the rock, and he tried in vain to free himself. He sent in a hail of blows on Francesco's chin and ribs.

"*Amore mio!*" Emilia cried. Mader had got his foot free. At the same moment Francesco gave a swing round. Mader lost his balance and fell over backwards. In the act of falling he seized Francesco and both men fell into space.

"*Madonna mia! Oh, Christo! Amore!*" Horror rang in the cries which issued from Emilia's mouth.

From the plateau by the road noises were heard. People had come along and heard the cries and seen the men struggling. Emilia saw the people approach and thought they were pursuers, perhaps the detectives. Suppressing all her pain, she pulled herself up, pushed back Elena who had awoken from her stupor, and jumped with a loud cry down into space. The small dog ran several times up and down along the edge of the rocks and at last followed its mistress.

Mader and Francesco had fallen into the sea in a close embrace. Owing to the height of their fall, they sank deep. When he got to the surface, Mader tried in vain to free himself from his opponent. The struggle went on much more bitterly than before. Francesco tried to bite Mader's throat. He was only prevented by the blows planted between his eyes. Again and again they sank, but came to the surface again immediately.

Held had turned back half-way and reached the motor-boat as it pushed off from the shore. Neugebauer lighted up the water and steered towards the struggling men. Held lifted Emilia, whom they came to first, into the boat. Having reached the struggling men, six hands took hold of Francesco and tore him away from Mader. They pulled both of them into the boat. Then the smith noticed the dog swimming round the boat and took him on board. Francesco had lost consciousness and Emilia, too. Mader was sitting on the seat exhausted and gasping for breath. With astonishment he observed Emilia in the boat. Beside her sat Pagliaccio, whining and licking the face of his mistress. Mader ordered Francesco to be put on shore. People came down from above. It was high time to disappear. Hurriedly they went ashore and put the fainting Francesco on a rock. Then the boat started off again rapidly. Neugebauer let the search-light play on the people who were coming down and dazzled them so that they could not see the boat.

Up above on the plateau loud laughter could be heard. The carters slapped their thighs and roared when they saw Elena in her chemise. The little dog had done good service. The agent was completely overcome by the shock and by her defeat. One thing she knew. Her Italian career was at an end. A woman who was driving her team of donkeys to the market at Spotorno gave her her big apron.

Francesco had partly regained consciousness. A man gave him some wine from a bottle. Francesco's whole face was smashed up. His eyes swollen and discoloured. He breathed heavily and was not yet in possession of his senses.

Mader held Emilia's head in his lap. She looked up at him happily and told him how they had tried to force her to speak out. She spoke of the Minister of the Interior with his revolver, about the twelve hours' fasting, about the journeys with the detectives. She also informed him how the engineers were boring into the mountain, about the village priest and his malicious threats, and the scene before the village church.

Mader listened attentively. The three others in the boat had taken off their coats and given them to Mader and Emilia. Oilskin coats were taken out of the locker and served as coverings for the drenched couple. After long meditation, Mader turned towards his three comrades :

"You know that we are being persecuted without reason as common criminals. Now we will give grounds for the accusation. Let us steer straight for the U. 1000. . . ."

CHAPTER SEVENTY-THREE

THE three detectives had watched one another suspiciously in the inn. Each of them from time to time drew out his watch and compared it with the old Black Forest clock in the bar-parlour. At about a quarter to twelve all three of them became restless. None of them knew how to set about getting away and leaving the others behind. They moved restlessly up and down. At last one of them had the idea of ordering a two-litre bottle of Barbera, as he assumed for

certain that the wine would make the two others sit still. But he was to find himself wrong in this assumption. The two declared almost in the same breath that they were not thirsty this evening. The one said he would take a short walk down to the harbour. The second said that the Reverend Father was expecting him for a game of bridge. Whereupon the first man said nothing, but hung his hat on the peg and then remarked that he had a matter of business to see to. He directed his steps to the typical Italian W.C.

At short intervals all three met in front of the house of Emilia's mother. Each measured the others with furious looks. Was it not possible to be alone for a moment?

"If I heard right, didn't you intend to go down to the harbour?"

"You don't seem to have gone to the priest's either?"

"He was already asleep."

"Well, he must have got up again then, because I heard him playing the harmonium as I came past."

"Didn't you forget your hat at the inn?"

Irritation sounded in the questions and answers. In the brain of one of them a thought arose. Was it mere chance that each of them wanted to be alone just this evening? Had this siren merely played them a dirty trick? The idea grew continually stronger in his mind. He was ashamed of his stupidity, but he was man enough to confess it.

"I was invited to a tender rendezvous by Elena. Perhaps you, too?"

"You are lying. She wanted to be with me."

"With me, too," added the third.

The first one laughed. The two others felt it as a slight to their manly dignity that anyone should have ventured to play with them in this way. The third man wanted to go into the house. The first held him back.

"No nonsense. We must not let it be noticed. Let us all go into the osteria for an hour or two. If she expects one of us at twelve o'clock she'll be disappointed that we have not fallen into her trap."

The two others thought it over. The third one in particular could not and would not understand that a woman could play such a trick and be able to resist him in the long run. In the end all three returned to the inn, knocked up the host, who had already put out the lights, ordered wine and cards, and tried to forget the unheard-of ignominy in play and alcohol.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR

TOWARDS two o'clock in the morning the little motor-boat arrived at the fishermen's landing-place below the village.

Mader had taken Emilia and the dog on board the U. 1000. There she was greeted with astonishment and joy by the crew. Mader had asked her beforehand whether he should take her to a safe hiding-place outside Italy or whether she would remain in the Submarine City, since she did not wish in any case to go back to the fishing village. Emilia had seized his hand and begged him not to send her away.

"No, Capitano. I should not be happy anywhere else. Let me stay with you."

Mader would have liked to have told her not to call him "Capitano", but Eugen, but he did not do so on account of the crew. His plan was fixed. To-morrow everything would be different.

Mader, Neugebauer and Held landed and climbed the zigzag path up the rock. When they had reached the top they listened intently. All was quiet in the village. The wives of the fishermen, the children and old men were asleep. The men were out at sea. The top of the church tower rose ghostlike towards the sky. The moon shone brightly on the fishermen's cottages. The wind swept through the gardens and bent the trees to ghostlike fantastic forms. Giants with long arms which they shook violently while their heads rose and sank.

The three men directed their steps towards the church. The churchyard lay to the right of the church. Crosses and gravestones shone palely in the moonlight. The crosses reached into the dark like white human forms with outspread arms. The shadows cast by the branches moving in the wind hovered over the crosses, and it appeared as if they were raising their stone arms and inviting one to approach. A whisper seemed to pass through the churchyard, as if the dead were talking softly. Voices from the graves seemed to sound mournfully through the night. On the left of the church, with its windows facing the churchyard, was the priest's house. The gravestones, memorials, and crosses looking into the windows of the vicarage were a daily *Mene Tekel*. The knocker on the door sounded hollow and uncanny. The watchful dogs of the village had

been sleeping quietly. Now one began to yelp and others followed. Bats and owls fluttered out like spectres from the belfry of the church, flying low and whirling round the three men waiting at the door. From what witches' kitchen had they flown away? Did they collect news from the living and the dead? The repeated knocking awakened the priest.

"A dreadful calling," the servant of God thought to himself. "What has happened now? Is it a call for ministration? Cannot people die in the daytime?" Hastily he pulled his cassock over his head. The housekeeper pretended to be asleep and let the people outside go on knocking. The Reverend Father would be sure to open. She turned to the wall and pulled the coverlet over her flat bosom. The priest went to the front door with his lamp and opened it. Three men stepped in hastily and shut the door behind them.

Mader looked at the priest. He was a typical hypocrite, to whom religion was pure business, and who diluted Christ's words in his mouth. His Reverence thought there was something not in order. He knew none of the three men. They did not belong to his parish. Moreover they were not Italians. The idea shot through his head that they might be the brigands who were being sought for. He did not show his thoughts, however, but lowered his head unctuously and hypocritically to one side.

"Will you please take us to your study?" Mader said firmly. His tone admitted of no contradiction. The priest led the way with the light and the three others followed. Inside the room the men placed themselves so that it was impossible for the priest to call anyone to his help or to escape. Held went to the window and closed the shutters.

"Please take the register, five certificates of marriage and the requisite stamps. You must be so good as to accompany us with these documents." Mader spoke politely and quietly but decidedly.

"And if I refuse?"

"Then you would compel us to use force. I should regret that very much."

The priest stood breathing deeply in front of his table. "Who are you? I must know with whom I am dealing. Also there must be the legal notices, otherwise marriages may be contested."

"You will be so good as to dispense with the notices. No one will raise any objection to these marriages. You will also have the goodness to draw up the documents so that

the marriages cannot be contested. Also you must give me a document in which you declare that you have gone with us voluntarily, and that you have convinced yourself of the necessity of celebrating these marriages without delay."

"I shall neither follow you nor perform the marriage ceremonies."

On a sign from Mader, his two companions stepped forward and placed themselves beside the priest.

"I beg you once more to accompany us peacefully without our having to employ forcible measures."

"Where are the marriages to be celebrated?"

"Under the water, your Reverence."

The priest started. Then it was so! These are the brigands, and the speaker is the capitano. Of course he would go with them. He wanted to see everything for himself. He would observe closely. The way to Rome is not yet blocked. He thought already of drawing up his report. Now he had no further use for that stupid goose Emilia. He would manage the affair quite alone. Quickly he stepped to his writing-table and fetched out a number of marriage certificates and forms. He took out of the cupboard the register of births. Then he followed the men. The door shut behind them.

The housekeeper swore in an extremely un-Christian fashion when the departing men slammed the door. "Three or four stupid brutes like that are enough to spoil one's whole night's rest. Can't the swine come in the daytime?"

The steps of the four men reverberated loudly in the night. Without exchanging a word they walked on.

"It would be useless for you to venture to utter a sound." Mader's warning sounded quiet and calm.

At the end of the village street the high road branched off on the way down to the harbour. At the moment when the four men stepped on to the downward road, the three detectives came out of the inn. They had already consoled themselves for the trick their female colleague had played them, and had made up their minds to pay her out handsomely. They went past the four men talking, greeted the priest, but took little notice of his companions.

Further along the road the four men saw in the distance a group of excited carters walking in front of their carts and gesticulating wildly. In the middle of the group walked Francesco, his head sunk on his breast with torn shirt and tousled hair. He was still half-dazed and could not collect his thoughts. Slowly it dawned upon him that the woman

detective had played him a dirty trick. He put all the blame on her for the loss of Emilia. He bit his teeth hard at the thought that she would belong to another man. He did not blame himself. His simple brain could not contain the thought that Emilia did not want to have anything more to do with him. The thought got more and more fixed in his mind that it was only others who had caused the change in his former sweetheart. Oh! he would revenge himself. He did not take into account that vengeance would not bring back Emilia's love. Suddenly he raised his head. Now he knew! It was the mother who had sold Emilia. He would pay her out. He would throttle her with both hands.

The group, consisting of the priest and Mader and his comrades, passed by on the road. Francesco did not look up. The priest looked at the passing carts and the men accompanying them. Supposing he were to shout now and call for help? Then he felt the barrel of a pistol on his hip. It was Neugebauer who recognized the danger.

"Not a sound, or you are a dead man."

The group moved on.

On the top of the old vegetable woman's cart sat Elena attempting to cover her nakedness with the apron that had charitably been given her. She was possessed by one thought only. Her situation was lost. On account of an hour's dallying with a lout who had first to be told how to embrace a woman.

Her three colleagues would be burning for revenge and would certainly not keep silent. Had she not taken them in? How would it be, if she were to favour all three? Perhaps their silence could be bought in that way?

Meanwhile his Reverence was led blindfold to the motor-boat that disappeared in the darkness of the night without losing a second.

The three detectives were standing outside the cottage and conversing in low voices. Then some vehicles came up from the harbour. The moon shone brightly on them as they approached. One of the detectives called attention to the group of people coming nearer. Before the vegetable woman's cart came to a standstill, Elena had recognized her colleagues. The three men looked in astonishment at Francesco, who was standing before them with a torn shirt and tousled hair. Everybody talked at the same time. Each wanted to tell his story first. Gesticulating wildly, the vegetable woman outdid all the men. All of them believed that the three men

were important personalities in the village. Elena had slid down from the cart and tried to take refuge in the house. The vegetable woman noticed it and cried :

"That is the poor *signorina*. She was half-naked, but now she must give me back my apron."

Francesco fell on to the bench in front of the door. The detectives followed Elena. The carters went away cackling loudly. They had matter for a week's conversation. Elena had run into her room and bolted herself in. One of the detectives discovered that the door of Emilia's room was standing open. He took the lamp and went nearer. With a loud cry he alarmed the others. Emilia's mother was sitting on the floor, close to the bed, with her back leaning against the wall. Wide staring eyes. The chin hung down and showed the toothless mouth. On her face were wounds from scratches covered with dried blood. The old woman was dead.

"A crime has been committed here," said one of the detectives.

"That is the daughter's doing," the second added.

"Let us look for her. If she has escaped we shall be in the soup."

"That damnable female, Elena."

One of the men kicked at Elena's door. "Come out at once ; the old woman has been murdered and Emilia has disappeared."

Elena came out of the door looking horrified. She had quickly put on a dressing-gown and stood stupefied in front of the detective. He pushed her in front of him into Emilia's room. With a shuddering look she saw the dead woman on the ground. Francesco was fetched. He stared bewildered at the corpse. Like an automaton he raised his hand and pointed at Elena. The detectives had followed his behaviour with astonishment. They looked at Elena incredulously.

"No, no, he is lying. The old woman attacked me, and I was obliged to defend myself against her. She was still alive when we went to look for Emilia."

One of the men rushed to the post-office and woke up the official. Telegrams flew in all directions. All the police offices at the railway stations were notified to look out for Emilia. Telegraphic dispatches went to Savona, Genoa, Turin, and Rome. In the meanwhile the detectives arrested Elena and Francesco. . . .

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIVE

THE engines of the U. 1000 worked almost noiselessly. The priest sat with blindfolded eyes in a corner of the chief control-room. The smith watched the priest lest he should remove the bandage from his eyes. Ulitz steered the boat. Below in the wardroom, Mader sat with Emilia who was resting on an upholstered seat. He cooled her injured face with cold compresses. The sprained foot had been bandaged correctly. She held his hand between her own and pressed it to her heart.

"Mio Capitano, mio amore!"

"You love me very much? Will you be my little wife?"

She drew his hand to her mouth and before he could prevent it, she pressed her lips upon it. He bent down to her and kissed her tenderly.

"Will you follow me everywhere?"

She only nodded, and tears came into her eyes. The reaction followed. Heavy sobs shook her body. He stroked her face to calm her. His hand had a magnetic touch. In a short time she fell asleep, though still shaken by occasional sobs. He sat by her side quietly and without moving, and looked lovingly down on her. On his account she had for some months suffered real martyrdom, had been tormented intolerably, and had been ill-treated by the furious Francesco. The girl's heart was pure gold. This simple fisherman's child had shown more greatness of soul than Hertha.

The priest knew that he was in a submarine. Although all the crew spoke perfect Portuguese, he knew that they were not really Portuguese. The capitano had spoken in the purest Italian without a foreign accent and still he was not an Italian. The big blond Neugebauer did not look like an Italian or Portuguese or any other southerner. They could only be Scandinavians or Germans. Even Englishmen spoke differently. Oh! he had a knowledge of men. He would look round carefully and notice everything. Oh! The way to Rome was not yet barred. Now it was a matter of observing and remembering everything in numerical detail.

At five o'clock in the morning the U. 1000 entered the lake cave. Mader carried Emilia to the hatchway and there she was carefully lifted up from hand to hand. A stretcher

stood ready, for the U. 1000 had some hours earlier announced its arrival by wireless to the Submarine City. The invisible aerial on the Col di Melogne did wonderful service. The U.-boats which were at sea were in constant communication with the Submarine City. The Italian wireless stations had noticed recently that long and short messages were sent mostly at night or at dawn, on short wave lengths in a special code. They did not attach much importance to the matter since they attributed them to interfering amateurs working with very powerful apparatus.

In cave 9 there was great excitement. Two hours ago the telephone had been set ringing from the wireless cabin. Cave 9 had been called up—Maxstadt, Herdigerhoff, Göbel and Rinseler were informed by Möller that all four couples should be ready at eight o'clock in the morning to receive the priest's blessing. The four brides were beside themselves. For God's sake, what is the capitano thinking of! One cannot get wedding dresses ready in five hours. A mere man has no idea how a woman must be dressed for such a ceremony.

The women ran about like a flock of sheep whose leader has been lost. They drove their men nearly crazy and themselves, too. They looked through the things they had brought with them, rejected some and sought out others. Linda was the first to calm herself. She scolded the women as usual, pushed Marietta on to a chair and began to do her hair. The men took out soap and a shaving mirror. Möller fetched the carpenter out of his shop, and with his help the small altar was enlarged. It was decorated with the material of some old flags that had been taken to pieces. Möller collected the flower-pots from all the cabin windows and placed them on low benches to the right and left of the altar. A bench for kneeling was covered with white flag material.

At half-past seven Mader brought Emilia to cave 9 on the trolley. Linda cried out and burnt her forehead with the curling iron when Mader came in with Emilia in his arms. She was horrified when she saw Emilia's swollen and discoloured eye.

"Dear Mrs. Linda, when you've finished your own toilet I beg you to prepare my little bride for the marriage ceremony. Search amongst your things. Perhaps you can find something for Emilia. I'll come back in half an hour." His eyes shone with joy. He kissed Emilia on the forehead and went back to the trolley in order to dress in his room for the coming ceremony.

The other three women, half-dressed and with their hair half-done, rushed from their rooms at Linda's call. All were horrified at Emilia's appearance and were glad of her return. A thousand questions were asked at the same time. When they learnt that the capitano wanted to marry Emilia, they were dumb for a moment, and then gave vent to their overflowing joy. All congratulated her, and Linda was forced to push the three chatterboxes out of her room.

All work was stopped for the day. Great things were being done in the kitchen. Five couples were to be married. Without the captain's knowledge, a special menu must be drawn up. Möller supplied chickens, turkeys, pigeons and asparagus grown by himself. In every room there was great activity. Everywhere the best of everything was brought out. Everyone meant to be present at the five-fold wedding. The priest sat in Ulitz's cabin. The bandage had been taken from his eyes. What he saw here was not secret. Ulitz was dressing. His hands tried frantically to manage his collar-stud. The priest looked about him. Where was he? They had brought him here with bandaged eyes. The smith watched the priest suspiciously. He would have liked to kick the hypocritical priest who sniffed about with such an air of cunning, but he controlled himself.

At last the five brides were adorned for the ceremony. Möller telephoned to the capitano, and ten minutes later everybody was assembled round the altar. They brought the priest with bandaged eyes from Ulitz's room to cave 9 as far as the chapel. Möller turned on the lights. The four couples arranged themselves in two pairs on the right and left of the altar. The witnesses were behind them. In the middle, in front of the altar, stood Mader with Emilia sitting beside him. The capitano made a sign to the smith, who removed the bandage from the priest's eyes. The Reverend Father looked round blinking and astonished. Mader did not leave him much time.

"Your Reverence, here is my bride, and I beg you to perform the ceremony."

The priest now turned round. Great was his astonishment when he recognized Emilia. His face grew dark. Then after all this wench was in league with the criminals? Just wait! I'll get even with you!

Mader got impatient. "Your Reverence, I beg you to begin. Time presses."

"And if I refuse?"

"You will not refuse, for you want to get back to your village to give information against us."

"Marriages which I perform under compulsion are not valid."

"These five marriages will be valid, because you will sign a letter stating that you have acted of your own free will."

Schröder stepped forward and handed the priest a document and a fountain-pen. The priest read through the writing. A thousand plans darted through his head. If he did not sign he would learn nothing. If he performed the marriage ceremony, he would be in possession of important information. He would ask all kinds of questions, and the answers would suffice to secure him a large part of the reward from the authorities. And then there were his ecclesiastical superiors. They would not let such a clever priest rust in a stinking hole of a fishing village. Slowly he took the fountain-pen from Schröder and put his signature in a firm hand at the foot of the document.

The ceremony did not begin until the priest had prepared everything for it. Mader advanced supporting Emilia. Behind them stood the witnesses, Ulitz and Neugebauer. The place, the whole surroundings, the enormous cave with its gigantic stalactites in the background had an overwhelming effect. On the right and left of the altar there stood a stalagmite, sixteen feet high, like two huge candles, which had been brought by the men from cave 4, where they had been in the way of the machines. The dazzling light of the arc lamps, the cackling of the fowls, and the bleating of the goats. Above the altar a crowd of pigeons fluttered through the whole cave. All this confused Father Giovanni.

"The papers of the spinster, Emilia?"

"Your Reverence has known this spinster for years; she will tell you the dates."

"And your papers? Your name?"

"We shall insert our names and dates ourselves in the certificate."

"Then I can't perform the marriage."

The women were about to throw themselves imploringly at the feet of the priest. The men held them back.

"Your Reverence," Mader began, "it is useless to resist. We are all leaving this place shortly. If you refuse to perform the ceremonies, there is nothing we can do, but to leave your Reverence behind in these vaults, from which, without our help, there is no returning to the world."

"I cannot celebrate the marriages under these conditions. The name and all other dates must be known to me. In the registers of birth the nationalities of the contracting parties must be indicated. This is prescribed by the Holy Catholic Church."

"Then your fate is sealed, your Reverence."

The women began to lament and wringing their hands begged the priest to marry them notwithstanding. The clergyman stood motionless. Deadly hatred flashed from his eyes.

This servant of the only Church which could ensure salvation, whose commandments radiate love and mercy, was a worthy disciple and brother of so many priests who completely mistake their office and who have absorbed nothing of the divine love of Jesus Christ.

"If I am to perform the marriages, it is necessary that the brides and their future husbands shall first confess, and then be ready for holy communion."

"Very well, your Reverence. In a quarter of an hour we shall be ready for confession."

The sly priest reckoned on the women saying in confession what he wanted to learn. The priest's eyes were bandaged again and the four couples were called aside by Mader.

"We must obey the commands of our religion. It may cost us our lives, if you utter anything about our secret down here. Only sins committed have to be confessed. He cannot refuse you absolution, if you tell the simple truth about your own persons."

The women understood. Half an hour later the priest was led to Marietta. It was labour in vain on the part of the priest to extort from the women anything about the Submarine City or its male occupants. Only their "sins", that they had had intercourse outside marriage with their men, and other little offences against religion were whispered into the priest's ear. The priest flattered and thundered, tried kindness and threats; he promised them everlasting salvation and described all the torments of hell. Nothing was any use. Did they not know that the men down here were criminals? Criminals perhaps also against their own country? They were not Italians, to what nationality did they belong? Trouble in vain. The women declared that their men were no criminals, and the capitano was the noblest of men. What was the men's business? That they did not know; making machines and new inventions. Where did they get

the means from to lead such a life? They said that the leader was rich. The priest was in despair. Everything was in vain. Now he had got to Emilia. He knew that he would get least of all from her, but he wanted to satisfy his thirst for vengeance. Again and again he put questions. He had observed that her foot was injured, and that kneeling caused her great torments and nearly made her faint. She answered all his questions just in the opposite sense to what he expected. Full of wrath and cursing inwardly, he at last left her. The men resisted all the attacks of the priest more easily than the women. With Mader the priest became dramatic. He pointed out to him the wickedness of his doings, and the load of guilt which he was taking upon himself. He had abducted a servant of God, and was compelling him to perform official actions which could never have validity. Mader contradicted him and assured him that neither he nor his people were criminals, but that they stood outside the law, and had been forced to such actions by special circumstances.

At noon the priest was served with a solemn meal. He did full justice to the dishes. It was incomprehensible to him that these bandits lived without wine. At half-past one in the afternoon Mader and Emilia were married, and immediately afterwards the four other couples. In the meantime the smith had made eight rings out of nails hammered flat. An iron bond that had been wrought deep under earth and water.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIX

THE best criminologists of the country were called in to clear up the "murder" of Emilia's old mother. "Murder" it was termed after the first inspection by the police, and the doctor who had come over from Bergeggi by car. The three detectives and Elena were immediately suspended from service, and were ordered to hold themselves at the disposal of the authorities at any time. Francesco was in bed with a fever, and was not able to be questioned. Serious concussion of the brain was the consequence of his fall into the sea. He must,

in falling, have struck a stone under the water. Neither the three detectives nor Elena had up to now given a true statement of the facts. Both parties refrained from giving a truthful account of what happened on the "night of the murder".

Elena had threatened her three colleagues that she would narrate how she had been molested day and night by the detectives, so that she should yield herself to them. How the men had neglected their duty. How they had allowed her to send them to the public-house instead of attending to their duties. But one thing she kept from her colleagues. Her proceedings in the house with Francesco, the love episode with the young fisherman. Even if the blockhead afterwards threw suspicion on her, this might be made good. She went two or three times a day to the young man's cottage to inquire after him, as she said, but in reality so that as soon as he again became conscious, she might cause him by threats to keep silence about their hours of love-making and also about the struggle with the old woman. If he should refuse, she would tell him that she would make a charge against him and would accuse him of complicity with the criminals. He could not deny that he had fought with the captain about Emilia. Oh, she would manage the stupid young fellow. She made statements to this effect to the newly-arrived detectives. She made no accusations against her three colleagues, but kept restraining them by threats. The three of them had allowed themselves to be made fools of by the sly Elena. They were married and fathers of families. They were very frightened of losing their posts altogether. What could they do then? Who would employ a State detective who had been dismissed? Their uneasiness was justified, and it was only on this account that they limited their statements.

The affair was a welcome event for the newspapers. The story was made the most of far and wide. The picture of Emilia, "the murderess of her mother", was published again and again. The warrant was stuck up on every hoarding. People stood in front of them in dense crowds, and the Neapolitan and Sicilian pickpockets had a good time. The receivers could not find sufficient ready money to buy all the watches at once.

The government by means of aeroplanes had millions of flysheets with the picture and description of Emilia circulated in the most distant places. In the Ministries of the

Interior and of Foreign Affairs there was great activity. The Ministry of the Interior sent secret instructions to all the higher police authorities of the country. The strictest secrecy was enjoined. Domiciliary visits were made at the houses of the leaders of the extreme parties—without result. Even arrests were made which could not be maintained. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs sent couriers with secret dispatches to different countries. England sent some New Scotland Yard detectives. The rewards, which were doubled, stimulated all firms of private detectives, and from all countries the successors of Sherlock Holmes rushed to Italy. Even Pinkerton's Agency sent their best man from New York, Mr. Bob McNally.

The small towns of Spotorno and Bergeggi were filled with strangers. The garage proprietor of Savona had to hire a large number of cars from a firm in Genoa in order to deal with the demand. Not only the police sleuths but also a great number of inquisitive people visited the little fishing village. The shopkeepers made large sums. Postcards of the cottage where Emilia lived with her mother, pictures of Emilia, and views of the village were sold in the shops and by hawkers. The sensation increased enormously when the disappearance of the priest became known. A new riddle had arisen. The clergyman's housekeeper, a person of some consideration, began to feel very important. She made the most of her story and invented some additions. Several men had knocked at the door of the vicarage long after midnight, and had had a long and violent conversation with the priest. At last the reverend gentleman had gone away with the people. The roll-top of the old writing-table in the study was found open in the morning. She, the housekeeper, had only raised the alarm when her master had not returned on the evening of the next day. The public did not hear the news of the disappearance of the priest until the third day. The newspapers revelled in guesses. The most unheard-of and stupid suppositions were advanced. The police were charged with incompetence, and it was said that there were people in positions of authority who refused to send the right persons to the right posts. The *Avanti* spoke of corruption and favouritism, and demanded a strict investigation.

The affair had unpleasant consequences for the slackers' squad of the searchlight section. It came to light that the commander of the section on the small island spent his evenings in a certain house in Savona, that the motor-boat

of the marine section had to wait from the evening till early morning in the harbour of Savona for the lieutenant, and that his detachment instead of being at its post and illuminating the gulf and rocks were carrying on love affairs in Noli and Spotorno. The whole lot were transferred by way of punishment to a horrible garrison in Tripoli. New men occupied the whole island, also a destroyer and four motor-launches were ordered up to clear up the case. The inn was fitted up by the state police as a provisional office. The examination of witnesses was held there. The new detectives were at work from morning to evening. One inquisition after another took place. Almost every single inhabitant of the village was examined.

The carters who had witnessed the struggle and the fall into the sea on the eventful night, the vegetable woman, and all others concerned were questioned and cross-questioned. The carters also reported their meeting with the priest and his escort. Here statements differed from one another. Some maintained that they had seen three, and others four men with him. The vegetable woman related that she had run to the shore and had seen down there a motor-boat similar to the one at the place where the fall had occurred. She could not say whether it was the identical one. The men also mentioned that they had greeted the Rev. Father Giovanni by taking off their hats and that he had acknowledged it by a nod of the head. The driver who had remained with the foremost cart said that the three gentlemen who had stood in front of the murdered woman's house must also have seen the priest. The three detectives in their own interest denied that they had noticed the priest with his three companions. If they had told the truth their inattention to duty would have been brought to light. The case became more and more mysterious. The most contradictory news circulated in the newspapers. The cinemas showed pictures of Emilia, and all the world was on the look-out for the "murderess".

No girl in the whole of Italy was any longer safe on the road. They were stopped by hundreds in towns and villages and on the high road, molested and often dragged to the police and ill-treated. Women between forty and fifty years of age had to suffer most from reward hunters and amateur detectives. The police authorities were everywhere compelled to stop the senseless behaviour of the population.

In the presence of a great concourse of people, Emilia's mother was buried on the fourth day after her death. The doctors had determined the cause of death with incredible indifference and still more incredible negligence. They had made it easy for themselves. The state in which the corpse had been found, and the wounds from the scratches on the face made the doctor certain that it was a case of murder. The statements of the detectives, particularly the disordered bed, the mysterious disappearance of the daughter, the disorder in the chest of drawers, the dress thrown into the cupboard and the absence of Sunday finery—all these things were sufficient grounds for a certificate of murder on the part of the young Bergeggi doctor, who in his short experience had never seen a murdered person, and who did not want to miss the opportunity of getting himself talked about. The police doctor from Savona, who had been fetched over, considered a post mortem to be unnecessary after the report of his young colleague. Moreover they had the doctor's favourite dish in the little inn, and it would be a thousand pities to soil one's hands with this ugly old hag.

When the *antipasta* was removed, the *minestra neapolitana* was served; the police doctor signed the report of his young colleague, and then put a spoonful of grated parmesan into his plate in order to make the *minestra* thready and tasty.

At the grave the priest of the "Church of Our Lady" in Spotorno gave an address. He did temporary service for his colleague who had disappeared. It was not sympathy that had brought together such a great crowd of onlookers. No. It was curiosity and love of sensation. They trampled down the mounds of the graves and threw the wooden crosses of the dead fishermen into the dust in order to lose no word of the clergyman's address.

The priest began: "A mother has been murdered. A mother by her own child that she had carried under her heart and born with a thousand pains. An inhuman daughter has murdered her mother. The best mother that there was on earth." (Some reporters who were present at the funeral could not refrain from smiling.) "An abandoned creature," the worthy Father continued, "a Messalina who passed from hand to hand and who left her mother's house when it was no longer good enough for her, the home in which the mother was consumed with pain and grief. And when the undutiful daughter returned there was no sign of repentance. The mother

received her lovingly in her home, forgot and forgave everything as only a mother's heart can forget and forgive. She treated her child tenderly so that the home might heal what injuries had been caused outside it. The outcast daughter repaid her mother's love with the most abominable crime. When the mother tried to hold her child back from a new unholy deed, this child murdered the heart of a mother which was bleeding for love and cut the life-thread of the woman to whom she owed her existence. An eternal curse rests on you, you outcast! You have murdered a saint who has earned the Kingdom of Heaven a thousand times through her love for you, her child, and everlasting damnation will be your lot." He took the holy water sprinkler, dipped it into the holy water, pronounced the blessing and ended his address: "Father in Heaven! Jesus Christ! a mother full of love has gone to you. Holy Mother of God, pray for her that she may occupy the place of honour in Heaven which is her due. Amen!"

Three spadefuls of earth on the coffin. The villagers thronged round. Everyone wanted to throw earth on the coffin. If all the "mourners" had thrown three spadefuls of earth on the grave, a small mountain would have been formed over the "martyr's grave".

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVEN

THE digging and drilling on Monte Settepani had led to no result after a week's work. The neighbouring villagers cursed and sent complaints to the authorities about the many window-panes that had been broken. Would they please remove the military manœuvres—the inhabitants of the surrounding villages believed that they were such—to a different place. Innumerable window-panes, it was said, had been broken by the blasting—the villagers thought they were shooting exercises. Good opportunities arose here for competent business people to get windows mended which had been broken in their grandfather's time. For the present the claims for compensation went through the official channel, and perhaps the grandchildren of the claimants will some

time be summoned to formulate their claims for compensation and support them by witnesses' evidence. Deep gashes had been made in the mountain. Gaping clefts testified to the work of the sappers. Large deep holes had been bored in a semi-circle on both sides of the river into the rocks of the mountain. The rock shrieked loudly as if in pain, beneath the rapid revolutions of the spiral drills. Large quantities of explosive were compressed into the deep drill holes. Fuses were laid from hole to hole, and in the end joined on to the electric detonating apparatus. The non-commissioned officer turned the lever and the mountain burst with a horrible roar, with a death cry.

As if in vengeance the mountain flung large masses of rock to a distance of several hundred yards, in order to strike its tormentors, and to punish them for having destroyed what had existed for many thousands of years. After every explosion the sappers sprang to the spot to convince themselves of the result. On the eighth day they had not got further than on the first. The water of the river remained pure and nothing more was to be seen of any black colouring.

They were compelled to answer the constant pressing inquiries from Rome with repeated excuses. The experts who daily examined the mountain and the masses of rock that had been blown off, shook their wise heads and merely shrugged their shoulders in reply to questions. One was not a prophet and no one could see into the inside of the mountain. So far there was not the slightest sign of the existence of a cave in or under the mountain. Rome wirelessly that the work should be continued until a result had been obtained.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHT

At last Elena learned that Francesco had awakened out of his delirium. She succeeded in penetrating into his room. The poor young fisherman lay weak and emaciated in his clean bed. He hardly took any notice of Elena and did not listen, although she talked at him continuously. There was a buzzing in his head as if a swarm of bees had taken possession

of him. Elena saw that it was still too soon to converse with him. Elena's three colleagues, who had been suspended from their duties, secretly watched the steps of the woman detective. Cunning fought against cunning or in other words deceit against deceit.

Three days later Elena again crept into Francesco's room. The youth must be so far advanced now that he could talk. Francesco sat up in bed and looked distrustfully at Elena when she came in. She sat down at his bedside and inquired how he was. Slowly she began to speak. Emphatically. She explained to the youth that it would be best for them both if he said what she was now going to tell him. She explained to him that he must say they had heard a cry in Emilia's room, and when they went in, Emilia rushed past them and the old woman lay dead on the floor beside the bed. After that they both followed Emilia's track after the dog had been loosed from the chain, and met her with her lover to whom she was just confessing the murder. In order to get inconvenient witnesses out of the way, Emilia's lover had fallen upon him, and Emilia had attempted to throw her—Elena—into the sea.

Francesco sat immovable in bed. No sign betrayed what was going on within him. Elena continued: "Everyone believes that Emilia murdered her mother. She is being searched for everywhere and when she is caught her fate is sealed. She will be condemned for murdering her mother, and will be sent to prison for life. That is a vengeance than which you could not wish for a better."

Francesco did not answer and Elena rose. She promised to come again, and kissed him fervently on his mouth before he could prevent it. Her lust for him had awakened again at the sight of him. The waxen pallor of his face, and the fact that his eyes were now much enlarged, made him look interesting. Perhaps, very probably even, he will now act more sensibly. He now knew her way of making love.

While Elena cautiously left the house by the back door, one of the detectives, who had been deceived, came out of the front entrance and joined his waiting colleagues.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE

FOR fully a week Father Giovanni had refused to put his signature and stamps at the foot of the marriage certificates in which only the names of the women were filled in, and stated that he must insist on the entry of the men's names. Ulitz proposed simply to take away the stamps from the priest and to force him to sign with a pistol held in front of him. Mader would have no violence. It was enough that he had forcibly carried off the priest. By that they had in fact committed a crime and placed themselves outside the law.

They had learnt of the strange manœuvres on Monte Settepani by means of wireless messages they had intercepted. Ulitz travelled one day by train from Savona to Bormida, and went from there into the villages in the neighbourhood of Monte Settepani. It was not difficult to discover more exact information from the natives. The military authorities gave out that they wished to try new explosives. They said it was not true that manœuvres were taking place, but they wished to find the secret cave in which an enormously rich band of murderers were living, who also made false money. At the foot of the mountain low down in the valley, thousand lire notes had been found washed down by the river. Mysteriously this story went from mouth to mouth and grew into a colossal fable.

When Mader had heard Ulitz's report and had read the newspapers that the latter had brought from Savona, he was horrified. The news of the blastings did not disturb him, but the newspaper reports filled him with bitter rage. The warrant against Emilia and the base suspicion that she had murdered her mother. It was incredible what the papers had concocted. The lowest terms of abuse had been employed. Emilia must know nothing of all this. Not until they were on the high seas should she learn that her mother was dead, probably murdered. But in other directions they must act. Away from here. They must not remain in the Submarine City an hour longer than necessary. But before that the suspicion that Emilia was guilty of the death of her mother should be refuted. For had not the old woman Gialdini asserted that Emilia's mother had not left her until half-past eleven o'clock? At that hour Emilia had for a long time been on her way to the meeting place. For it took a good

three-quarters of an hour to walk the three and a half kilometres.

Mader went into the wireless cabin and handed in a long message. They must first get into contact with the authorities. In a few minutes they had called the central Marconi station in Rome and been answered. Mader told them that the capitano of the Submarine City desired to be put into connection with the Chief who had been appointed to clear up the affair. He had to communicate that Emilia R. was completely innocent of the death of her mother. The authorities should calculate exactly the time which was necessary for covering the distance from Emilia's house to the place where the fight had been. Mother Gialdini had stated that the murdered woman had left her house at half-past eleven o'clock. Mother Gialdini knew the time so exactly because the village clock had struck twice and she had set the clock in her own room by it. It would be impossible for a woman to walk the whole way in such a short time. It was some minutes' walk from the house of the fisherman Gialdini to Emilia's house.

In Rome they believed that some joker at a wireless station was amusing himself. In the end when all the important stations confirmed the fact that the same message had been received everywhere it was recognized that it was not a matter of a frivolous joke, and the Minister was informed.

At once the order was received to open communication with the mysterious Submarine City and with its still more mysterious captain. In a short time contact was established. Mader answered. He repeated his first wireless message. Rome advised that he should give reasons why he should not appear in person, and why he should not openly declare his secret position. The answer corresponded to the question. Mader wirelessed that his personal presence was of no value, but that a tolerably acute detective could establish the facts. He would not declare his position to the Italian government since this was of no interest to them. In the Submarine City there were no criminals. The four abducted women had never been abducted, but had voluntarily followed their husbands. The women had a week ago been legally married by the priest who had disappeared, and whom he, "the capitano", had carried off for this purpose.

In Rome they were taken aback by these statements and when Mader went on to wireless that the blastings and drillings on Monte Settepani should be stopped, since in cas

of danger to himself and his people, he would blow up the whole sapper and pioneer companies in order to preserve their own lives, a Council of Ministers assembled and consulted about the measures of defence that were to be taken. It was decided to continue the work on Monte Settepani and to conceal the danger threatening the officers and soldiers at work. Since they had sacrificed many hundreds of thousands to their "*sacro egoismo*" in the War, they must not, in the interest of the fatherland which was again in danger, hesitate when it was only a matter of some hundreds of men. More troops were told off for the discovery of the aerals of the secret wireless station.

Father Giovanni signed the marriage certificates on the morning of the tenth day, and added the requisite stamps. He had seen that delay was no use to him. The whole time he had been imprisoned it had been impossible for him to find out or see anything. That very evening he was to be put on land.

CHAPTER EIGHTY

THE new state detectives who had been entrusted with the examination and clearing up of the case at last received the news that Francesco was fit to be interrogated. The summons was sent to him with the request that he should appear in the provisional office on the next day but one.

Francesco had received visits daily from Elena. She kept impressing upon him what he should say. He sat listlessly in a large old arm-chair, let the stream of words pass over him quietly, never answered questions, but only nodded mechanically when she became too emphatic. She kissed him frequently and tried to excite his passion. But each time he drew his mouth away from her, when she approached him with glowing eyes and trembling nostrils.

"I shall have to wait," she thought. "I would like to see the man who could resist me." She was so convinced of her power that it never occurred to her that this young fisherman could deceive her, and be involved in a plot behind her back, which would cause the loss of her livelihood, and even

prosecution. Each of her conversations was listened to and taken down in shorthand. A storm was gathering over her head which threatened to destroy her. The three comrades who had been let down by her were fighting for their own existence as hard as Elena was for hers.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-ONE

THE same night about eleven o'clock there arrived at the Ministry of the Interior the following telegram from Vernazza :

"Put on shore by the bandits near Vernazza an hour ago. Am at your disposal. Wait answer at police station Vernazza.
"Father Giovanni."

Within the next half-hour a military aeroplane was on its way to fetch Father Giovanni from Vernazza. Three hours later a naval aeroplane started from Vernazza to bring Father Giovanni to Rome. All the Ministers in Rome were notified to be in readiness for an extraordinary meeting. A wireless message was sent to the Commissioners of Investigation at the fishing village that they were to undertake nothing special until further news arrived from Rome. The commander of the troops at the foot of Monte Settepani was ordered to suspend work for the night and to strengthen the sentries round the mountains.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Father Giovanni was in the ante-room of the Minister of the Interior. Two minutes later he reported to the Minister. Scarlet in the face, trembling with excitement, he poured forth a speech brimming over with hatred.

From Spezzia, the naval harbour of the west coast of Italy, at nine o'clock in the morning, there put out to sea two ships of the line, four cruisers of the D Class, ten destroyers, the whole squadron of submarines, and four mine-layers. They had sealed orders, which were only to be opened four hours after they had put to sea. Two companies of Bersaglieri

two regiments of infantry stationed at Genoa, and two batteries of heavy artillery with long-barrelled guns were directed along the high road to the coast. The whole neighbourhood was isolated. Everywhere the population had been warned against coming near because, as it was stated, manœuvres of military and naval forces would be carried out on land and water to test some new inventions. The isolation was to be strictly carried out and people disregarding the order not to enter the prescribed zone were to be punished. The Riviera express trains were to have their blinds drawn down from Savona onwards. The passenger traffic was to be restricted to two trains. Wireless messages were sent to all ships entering or leaving port to keep at a distance of twenty sea miles from the coast. Traffic by ship was forbidden from Savona until further notice, and the departure of fishing boats from Genoa to Porto Mauricio was forbidden. Two bombing squadrons, each with two observation aeroplanes, and two fighting machines, were to be kept ready for action in Spezzia.

The Prime Minister had summoned the extraordinary meeting of the cabinet after hearing Father Giovanni's report. He had no easy task in getting his opinion accepted. In a half-hour's audience with the King, he obtained the necessary powers for unrestricted action. At last he succeeded in bringing about an agreement with the members of the cabinet, and the War and Marine Ministers were commissioned to carry out the necessary measures. The whole affair was dealt with in strict secrecy, and secrecy was enjoined on all places concerned. Dispatches in cipher were sent to the ambassadors and ministers accredited to allied states. The ambassadors and ministers accredited to neutral states were also informed that a band of criminals, probably of German or Austrian origin, with ten or more gigantic U.-boats had been discovered in Italian waters, and that the Italian Government had taken the necessary measures for reducing them to impotence. The strictest secrecy was requested especially towards the Press. The possibility could not be left out of account that the pirates' flotilla might seek safety in a neutral port. In such a case the International agreements would come into force. The crews were to be arrested, since later an extradition to the Italian Authorities on account of abduction and other grave offences would be asked for.

On that very day the ambassadors and ministers reported to the allied governments, in pursuance of their instructions.

In French military circles, which had been informed of the matter, there were rejoicings and mutual congratulations. Now there were fresh reasons for a blow against the hated Germans.

Father Giovanni had reason to be proud that owing to his lying and exaggerated report, half the world had been alarmed. He was brought to his home in a military aeroplane.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-TWO

WHEN the U. 1000 lay ready in the Lake Cave for the voyage with Father Giovanni, the smith brought the priest along on the trolley from his cell. Father Giovanni knew that this was his last opportunity for spying and suddenly tore off the bandage from his eyes and threw it far behind him. With a rapid glance he took in the brightly illuminated cave. He saw the gigantic U.-*Vaterland* which always carried, while in the cave, a small black-white-red flag on its stern. He could also recognize the U. 10 in the background. The smith dashed his enormous hand somewhat roughly in front of the priest's eyes. But it was too late. The priest had seen more than enough. Ulitz proposed not to put the priest on land under any condition, but to keep him imprisoned in the Submarine City ; and to land him on some island in the Atlantic. Mader insisted, however, on keeping his word with the priest, and giving him his freedom when he had performed the marriages and filled in the certificates. On all hands they implored the captain not to set free the priest, but Mader did not let them change his mind. So Ulitz departed with Father Giovanni and put him out of the motor-boat into the surf which was running almost man-high, in the neighbourhood of Vernazza, from where the Father, crying loudly for help in a cowardly manner, had to find his way to the shore.

Mader gave the last orders for the evacuation of the Submarine City. All the lighting system remained for the present. First they evacuated cave 9. The four married women were brought on board the U. 10 with all their belongings. The women, with the exception of Linda, were

much afraid and cried. They had got used to the town, and moreover their condition of blessed expectancy increased their fears. Mader decided that Dr. Katzberg should accompany the women in the U. 10 during the crossing. Möller had obtained his wish that his menagerie should go with them. For the animals, spacious cages and coops were set up in the stern of the U.-*Vaterland*. Liesel and the dogs were allowed freely about the boat. The he-goat, Liesel's old husband, lay pickled in the cold store. Everyone who owned one or more canaries kept them in his cabin. After cave 9 had been evacuated, Möller ran about in his domain before the lighting apparatus was removed. He wanted to take a last look at everything. He had been here ten whole years. He had only rarely taken part in voyages, and then only to obtain fodder or grain for his animals. Now he was to leave the place where he had spent the most peaceful and happiest years of his life. He knew that he was crazy about animals. He had only had a few unhappy experiences with human beings, but an instinctive feeling led him to take no notice of men and to give all his love to animals. His heart belonged to the two- and four-legged favourites which he had reared in the cave. Möller took leave with a long look round. The white meadow had been mown, the mushrooms had long been bottled in the cold store. Then there was the asparagus bed. Tears came involuntarily into his eyes. How happy, how very happy the time had been! Then he discovered that some asparagus had come up during the last night. Quickly he took the knife out of his pocket and cut out the plants. Not until then did he leave the cave. The engineers dismantled the large arc lamps and packed them on the trolleys of the light railway. When everything was packed, they pushed the small trolleys into cave 8. The hand-searchlights which had been connected with the small accumulators still allowed some rays of light to flutter through the cave, and then the space sank back into the darkness in which it had existed for hundreds of thousands of years. Now to remain so perhaps for all eternity. The evacuation went on from cave to cave. During two days the inhabitants of the Submarine City had been uninterruptedly occupied in packing up all kinds of things. In the meantime they had settled down comfortably in the three U.-boats. Except for cave 1, the Lake Cave and cave 2, everything had been cleared by the third night. On the morning of the fourth day they were ready for the voyage.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-THREE

THE judicial investigations were continued after the return of Father Giovanni. The priest was examined on the day after his arrival. He had offered himself. His housekeeper had served up hot to him all the happenings which had occurred during his absence. The murder of Emilia's mother, and also the suspicion that it was Emilia's act, roused his special attention. His eyes shone as he reflected that he now had it in his power to expose her to a sentence which would ruin her for ever, if she were found. And after his report in Rome, and the measures which had been taken in consequence, he was certain that she would be caught.

He was the first to be heard. He stated that the murderess of her mother had stood face to face with him. On the morning after the murder Emilia's face had been knocked about and torn. Many scratches had disfigured the skin of the murderess's face and one eye was swollen and discoloured. Her leg or her foot had been injured too, for the criminal had not been able to walk. He (Father Giovanni) had heard something of a bite about which the heartless daughter had spoken laughingly. Probably the dying mother had in her struggle for life bitten her daughter's leg. Dead people cannot talk, the servant of God thought, and the lies which I tell here no one can contradict.

The deceptions of the Reverend Father Giovanni had not sufficient support to sustain them for twenty-four hours. The examination of Francesco took place the next morning. His illness and the painful experiences of his love, as well as the death of Emilia's mother, had turned the boy into a man. Francesco had never been bad ; only young and in love. Full of temperament as he was, he had let his jealousy and wounded vanity turn him into a madman and had wandered off the straight path. Now he had matured. Elena had once again gone secretly to see Francesco at seven o'clock that morning, had wanted to cling to him lovingly and tell him again exactly how he should make his statement. Unfortunately Francesco was not alone. Two fishermen were with him and did not leave the room in spite of Elena's broad hints. She had made herself look particularly attractive. The pink silk of her underslip lay stretched across the opening at the neck of her blouse across her breasts. Her silk underskirt

rustled, and flesh-coloured silk stockings glittered from her red shoes. Francesco had no eye for all these things which were obviously meant to attract him. He conversed with the fishermen, and heard with astonishment that they could not go to their boats because the whole coast was occupied by the military, and it was forbidden to set foot in the fishing harbour. He heard that there were warships out at sea, that aeroplanes were continually flying across the gulf and that the carters were swearing horribly because they were obliged to make a detour of over three hours. They told him that experiments were being made with some new weapon. But how the devil were fishermen to live if they could not sail out and fish for days at a time? The fisherman is not rich and cannot allow himself the fun of so many holidays. The government ("the devil take all black shirts") would not think of paying a single soldo of compensation. Elena listened with impatience to this talk spiced with strong oaths. She knew why the fleet, the Army and the Air Force were here. She meant to influence Francesco again and to make him soft and subservient in an hour's love-making. The female kept breaking through all the cunning of this woman. She sat down at the table at which the men were sitting. She was angry with Francesco, and still more furious with the two blockheads, as she called the fishermen in her thoughts. In vain she tried to give Francesco a sign; at first he did not look at her, and when she became more emphatic, he let his eye rest coldly on her face for a moment. Now she had recourse to stronger means. Under the table she trod heavily on Francesco's foot. That is to say, she intended to tread on Francesco, made a mistake in the person, and, with a cry of pain, one of the fishermen who was suffering from a particularly bad corn raised his foot. Red in the face with pain he threw a furious look at Elena. The clock on the wall struck eight. Francesco looked at the clock, got up, took his cap from the peg and went out of the door without taking any further notice of Elena. The two fishermen followed him. Elena stood in the room dumbfounded. She hesitated somewhat. Would he perhaps be so stupid as to confess the truth? Then her stay here would be at an end. It was impossible to follow him into the village street. If this otherwise clever woman had known that Francesco had invited the two fishermen into his room in order to remain free from molestation by her, she would have drawn the right conclusion earlier. As it was, she thought she was sure of success. Was it not a fact that no man had hitherto

been able to resist her seductions, and even the revengeful and enamoured Francesco had fallen into her net? At all events she intended to go home and then to the garage to secure a fast car for herself.

The officials who were conducting the examination of the murder case had a chair brought for Francesco as he was still convalescent. The police thought they would have an easy task with this youth. But things did not turn out as the participants had expected. Francesco declared directly after the completion of the preliminary formalities that entirely false conclusions had been drawn.

Emilia had not murdered her mother, she was not even in the house when the old woman must have died.

The officials smiled meaningly. Was the young man still in love with the girl and trying to shield her? They impressed upon him that he need have no further consideration for Emilia, that she did not deserve it; for she had in the meantime married the capitano of the bandits. He would receive a confirmation of this fact from Father Giovanni who had performed the marriage under compulsion. Then he, Francesco, must be put on oath, and if he told an untruth under oath he would go to prison for some years. Francesco turned still paler at the news of Emilia's marriage. Now she was lost to him for ever. His heart contracted with pain. He closed his eyes for a moment and sighed deeply. The detectives watched him closely. They guessed what was going on within him and hoped they would now have easy work with him.

One of them said: "Father Giovanni has given us proof of the guilt of the murderess. He saw her on the morning after the murder with her face scratched and torn. Moreover she had in the struggle received a bite in the leg from her dying mother."

Francesco shook his head and rose: "The disfigurements in Emilia's face came from my fist. I struck her."

The officials did not lose courage but used weapons of heavier calibre. But all this was of no avail. Francesco begged to be allowed to speak. The officials asked him to tell his story. In the corner of the inn parlour in which the examination was held, there hung a gaudily painted, wooden figure of Christ on the Cross. Francesco went up to the cross, laid the fingers of his right hand on the bleeding marks on the image of Christ, and said:

"By the wounds of Jesus Christ, I will tell the simple and whole truth."

He went back to the table. The officials looked at one another. It was clear that the very bigoted fishermen would never take such an oath to Christ, if they intended to conceal the truth.

Francesco told his story from the beginning. At first dispassionately, then, when he spoke of his love for Emilia, in a low voice and breathing heavily. He grew fiery when he related how Emilia had refused to see him. How he had watched day and night for an opportunity to speak to her. How he had beaten and stabbed her on the night when she came from the school-teacher. The officials listened attentively. Francesco went on with his story. How the woman detective, Elena, had questioned him over and over again. How she had fetched him on the terrible day when he was just going out fishing. How she had told him that Emilia's lover would visit her the following night, and that he would have an opportunity of revenging himself on his rival. With hesitating voice the young fisherman told of the happenings in Emilia's bedroom. How he had burst in and belaboured her with his fists. He made a short pause and did not continue until he was questioned by an official. With lowered eyes he related what had then happened and how he had been enticed into the bed by Elena. He described also the scene when Emilia's mother came into the room and the old woman's struggle with Elena.

"When I and the woman detective left the room, the old woman was sitting on the floor by the bed, her back leaning against the wall and breathing heavily. She called out words of abuse after us." The detectives listened attentively. "It is impossible that Emilia's face can have been scratched, for I know for certain that I struck her in the face with my clenched fist. Perhaps the skin may have been broken. But just look at the face of the woman agent. You can still see the fresh marks of the scratches made by the old woman's hands."

Francesco was silent. After a while he continued. He related how with the help of the dog they had found Emilia's tracks and followed them, how he had fought with Mader and had fallen into the sea. "Emilia had disappeared long before that, since her mother had searched everywhere in vain and had at last come into the room in which I lay in bed with the woman. It is out of the question

that Emilia had anything to do with the death of her mother."

The picture had become a different one. Francesco also reported the endeavours of Elena to induce him to make a different statement and about Elena's three colleagues who had listened in the next room and who had written everything down.

Elena could not be found. She had hastily left the village an hour ago in a car in the direction of Spotorno. The short-hand reports of the three detectives who had been suspended from service confirmed all Francesco's statements. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Elena. The body of the old woman was exhumed three days later, and the police doctors from Genoa dissected the body which was already in a high state of decomposition, and came to the conclusion that no marks could be found of any violent death. The cause of death was paralysis of the heart in consequence of excitement. The Savona police doctor lost his office after the clearing up of the facts. The young doctor who had diagnosed the cause of death as murder was much offended when his attention was drawn to his unheard-of blunder. He made up his mind to be more cautious in future. He was still convinced of the correctness of his diagnosis: "Oh, well," he said privately to his friend the notary Capra. "The woman is said to have a liaison with a duke, so such an affair is hushed up. The devil take these hogs of aristocrats."

Father Giovanni fought with extreme perseverance for his theory that Emilia was the murderess. The facts spoke against him, and when the result of the examination of the corpse, that there was no question of murder, became known to the public, the man whose office it was to preach love to men persisted that Emilia if not directly was nevertheless indirectly the cause of her mother's death. The following Sunday he let loose upon the inhabitants of the village a veritable Philippic from the pulpit.

Elena had escaped across the French frontier. The authorities were not eager for the arrest of the woman agent. Also the crime of "incitement to perjury" was not a serious one, and, besides this, they did not want to quarrel with the woman's influential patrons, and there were many of them, who had enjoyed her favours.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FOUR

IN cave 2, round the four solitary crosses of the comrades who had been buried there, stood the officers and men of the Submarine City. They had to take final leave. Leave of the cave city and of their four comrades. The five women were also present. Mader had just finished his address. For the first time the five women heard the immortal song, "*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*". The voices swelled mightily and rose to the roof of the cave. The words were moving. Four German heroes lay there, and perhaps never again will a human footstep approach their burial place, but in the hearts of all these men, as long as they live, the remembrance will never fade of these comrades who had never again seen the light of day, or looked at the sunshine. The four heroes' graves were a monument to German faithfulness.

The hearts of all those present were ready to burst. In thought they saw before them the four departed who had left their lives here. The smith stood with bowed head during the whole ceremony. Tears ran down both his cheeks. He repented deeply his great fault—his guilt in connection with the death of the young midshipman. He would do penance for the whole of his life—penance. If only by his atonement he could have awakened the young man to life again. Loaded with a heavy guilt he left the Submarine City. As long as he lived, the image of this gravestone would never depart from his mind.

Mader bade the five women step aside. Then the old German word of command was heard. Officers and men stood rigidly to attention in the ranks. With firm step they defiled past the burial ground. A salute was fired over the graves. A small electric bulb hung over each gravestone. Rinseler connected the batteries and the little lamps were lighted. If the bulbs lasted, the batteries would give current for six months. For the next half-year four golden lights, small sparks, would burn in the dark cave as memorials of good and faithful comradeship.

In cave 1, the celebrated Lake Cave, whose huge dimensions had made it possible to achieve such great things, the final division of the men between the three U.-boats was made. Then all assembled again in front of the U.-*Vaterland*, the giant submarine. A last command was given. Then there

resounded through the cave and rang loud and clear below enemy ground :

*"Deutschland, Deutschland
Ueber alles,
Ueber alles in der Welt !"*

The song rose clearly and loftily to the roof of the cave. The floating aerials were again examined and tried, and then the crews and the four women went on board the U. 10 and the U. 1000. The hatches of the two boats were closed. Mader still stood with Held on the deck of the U.-*Vaterland*. A small searchlight shone on to the passage to cave 2. It lay heavy on his heart, that he had taken the burden on his shoulders and had deprived the world for many years of a large number of men for whom it was now his duty to provide a happy future.

When several hours ago the remains of the old U.-boats, the trolley line and many useless and unnecessary things had been sunk in the Lake Cave, Mader took this for a symbol. Old Germany with its faults has disappeared for ever into the depths. Here he was standing on the U.-*Vaterland*, which was going out into the world as a symbol of the coming new German Empire which will gain its rightful position.

Mader was the last to step through the hatch. The searchlight was taken on board and the lights in the Submarine City went out with the exception of the four little lamps over the graves. There was deathly silence. Impenetrable darkness. Mader stood in the upper control-room and spoke by wireless with the commanders of the other two U.-boats. The captain pressed the switch for the diving lever. In the engine-room the motors hummed. Slowly the ballast tanks filled on both sides of the boat. The U.-*Vaterland* left the Submarine City for the last time. The U. 10 and the U. 1000 followed at short intervals.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIVE

A MINE-FIELD had been laid from Albenga nearly as far as Genoa. The mine-layers had been at work day and night. A new kind of mine was employed here for the first time between others of the old system. It was called the

"diving-mine". This is a mine which is attached to a gas-filled container that keeps turning in ball bearings. At every revolution above water the gas comes into action. A container opens at each turn and fills itself with water. When the vessel is full, the mine sinks to a depth of a hundred feet. By turning under the water, another valve is set in operation by the continually revolving gas, and the gas pushes the water out of the container again in order to empty itself automatically into the vessel. Thus the mine is raised to the surface of the water. This "diving-mine" was specially designed for U.-boat warfare. Owing to this continual sinking and rising in the water it was absolutely deadly for U.-boats to pass through such a minefield when the mines were thickly sown, for the mines do not sink uniformly. They are always in motion. If a U.-boat strikes against one, the mine, which explodes at a slight contact, tears a large hole in the body of the ship. There is no possibility of U.-boats penetrating into a harbour which is surrounded by mines of this kind. The U.-boat would infallibly be destroyed.

These diving-mines were thickly sown in the area already mentioned and were intended to render it impossible for the pirates to escape. Besides this the sea was blocked by a large flotilla of small war vessels, large cruisers, battleships and U.-boats. A large number of these vessels were fitted with the latest devices for listening under water. These listeners received all noises under water and transmitted them by powerful amplifiers to the ear of the wireless operator.

It was dawn when the U.-*Vaterland* came out of the cave tunnel into the open sea. Mader supposed that a look-out would be kept, but he did not think of a great assembly of war vessels.

The U.-*Vaterland* proceeded very slowly as had been agreed. They communicated with one another continually. Mader kept the U.-*Vaterland* sufficiently high for its periscope to be above the water. It was the night periscope, by which they could see a long way even when it was fairly dark. In the eyepiece they could recognize the rays of the searchlights from the little island and from three or four ships in front of it. Ulitz, who had come to the surface with the U. 10, announced that mines were dancing on the water not far from the island. Mader could now see them from his boat too. Immediately the order was given to switch on the searchlight with the parabolic mirror and quartz lenses. The lights shone faintly. The inventors had overlooked something here.

The searchlights had always been tested in the black darkness of night in the water of the Lake Cave but never in a light sea at dawn. The rays of the many lamps on the three boats did not illuminate only under water, but strongly lighted up the surface of the sea and penetrated the waves with a bluish-white light.

An airman observed the mysterious sheen and wirelessly the news to the flagship where it had likewise been observed, as also on some other vessels. A wireless message came from the little island about the light on the surface of the sea.

The batteries stationed on the hills above the high road on the plateau also observed three patches of light spreading out on the surface of the water. They were only waiting for the orders of the admiral on the flagship. The Italian U.-boats were cruising off the island, still in ignorance that the "enemy" was in the neighbourhood. Then there came from the flagship a wireless message that the U.-boats were to retire. The admiral first wanted to wait for the success of the diving-mines. The wireless operators in the U.-*Vaterland*, the U. 10 and the U. 1000 picked up the wireless messages, but could not decipher them as the code was naturally unknown to them. Mader received the news from his wireless operator by telephone. He gave the order for the partial emptying of the tanks. The U.-*Vaterland* rose in order to bring its periscope above the surface of the water. In the eye-piece he saw the "hostile" measures. Immediately he submerged. The other two boats were informed. The diving-mines swayed and were visibly pushed out of position, but did not explode. From every direction the periscope had been noticed and also the curious oscillations of the mines. The land batteries received the order to fire. Likewise the destroyers in the first line were to open rapid fire with their small guns on the neighbourhood of the periscope (which had already disappeared). No. 1 battery on the "Cisterna" hill was ready to fire, the gunner standing at the lever. The gun was aimed. The command rang out; the gunner pulled the lever . . . but the shot did not go off. The captain swore. In the meantime the same thing happened with Nos. 2, 3 and 4 batteries. In the flagship they were astonished that the artillery on the hill did not open fire. They expected it now from the destroyers. There too nothing happened. At first they were just as much startled on the destroyers as at the land batteries. All the gunners were occupied in examining

the guns and shells. The officers roared and the non-commissioned officers yelled. Again and again shot after shot was tried. No report! No shot! The Colonel commanding the Artillery Regiment wirelessed that not a gun was functioning. The commander of the destroyer flotilla swore exactly as did his comrade of the land artillery. Not a shot goes off. Two identical wireless messages from the commanders of the coast and destroyer flotilla arrive on the flagship. They are quite in despair; they are confronted with an unknown fact, a phenomenon, a mystery. The airmen receive the order to cover the whole neighbourhood with bombs. In order to be more sure of their aim the aeroplanes descend to a level of three hundred feet. Two squadrons each consisting of eight large bombing aeroplanes deliver the attack. The bombs fall in quick succession and cover a wide field. They strike the water with great force. No explosion ensues. Some of the bombs, as is observed through glasses, fall on diving-mines. No explosion. The confusion of the attacking party increases. There is something uncanny about it.

On the flagship the admiral in impotent rage bites his lips until they are sore. In the U.-*Vaterland* objects are observed to drop on to the boat and slide along the walls. Mader gives orders to go deeper and to draw the floating aerial under the surface of the water in order not to lose the telephonic connection. The Italian U.-boats receive orders to fire torpedoes in the direction where they suppose the enemy to be. The ignition fails. No shot, no explosion. The battleships join in with the same negative result. The admiral knows now that the "enemy" possesses some new means of making guns useless. Superstitious fear takes hold of the crews. One man whispers: "*La battaglia verso il diavolo*" (the battle with the devil). It passes from mouth to mouth. A young naval lieutenant has the first good idea.

"I wonder whether the new invention has an effect at a greater distance?"

The question is at once put tactfully to the commander-in-chief.

"Of course not," the admiral snaps. "I was just going to give the battleships the order to retire to a distance of six miles."

Such a thing has not occurred to the admiral; he has thought nothing at all, but the august personage must not accept any suggestion from an inferior in rank. The two battleships move away to the south-east in accordance with

the order of their chief. Both commanders swear. How can one shoot without a target when no range is given? To fire projectiles so near the coast meant a catastrophe. On all the ships, on the island, and on land a second phenomenon attracted attention. Far away from the place where the pirate U.-boats were supposed to be, thick black clouds of smoke arose suddenly from the sea. This screen of smoke kept increasing in size. At first it stood ten, then fifteen, then thirty feet high, and finally rose to a hundred feet. It was a thick black curtain, which lay on the same spot on the waves over three hundred feet in length and a hundred feet in height above the surface of the water. Now the destroyers received orders to proceed to the place where the smoke was and to ram the U.-boats which were moving or hiding there. In this case also the commanders swore at the old man. It is taken for granted that the boats will remain till we get there. Then—perhaps the smoke is poisonous. We are no rats to be sent into a place unprovided with gas masks. Off! in God's name! In the meantime the battleships had arrived at the six-mile firing position. A whole broadside was loaded. The gunners who sighted took the cloud of smoke as their objective. The torpedo-boats steamed courageously through the clouds of smoke. Everyone on the boats began to sneeze. The biting smoke remained in the nose and palate; it was sticky and irritated the mucous membrane. Officers and men swore. Nothing was to be seen of the "opponent". He remained invisible. Nothing was rammed either.

Then a distant report shook the air. "Ah!" On all sides they breathed freely—but what was that? The shells burst in mid-air and scattered a rain of iron and steel over the ships and the sea. The flagship got most. An exploding piece tore the aerial. The admiral swore like a trooper. The commanders of the battleships, glad to hear the reports, fired off one salvo after another. Since no order came to cease fire they went on shooting merrily. At last the aerial was repaired, but in the meantime all the ships had taken refuge out of reach of the bursting fragments, since a number of men had already been more or less severely injured. The order was issued to the two battleships to cease their foolish firing. Meanwhile under the water the three U.-boats had got out of reach of the hostile fleet and artillery.

By means of the newly-constructed submarine membranes the firing had been heard in the U.-*Vaterland* and also in the other boats. Mader gave orders to loosen the floating aerals

and to let them rise to the surface. It was necessary to be able to communicate with one another. One thing was certain. They were safe against shots of all kinds. It was only a matter of deceiving the opponent who in this case was really their persecutor so that he should not damage one of the boats.

The quartz lense rays acting up to 6,000 yards, and the invention for making shells burst in the middle of their flight by means of electro-magnetic rays, had proved their efficiency best. For when all the attacking ships had had their eyes directed to the curtain of smoke, Mader, on the U.-*Vaterland* at a distance of two miles, had come so near the surface that the silvery aerial by the hatchway had shown above the water. They then sent out the electro-magnetic high-power cross-rays causing the shots from the battleships to burst in the air. The latter invention had only been suggested by the success of the quartz lense rays and had been invented by the electrician Wilhelm Brandt of Bremen, a quiet, silent and exact workman. The electro-magnetic high-power cross-rays in conjunction with the rays from the quartz lenses made war on the old lines impossible. Every gun within a range of six miles, whether under or above water, was made useless, since the charge of the shell becomes ineffective. The electro-magnetic high-power cross-rays made the shells burst a long way from their objective. The possibility existed of improving and developing both inventions, but space in the Submarine City had been too restricted for more extensive experiments. In Nuova Germanica, experiments with all these inventions were to be continued. For when, some day, the Fatherland called them, they did not want to return with empty hands. A return was not possible yet. Untold difficulties would arise for the homeland. She would be reproached with having broken the Treaty of Versailles, new sanctions would be imposed upon her, and her people would be exposed to all the chicanery of French megalomania.

The hostile fleet kept attempting to overcome their invisible opponent. Vessels of war lying off Sardinia and Porto Maurizio were to sail immediately and patrol the neighbourhood. Further squadrons of aircraft were ordered to search the sea incessantly. Long wireless messages went to Rome. Once again the three U.-boats emitted clouds of black smoke. At an agreed command of Mader's, the three boats grouped themselves together and fired the smoke

cartridges from guns with a range of 3,000 yards back along the path by which they had come. They were already south of Porto Maurizio. The attack upon the smoke-screen began at once. The admiral had made up his mind to catch or annihilate the pirates. He would stake his existence on solving this problem. The whole flotilla of torpedo boats passed through the smoke curtain in every direction. Nothing could be discovered, not the veriest atom of a U.-boat.

The battleships had been ordered back again and were firing like mad. The destroyers too fired at 4,500 yards range. The U.-boats at 4,000 yards. The aeroplanes had risen to ten thousand feet, and were dropping bombs. All the bombs burst in the air and the torpedoes in the water. A hail of fragments rattled into the sea. It was lucky that the bombs from the aircraft burst in the air, otherwise some of the destroyers would infallibly have been sunk, as everyone was firing wildly and in the utmost confusion, and the destroyers could not be seen by the aeroplanes in the clouds of smoke. A number of the crews were wounded, some of them severely. Reinforcements were on the way from Spezzia, Leghorn, Chiavari and Genoa. The British Mediterranean fleet was notified by the Italian Government that German U.-boats with new destructive war-like inventions were cruising in the Mediterranean. The French fleet at Toulon was likewise informed. Then a wireless message from the pirates reached the flagship. The Italian naval and military forces were invited to suspend their hostile action. The pirates were so bold as to wireless that they were not guilty of any crime that justified such a procedure on the part of the Italian government. If the hostilities which, by the way, were completely futile, did not immediately cease, the capitano would be compelled to come up close to the ships and to explode the ammunition on board them by means of his newly-invented rays. One might anticipate what would be the consequences for the crews and the ships. There was only one answer that the admiral could make in reply to such unheard-of insolence: to press the attack more strongly. A diving-mine that had been loosened was threatening danger to a destroyer. The commander from the bridge saw the mine coming towards him, but it was too late to avoid it. The mine tore a great hole in the port side, and other destroyers had to hasten to its aid in order to save the crew. The damaged boat sank in a short time. Again the attacks

were without any result. The places where the U.-boats were supposed to be were attacked by much superior forces. Nothing was any use. The admiral was beside himself. Then a fresh wireless message from Mader reached the flagship: firing must cease immediately, otherwise the flagship would sink within an hour. Thereupon the admiral suspended the attack and sent a yard long wireless message to Rome.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIX

THE Council of Ministers at Rome was sitting in permanence. Wireless messages a mile long went to the allies, and shorter ones to the neutrals. Germany's flagrant breach of the Peace Treaty was skilfully communicated to the Press. In Paris, Rome, London and all the larger cities of the world the rotary machines of the newspaper presses worked at high pressure. Newspaper boys and women rushed through the streets with special editions. "Treacherous Conduct of Germany", "Breach of the Treaty of Versailles", "Civilization brought to an end by Germany", "German U.-boats in the Mediterranean", "Sinking of a large part of the Italian Fleet", "Germany starts a New War", "Gruesome Successes of New German Inventions", "The End of Shells and Explosives", "Not a Shot in War", "German Invention which prevents Shells being Fired", "Two Thousand killed by a Terrible German Black Gas". These and similar cries were shouted by the newsboys until they became hoarse. The papers were torn out of people's hands. Editions had to be multiplied indefinitely.

The world was out of joint. These vile Germans! They had begged and chattered. For years past they had in a perfidious manner evaded their obligations and had spoken of complete disarmament. Peace was broken. Recently distrust had been shown of the French. Now one could see how right the representatives of the "Grande Nation" had been. Such were the comments of the newspapers. The *Daily Mail* brought out again the word "Huns", and in

Paris as well as in the provinces the beautiful word "Boches" was refurnished and put into the Press. The neutrals shook their heads. Was it possible? Could the Germans be such an insidious people? People had been quite favourably inclined towards them. Now the neutrals were again doubtful. The allied ministers did not change their official attitude. The Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street had, as in 1914, become the playground of contract hunters. Tokio and Washington were compelled to bury the hatchet and forget their differences about immigration.

In Berlin the representatives of the allied governments made representations. The French ambassador spoke of a march into Germany and the occupation of the capital. The British ambassador held out the prospect of an occupation of Bremen, Hamburg, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, as well as the blockade of the rest of the German coast. The little corpse robbers in the East trembled for fear lest their well-deserved retribution were on the way. They received orders for partial mobilization. The Czechs had even crossed the frontier at some places, and in the neighbourhood of Eger serious conflicts had already arisen with German frontier guards. Fears arose in Prague and Warsaw as well as in Bucharest and Belgrade. It was the devil! If these damned Germans had really made such an invention, then all the mobilization was useless; then one was exposed without defence against their small number of weapons, for nothing could be done with one's own guns, rifles, mines and bombs.

Wailing and gnashing of teeth was rife among all the little thieves. The Czechs moved all their German-speaking regiments into the interior of the country. Slovakia made preparations for declaring her autonomy under the German protectorate for which she intended to work. The Croats openly mutinied against the Yugo-Slav government in Belgrade. Everywhere people lost their heads. Everywhere chaos. The worst shock was felt by the exchanges. At first people had tried to laugh at the great "canard", but still only tried. They were by no means certain about the matter. Then there came the great crash. The worst crash which the stock exchanges had ever known. The shares of the great munition and armament factories fell from minute to minute. The exchanges lost their heads. There were crashes in every corner of the world. Small banks and large banks saw their end in sight. Economic chaos followed political chaos.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SEVEN

IN the Wilhelmstrasse they were at first dumbfounded by the course of events. What had happened? What were these U.-boats in the Mediterranean which were turning the world upside down? Who had built them? Nothing was known of them in German harbours. Everyone was in complete darkness. The ships undoubtedly existed. But what had Germany to do with it? The few officers and men who understood the matter were silent as the grave. When two comrades who knew about the secret met each other they smiled meaningly, but never spoke a word.

German energy never dies out. If it is hemmed in in its own country, it will never allow itself to be suppressed. The ministers in the Wilhelmstrasse had been in consultation the whole night. In the early morning notes accompanied by an official *communiqué*, were handed to the representatives of the nations who had made representations. The *communiqué* was intended for publication. It said that the Government knew nothing of the adventurers in the Mediterranean. The German Government declined any responsibility for the extravagances of private individuals. It was certain that the U.-boats in question had not been built in Germany, nor had their parts. Germany had delivered up all U.-boats at the prescribed time, and dismantled those that were being built. The German Government, as it again emphasized, declined all responsibility as it had no relations with the adventurers.

In the streets of Berlin and other towns appeals from the Government appeared on the hoardings, calling upon the population to keep calm, and warning them at the same time not to be led away by agitators or agents-provocateurs into rashness or acts of aggression. The police were kept in readiness and also the military garrisons.

The stock exchanges of Berlin, Frankfort and, above all, Munich had a black day. If it was not the armament firms it was the wide-awake stock jobbers who exploited the opportunity. Failure after failure will be the consequence. Bankruptcy everywhere. The French generals demanded to be allowed to march immediately. In the Chamber members called out "War!" In the Senate "War" was demanded. The newspapers on the boulevards vied with one another

in filthy abuse of Germany and the Germans. The *Matin*, *Figaro*, and *Temps* were agreed that it was time to give Germany the rest of what was due to her.

"This country" [the *Temps* wrote], "this breeding place of all baseness, this plague spot on the body of the world, this 'Deutsche Reich' has lost every right to existence. The nations of the world must agree to make this land of criminals disappear from the map. From North and South, from East and West they must penetrate into this land of 'criminals against the universe' and annihilate this people root and branch, and must smoke out this wasps' nest of disturbers of the peace."

Hatred and venom were spat out in streams. The "Grand Comité des Forges", the smiths of the world, the French owners of mines and iron foundries, the munition and armament factories to whose insidious agitation the occupation of the Rhine and Ruhr was due, whose appetite kept increasing with eating, whose eyes were directed to the mines and corporations in the west, who wanted to swallow up the whole of the coal and iron industry, who stretched out their greedy claws towards the unattainable chemical industry, the great dye works, these hyenas, these criminals were now all the more eagerly at work. Their very existence would be at an end if this news was true. If gun, rifle, mine, bomb and torpedo had lost their power as weapons of war. The bankruptcy of these veritable disturbers of the peace, these real wire-pullers of war, these dictators of Chamber and Senate was inevitable. These men whose influence on the Press was extraordinarily powerful, who led the whole French people according to their will, were confronted with a fact which revealed all the lies with which they had hitherto deceived the public. Now it became gradually clear to the people that it was not the interests of the nation, but the interests of the small group of the wielders of power that had counted for years. All the prime ministers and ministers had been willing tools of these millionaires and in most instances not from disinterested motives. All or many of them had thought of their own pockets and had given free play to the arrogance of the victor. This knowledge came slowly to the people, but it came, and it only required the right breeze to blow the spark into a mighty flame which would burn and destroy everything.

In England the affair was regarded in a milder light, that is to say more soberly. The English people did not want to be woken up again out of its indolence, although a certain part of the Press told most colossal lies about the Mediterranean affair in general and the situation in particular. A leading newspaper shouted in its evening extra edition :

“THE HUNS AND THE DOWNFALL OF CIVILIZATION !

“Through the patience of our diplomats, through the short-sightedness of our politicians, it has become easy for the Huns to cast off the shackles which in reality were only a thin thread. Now the blood-thirsty beasts will take cruel vengeance. Why does no dictator arise for us ? When will our people at last awake from its lethargy ? When will it understand that a football match between Islington and Cricklewood is of less importance than the salvation of our nation, the safety of our country ? This nation of murderers will shortly fall upon our island and then the world will experience a bloodier drama than was ever witnessed in the most horrible times before Christ. England, Great Britain, wake up before it is too late !”

CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHT

WHILST these things were putting the world out of joint, the three U.-boats, the U.-*Vaterland*, the U. 10, and the U. 1000 passed along the coast of Corsica. Mader had decided, in agreement with the other officers, to avoid every occasion for further warlike attack on the part of the Italians, or of any other State. It was on the second day shortly before twilight when Mader came to the surface with the U.-*Vaterland*. The horizon to the west of the boats was clear. No vessel was in sight. At once the other two U.-boats were told by telephone that they were to rise. Shortly afterwards the U. 1000 appeared above the surface at some distance. To the west of it the U. 10. The boats had tuned their listening membranes according to a scale, by means of which the distance at which they lay from one another could be

exactly read off according to the sound. In this way they avoided ramming or losing one another. The listening membranes were under continuous control; also wireless messages were sent from boat to boat every fifteen minutes. Thus a separation of the boats was impossible.

East of the U-boats lay the bare and lofty mountains of the island of Corsica. The air was clear and visibility good, and in the light of the setting sun one could see Monte Renoso, a mountain about 7,000 feet high, which is situated far in the interior of the island. The bare heights had an imposing effect. The lights from Cap Muro, from the Gulf of Valinco, and to the south of it the great lighthouse of Cap Zivio, flashed up successively. The lighthouses themselves could only be recognized through powerful glasses.

The women in the U. 10 had wisely not been told of the fight, but a heedless word of Rinseler's told them of the bombardment. They fell into a state of great excitement. The condition in which the young women were made the situation worse. Dr. Katzberg was called. Marietta lay in the throes of childbirth. Linda and the doctor's assistant kept in readiness. After six hours' labour the young woman gave birth to a pretty blonde girl. The baby was already nine hours old when the boat rose. The husband strutted about with proudly-swelling breast. The news had been wirelessly to Mader. Now the three boats lay still on the gently rising and falling waves. The women were allowed for the first time to breathe the salt sea air on a U-boat. Linda came up last, since she had promised the anxious Marietta to report to her immediately what the capitano had said. Whether he was angry because Marietta had caused such trouble. Emilia was to come, too. Mader carried Emilia on deck, since her foot was not yet quite healed. The women exchanged greetings from boat to boat. Mader rowed with two men in the small boat to the U. 10. Linda led him immediately to Marietta. The young mother was radiant with pride when he stepped into her cabin. He bent over the rosy face of the new-born lady, who pressed her little clenched fists firmly to her chin.

"Capitano! Prego! Un bacio a mia figlia per fortuna!"

Mader bent down lower and kissed the baby on its forehead, then he turned to the mother and gave her a kiss on the mouth. Marietta was radiant. Dr. Katzberg turned the captain and the rest of the company out of the cabin. A woman who has given birth to a baby only ten hours ago

requires rest. Linda served up on deck the news that the capitano had kissed the "bambino" and the mother. The women laughed and teased the happy father. Mader inspected the boat.

The new inventions had stood the test splendidly, especially the navigational ones. With the funnel turbines on both sides of the boat an approach had been made to the "perpetuum mobile". All three boats had behaved splendidly, and the consumption of fuel had been reduced to a minimum. Mader appeared on deck again. The crew, with the exception of those on duty, breathed deeply the refreshing sea air. Everyone was merry and cheerful. There was joking and laughter. Everyone was glad to be alive. While the world had gone topsy-turvy and everywhere preparations were going on to annihilate a people, whilst banks were crashing, industries trembling in fear and anxiety about the future, whilst on all the stock exchanges of the world there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, and suicides were already occurring among ruined speculators and bankers, the three U-boats and their constructors and associates—the cause of all this trouble—were cheerful and in excellent spirits.

Wireless messages of the most contradictory kind had been received, and no one yet knew for certain what had really happened in the last thirty-six hours. They would see that evening whether a clear picture could be constructed out of the wireless messages in the ether of yesterday's events in the Gulf of Genoa and their consequences. If Mader and the others had known that their inventions were to provide a reason for the complete annihilation of Germany, had they had any suspicion that France was already undertaking great movements of troops, that Belgium was marching with them, and that England was preparing its Atlantic fleet for an attack on German harbours, the feeling of cheerfulness on the three boats would have given way to one of unlimited horror. As it was, peace and quiet reigned, and this was of great advantage to all of them.

"She must be called 'Submarina'," the young father begged, "and 'Emilia' as well." Mader agreed. The first child in the world to be born in a submarine. "Submarine", "under water". Was not this a symbol? A fair child with eyes as black as cherries. Begotten of two healthy human beings. People with sound senses. Of pure race on both sides. God grant that the ideal of the men of the future may be developed from this combination.

Returning to the U.-*Vaterland*, Mader ordered a speed-boat to be launched. Ulitz, together with Held and the smith, were to go with it to the little town of Olmeto in the Gulf of Valinco in order to collect news there, and if possible to make purchases of various kinds. The greatest caution was necessary as it was most probable that all the ports in the Mediterranean had been informed of the existence of the U.-boats.

The speed-boat was got ready during the time Mader was on the U. 10; its name was *Cap Testa*, and its home port Santa Teresa, Sardinia. With its speed of 35 knots, the boat would be able to land in two hours and be back by midnight. On the stroke of six the *Cap Testa* glided over the long waves of the swell. The whole crew was assembled on the three decks. To everyone's amusement, Möller appeared with his whole family of dogs and Liesel. The animal-lover was a general favourite. He appreciated human beings after a fashion, but animals appealed to him more. The dogs played about on the deck of the U. 10. Many of them tried to jump into the sea, but were always stopped quickly by Möller's loud call. He had trained his pupils well and they obeyed at once. All this without a whip; only with kindness. Mader had to bring Emilia's little fox terrier on deck. He was far less well-behaved and could only be restrained with some trouble. Peacefully night spread its mantle over the sea. Softly the wind sang its everlasting song.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-NINE

NEVER in history had the Mediterranean been so animated as at this time. Warships everywhere. The passenger and freight steamers on the high seas had all received news by wireless of the presence of the "German U.-boats". The Italian Government alone had offered a million lire as a reward for their capture or annihilation. The boats were described in accordance with the account given earlier by Father Giovanni. According to that, there were eight or ten boats, of which one was of enormous size.

The French industrialists offered a reward of two million

francs, if proof could be furnished that at least one of the boats had been rammed and sunk. Ten million francs were promised to anyone who was able to seize one of the U.-boats and deliver it up to the French Company. The gentlemen were very cunning. If they got one of these boats in good working condition into their hands they would be sure to be in possession of the wonderful invention. The search went on all over the Mediterranean. Time was wasted. Detours were made. An Italian U.-boat was nearly rammed by an over-zealous Yugo-slav merchant ship near the Straits of Messina close to the Capo del Armi. The captain, a thick-headed Slovene, would not believe that the boat was an Italian one. He did not give up the attack until he was threatened with being sunk by gunfire. Perhaps this Slovene had not really been so much on the look-out for the U.-boats that were being pursued. Perhaps he wished to score a point off his dear Italian neighbour who was so highly esteemed in Yugo-slavia.

The Mediterranean was blocked. One could not ignore the possibility that the boats might be captured. Outside the Dardanelles there lay a large fleet of British warships. It was feared that the Germans might perhaps succeed in getting through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, and so reach the Russians. If the Bolsheviks got hold of the inventions their dream of world revolution would be near fulfilment. They would overrun Poland, put Czecho-Slovakia out of action, and, in combination with the German Communists, cross Germany to the West and South, overrun France and take vengeance for all their humiliations.

The Dardanelles were blocked. The Yugo-slav Navy was commissioned to cruise about the Ionian Sea. The Turks protested emphatically against England's breach of Treaty. Notes flew in all directions. England quietly let the exchange of Notes go on, but in the meantime kept the ships at the Dardanelles. The Turks had declined decisively to take part in this chase to which they had been invited by the Allied Powers. They did not conceal their opinion and declared the whole contents of the reports to be exaggerated, if not mere inventions. At the Suez Canal measures had been taken for catching the "enemy". Great French, British and Italian armed forces were collected there. There was an intense activity at sea such as had never been seen before and never would be again. The cursed Germans! Gibraltar,

the rock fortress in British hands, had its eyes wide open. "The damned Germans" would never get past, John Bull was too clever for that. Spain had, like Turkey, declined to take part in the "action". The *Berner Tagwacht* wrote :

"The people of Nüremberg hang no one before they have caught him."

CHAPTER NINETY

SINCE the publication of the news, the chemical experimental laboratories of the Entente countries were closed to all except the physicists and chemists working in them. Secret experiments were made. Day and night the work went on. Everyone was absolutely determined to discover the new German secrets. What was the nature of the waves or rays which were able to make shells useless, to prevent them exploding? The explosion which was produced by the gases generated by the charge was probably prevented because the secret rays caused the dissolution of the substance in the explosive. In Italy the shells that had been made useless had been most carefully analysed. A mixture of quicksilver gave the impression of sour milk. Many of the shells which had been stored in the magazines or on deck had had their explosives decomposed and had become useless.

One could tell beforehand how far-reaching the consequences of the invention would be for the whole world. The German Reich would be immune from attack. All the armies, and all the navies of the world were powerless and defenceless against it. All guns, trench-mortars, shells, rifles—in fact all missiles which depended on detonation had the value of scrap-iron, or had become objects for exhibition in museums. Hopes of attack and victory became mere illusions. The German Reich had only to place its inventions on the frontiers, on the coasts and in the interior, for all armies in the world with their weapons to become powerless, since only the German rifles, the German guns and the German mines and bombs would explode. It was only

necessary to bring the wave or ray apparatus behind the firing zone of the guns, and the power of the German Reich could not be broken.

This and similar things the militarists knew best, and it was impressed emphatically on the politicians how quickly they must act, how rapidly they must make up their minds. The chemists and physicists could not be in a position to make new inventions in so short a time, to construct apparatus which would be able to counteract the power of the waves.

The German ambassadors and ministers were everywhere occupied in handing in replies. The German Government again asserted that they knew nothing of the submarines, neither did they know how they were constructed nor how they were manned, nor about the alleged new inventions of the mysterious fleet. The U.-boats had not been built in Germany, nor had they touched at or left any German ports. The German Government protested emphatically against the reprisals which had been pressed for in certain quarters on account of this mysterious business of which Germany knew absolutely nothing. It must first be proved that the German Reich could be identified with the events in the Mediterranean. It was and remained open to any mixed commission to make their investigations in German ports or in the Reich. The Government of the German Reich declined every responsibility for the agitation against Germany in the countries of the Entente and would not allow the country to be humiliated again. The Hague court should be appealed to. The League of Nations had in its incompleteness and partiality no right to intervene in the matter.

The British ministers were decidedly opposed to military action on the part of France and Belgium. The British fleet had nothing to look for in German ports. The weak policy of former ministers, which had always yielded to the revengeful plans of the French on account of some trifling colonial interest, could no longer be pursued. One must not give credit to every outcry on the part of the French. One had so often been deceived and affronted by the Allies. So there must first be proofs that the U.-boats had been built or equipped by Germany. It seemed much more likely that it was a case of a secret band of people who in some way had come into possession of some U.-boats. The possibility could no longer be disregarded that at the disarmament of Germany some hot-headed officers had taken refuge some-

where on a remote island with the U-boats under their command and had kept them hidden; but it was to be doubted very much whether the German Government was in collusion with these people, since Germany would thereby make herself liable to be placed under forcible supervision.

The U.S.A. took up the same attitude. Nothing must be done in a hurry. Wait and see. People seemed slowly to come to their senses. In Belgium also doubts were raised as to the propriety of new military adventures. They had had enough of adventures in the Ruhr. There was, however, a division of opinion in the Ministry which had to be adjusted.

CHAPTER NINETY-ONE

MADER was shocked when he received from Ulitz the newspapers and other news which the latter had brought with him from Olmeto. He was quite staggered. Was it within the bounds of possibility that the appearance of the three U-boats could have caused such an upset throughout the world? Could people not realize that it was impossible for Germany to commit such an action? Would Germany be so stupid as to attack Italy first, if she were really in a position to defend herself against her tormentors? Was the whole world blind? It was dreadful.

France wanted to march. The cry "*à Berlin ! à Berlin !*" sounded as in the year 1870. March at once with all available forces before it was possible for the "sales Boches" to exploit their invention. Now it could be observed for the first time that opposing currents made themselves felt among the French people. Voices were heard which openly advised moderation. The militarists had wrought so much ruin that at last a stop must be made. There were other roads possible. The Chauvinistic newspapers cried: "Fire and sword!" How dared they attack the glorious French Army, and cast doubts on the infallibility of the generals? Why were these defeatists still not strung up? Listen to England? That would be a mistake. They had had such disagreeable

experiences with England lately. Why the devil did they not bring in the censorship? Why did they let these traitors to the country write and print what they liked? To the lamp-post with the traitors! Germany must pay. It was the commencement of the death cries of these senile expiring creatures. It was no use. At last the spark must really begin to glow.

In the Chamber there were blows and tumultuous scenes such as had not been known even in the old Austrian Parliament. The deputies hurled not only insults, but also more solid objects at one another. They let their very lively dispositions have free play. But there was one good result from this. The intended partial mobilization of five classes was not carried out. All military action was postponed for the present. The Paris business men and hotel-keepers had protested loudly against the new cry for war. The German travellers had fled from Paris in crowds. The great stores: "Galerie Lafayette", "Printemps", "Louvre", "Au Bonheur des Dames", and the managers of all places of amusement deprecated decidedly this new great injury to business. A great paper wrote:

"Is there no country, no new part of the earth where our fire-eaters can let off steam? It seems as if we had allowed these people too much freedom. It is time effectively to curtail the rights of these blind raging militarists. Let the cobbler stick to his last! Let the marshals and generals remain as executive organs, but let them keep off politics."

The troops did not march, but the window-panes of the *Œuvre* were smashed. However a postponement is not a settlement. Japan also disappointed the French. As a second Kiaochow was not to be had, Tokio announced its disinterestedness in the matter.

CHAPTER NINETY-TWO

MADER saw that he must do something to exculpate the Fatherland. The greatest caution was necessary. It must be managed diplomatically. He consulted the other officers, none of whom were diplomatists. They decided to touch at a larger town in order to obtain exact news. The other papers which Ulitz had got in Olmeto only gave scanty information since they were only provincial papers from Sardinia. The larger Italian papers would only arrive from the mainland some days later. The news that Ulitz and Held had heard in cafés and among the people was exaggerated and grotesque. The people imagined and spread news which was magnified in passing from mouth to mouth and grew to unheard-of dimensions. At the Town Hall a bulletin was stuck up. By the light of his small pocket lamp Held read the dispatch that France was resolved to march into the heart of Germany.

Ulitz and Held purchased whatever they could get. No one in the bay had objected to their entrance. They said that they were engaged in a holiday trip along the coast. This was believed without question. They brought their purchases piecemeal into the boat. They must on no account attract attention. They went on with their shopping until late at night. Some of the business people smiled knowingly. "Aha! the gentlemen are provisioning themselves well." They winked meaningly. "We know everybody is trying for the U.-boats, aha! but the Germans are much too cunning. Well, perhaps the gentlemen will be lucky and catch the Germans."

Ulitz winked at the man; he understood. Then putting his finger to his mouth, he looked at the man with wide open eyes. In another place Ulitz and Held were warned. Caution was necessary. These Germans on the U.-boats were on the chase after men. They sold their captives in Africa. They were specially on the track of women. In Piedmont they had stolen over a hundred girls. They took their haul to India and China. The mysterious boats were floating brothels. The good Corsican dealer smacked his lips. Good Lord! he would like to join as a pirate, or at least to pay a visit to the brothel U.-boat.

Ulitz was obliged to laugh, in spite of everything. How

curiously the imagination worked ! Always leading to dirty things. Before they left Orveto harbour a policeman impressed upon them to be sure and keep their eyes open. One never knows ! A hundred million lire reward ! Everyone added a larger or smaller sum to the one which had really been offered. In the provincial papers there was news from the most various ports. A large number of incoming ships announced that they had seen the U.-boats. Some said they had seen ten, and others only six, and a Venetian merchant captain reported having seen as many as twenty-five U.-boats. When his statement was doubted he became angry, and declared that he had counted quite correctly. He was still able to see with his two eyes. Five and twenty it was.

CHAPTER NINETY-THREE

MADER's wireless message exploded like a bomb. "The impudence of these bandits is incredible !" cried the French. The crash on the exchanges reached its highest point after the publication of the wireless message. The stocks and shares of armament and munition firms, of army contractors, and of related industries were thrown on the markets in large blocks and at unlimited rates. At first, some strong companies repurchased their stocks at reasonable prices. The banks also speculated in the shares, but they could not hold on in the long run. More and more stuff followed. The international market was flooded with securities which as early as the second day represented only 25 per cent. of their real value. The Paris and London exchanges exhibited a state of panic such as Berlin in its darkest days had not seen. Wall Street closed on the third day.

The ruin grew from hour to hour. Banking houses on the firmest foundations creaked in all their joints. Cases of insolvency occurred daily in ever-increasing numbers. The first suicides of bankers and private persons who had lost all their money were announced in the daily papers. The fall in the armament and munition shares involved the fall of many others. The people had lost confidence and threw

their stocks on the market in masses. A run began even on the savings banks, when a newspaper incautiously commented on the fact that many of these banks were speculating in shares. The authorities had to intervene. The *Crédit Lyonnais* had to pass through anxious hours. Ready money became tight. The franc fell fifty per cent. The governments took measures to stop the collapse, but the fall could not be prevented.

In Warsaw there were great disturbances. There the stock-brokers were pulled out of their motors, out of the stock exchange, and even out of their dwellings and thrashed. With great difficulty the police had rescued a well-known member of the stock exchange and profiteer out of the hands of the mob. The man already had a rope round his neck and he was just being raised up a lamp-post when the police arrived. In Prague, Bucharest, and Belgrade the disturbances reached their highest point when the government appealed for order and threatened forcible measures. There were demonstrations in front of the ministries and parliament houses. The radical newspapers reproached the governments with having encouraged the people to speculate in the shares of the French armament firms and with having directed the people to invest their money in them for the sake of floating loans. These loans were required for the equipment of the army and the money was thus allowed to flow back into France.

Things were at their worst in France. The inflammable material that had been accumulating for a long time was ripe for explosion. It was only a question of days when the chaos would have reached its highest point. They shouted about the new German manoeuvre. The garrisons were held in readiness. Great disturbances were expected. The Chamber sat in permanence. The deputies were insulted and spat upon by the public on entering and leaving the Chamber. The Radicals of the left made use of the situation to stir up the people. Bolshevik agents carried on their work of agitation. The gold rouble circulated. The heads of the "Grand Comité des Forges" forced the ministers and deputies in their pay to energetic measures. But the great economic and political bankruptcy could no longer be prevented. Military bankruptcy was also in progress. The latter they tried by all means to keep secret.

Germany did not remain untouched by the crisis. But it was only a continuation of the healing process that had

already begun. Fraudulent banking undertakings which had arisen in the time after the War and during the inflation began gradually to expire. Many of the bank directors went back again over the frontier where they had entered the country not very long before. A great number of twelve- and fourteen-roomed flats became vacant in the west of Berlin. Villas were for sale in Grunewald and Wannsee. Motors were thrown away dirt cheap. The luxurious establishments for eating and drinking, and the secret and public gambling hells, lost their frequenters. Germany might be thankful to get rid of these plague spots.

Mader's wireless message was reproduced in all newspapers in neutral countries. The newspapers of France, England and America brought out the news later, after the ministers of all these countries had conferred with one another and had exchanged wireless messages. The two leading papers published the telegram first. The message of the men from the Submarine City was made known to the public in extra editions. The headlines were framed according to the views of the paper. Those who called for war and occupation of foreign territory wrote in heavy type at the head of their papers: "The Greatest Insolence in the World!"; "The Submarine Pirates Wireless!"; others: "The New Power!" "Message from the Submarine City!" Each paper had its own opinion.

The wireless message was as follows :

To the Governments of all States !

The Italian Government are publishing what they know to be false news about the submarines which have appeared in the Mediterranean. The following may serve for information :

1. We are a company of men who belong to no existing State.
2. The women who are with us have voluntarily followed their husbands and have been married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.
3. We are not a belligerent power, we are unarmed and are peaceably disposed.
4. We possess means of defence which can prevent any bombardment (as has been proved on the occasion of the Italian attack).
5. We attack nobody, and will not suffer attack ourselves.

6. We have no connection with the German Reich. The latter has had just as little knowledge of our existence as the rest of the world.

7. The statements of Father Giovanni are knowingly false. The Father had during his presence in the Submarine City no opportunity of observing anything, since during his stay he lived in his room under the strictest watch.

8. Our inventions were conceived and completed as a result of experiments spread over many years.

9. The inventions made by us are the property of ourselves alone, and put guns of all calibres out of action. Every attack on us is ineffectual.

10. We are leaving the Submarine City for the time being. It is impossible to find and therefore all search is useless.

The Captain.

It could be seen throughout this message, which was sent out in English, that the captain was neither a diplomatist nor a politician, otherwise he would have expressed his message more skilfully. Other military men who have taken up politics have proved that also, and have thereby discredited themselves for ever. The effect was: the international crash. The League of Nations consulted. The conference of ambassadors met. The individual governments took council. They found themselves confronted with a new situation. They did not know what to do. No provision had been made in the International agreements for such a case. Who could have thought that anything of the kind would arise? Could private persons call submarines their own property? Especially if they are armed? Are rays or waves, capable of keeping off guns, weapons? May a community of men exist who assert that they belong to no state and who endanger the existence of all modern states by their secret inventions? Many more questions were raised and could not be answered satisfactorily. No final decision could be reached. At last the convenient way out was discovered of regarding the pirates, as they were everywhere called, as outside the law. All the great powers were requested to hunt for the U.-boat pirates and to give them no assistance. The League of Nations succeeded after interminable debates in defeating the opposition, and passed the following resolution:

"The submarines are to be captured."

"The crews are to be brought before an International

Court of Law, which will decide whether the men have made themselves liable to punishment."

"The secret inventions for hindering explosion or the firing of guns are immediately to be destroyed without being copied or tested."

As can be seen, it was not the humane point of view which influenced the members of the League of Nations. The A.B.C. states and also other South American states declined to have anything to do with the resolution of the League of Nations. They wanted to wait. If the question arose for them, that is to say, if the U.-boats sought for their protection, it would be time enough to consider the matter then.

CHAPTER NINETY-FOUR

It had been hard for Mader to deny his home country. If he admitted his connection with Germany, no human being would believe that the Fatherland had no part in the matter. And would he be supported at home under the present régime, if it was known that only patriotic feelings had influenced him in all his actions? Was he certain that he would be welcomed by the Fatherland? Was the home country ripe for a new state of things? It was above all necessary to hear German opinion. He would not start on his journey overseas until he was informed of public opinion at home.

On the same evening a small motor-boat landed in San Remo. This boat had a shabby little mast and a patched sail. Its name was *San Pietro* and its port of registry Deiva. Held, who was best suited for all these missions by his southerly appearance, got out of the boat without hindrance. At the newspaper kiosk in the railway station he bought twenty newspapers. German, French, English and Italian. After he had made some other purchases he went into the *Café Napolitain* in order to hear the news. The same nonsensical rubbish as in the small Corsican port. Some Germans were sitting at a table in the company of some Americans. The Germans were angry that they should be saddled with such bandits.

"No! No! We want peace." "No new inventions either!"

"Ridiculous ! We Germans respect and honour our former enemies. We only want to do business. Yes, the World War was certainly the fault of the Germans. But such abominations are no longer possible. We are Republicans now."

The Americans looked askance at the talkative German—at the German who revelled in humiliations, who abused his native land, who threw dirt at his Fatherland abroad and brought it into contempt. There were hosts of such skunks travelling about the world. The Americans got up slowly ; one spat, the others took no notice of the outstretched hand.

Held could not contain himself. He went up to the table. His dark eyes flashed.

"You swine ! Low-down cad ! Traitor to the Fatherland ! You deserve to have your teeth knocked in for such meanness. The devil ! and you call yourself a German !" Held shouted the words in great excitement into the man's face. The man stared, quite taken aback.

"But allow me—why do you say that ? You know one does talk like that abroad."

Held spat in his face and left the café. "Swine like that travel about the world and call themselves Germans," Held thought to himself. "The devil ! If things are like that in Germany, the captain has been right not to return home."

Mader had glanced through the papers. He could not but smile at the resolution of the League of Nations. Let them search for him. There was plenty of time for proceedings in the International Court. Let them pass whatever resolutions they liked. Let them splash ink and cover paper. Catch us first ! He was rejoiced that it was the South American states that declined to interfere. The reports of the German newspapers were sad reading. He still could not accustom himself to the new conditions which obtained in the home country. They had sunk low in Germany. Many papers showed an extraordinarily debased state of mind. It was no isolated case that Held reported to him. Disgrace and shame. A paper which only appeared once a week, whose chief contributor and leader-writer was of aristocratic birth, brutally attacked its own Fatherland with untrue statements, openly admitted Germany's chief guilt for the War, and published alleged breaches of treaty on the part of Germany.

No, that was not his Germany. A different state of things must first arise in the homeland, and then he would place himself at its disposal. That very night the U.-boats steered south-west.

CHAPTER NINETY-FIVE

THE British lay in great force off the coast of Gibraltar. On the west side of the straits outside the Spanish region, the Portuguese were cruising. In English circles bets were being laid. If "the Germans" attempted to come through here they would be caught. That would be better still! During the War, it might have been possible, but now the British possessed means which were too powerful for the Germans. It was not stated in what these means consisted. To-day there was special excitement. The Commander-in-Chief of the British Navy, the "Duke of C.", was to arrive in an hour. After lunch on the flagship there was to be a review of the fleet lying off Gibraltar and—what was much more important—in the afternoon there was to be a football match between the crew of a cruiser and the Royal Fusiliers stationed at Gibraltar. Let the German U.-boats come. They would find something to see here! Up at the fortress, too, everything was ready for the reception of the Chief of the Fleet. Everything on board was being cleaned and washed.

The U.-*Vaterland* followed by the U. 10 and the U. 1000 approached the Straits of Gibraltar at a slight depth. Mader knew the way exactly. He had often passed through in the first two years of the War. He was in the control-room steering the boat himself. Ulitz telephoned to him. He had just read in the *Daily Telegraph* that at ten o'clock this morning the Chief of the Fleet was to arrive at Gibraltar. It was now half-past nine. In half an hour it was possible to be on the spot. Should they not permit themselves a joke at the expense of their Anglo-Saxon cousins? Mader agreed smiling. Why not? There was no harm in again giving a sign of life and letting these gentry feel his power in their own persons.

The ships of the Gibraltar station were drawn up in two lines. Signals passed from ship to ship. The excitement increased from minute to minute. Then the signal came down from the fortress. The observation post had sighted the flagship as it passed Europa Point. Ten minutes to ten. The commander pointed his glass at the fortress. From time to time he put it down and looked at his watch. Still five, four, three, two minutes. Up again flew the glass. Now the hand was on ten. He waited, but how was that? Second

after second passed, and it was now one minute after ten. Where was the first shot? It had been agreed that the salute should be given alternately between the fortress and the fleet.

"Why the devil does not the fellow up there fire? Have they gone crazy!" Another look at the watch. "I'm damned! Two minutes past ten."

"Captain, what is the exact time now?"

"Two minutes and forty-five seconds after ten o'clock."

"Why the hell does he not start firing?"

No one ventured to answer the admiral. What could they say? They did not know why the garrison gunners did not fire. Has the earth swallowed them up? The ship with the high and mighty man is coming nearer rapidly. The admiral gives orders to discard the arrangement. The fleet should fire the first shot instead of the fortress. The signal flies from ship to ship. The gunner fires. Silence. No shot. The artillery officer curses in an indescribable manner, looks at the charge which is cracked and quickly orders a second projectile to be put into the second gun. Again a misfire. The commander in the fortress swore.

"Why the devil does not the idiot down below fire? If we ourselves have only received rotten old ammunition from the ordnance stores, hell and damnation!"

Down below and up above—up above and down below. In the fortress—on the ships. No shot goes off.

"The Germans! from the Submarine City!"

No one knew who had first uttered the words; they were passed from mouth to mouth.

The Chief of the whole British Fleet stood beside the captain of the cruiser who had brought him over from England. He stood stiff and motionless. Nothing betrayed what was going on within him. In his innermost self the mighty gentleman thought: "Are the fellows drunk? Why don't they fire? Are they mutinying?" The cruiser passed slowly along the line of ships. The admiral of the Gibraltar Fleet stood, red in the face, prepared to receive a rebuke from his chief. He would have liked to shoot himself. Yes, but not even the revolver would go off!

"Damn those blooming Germans!"

The chief asked in a low voice why the salute had not been given. The admiral could not say anything except what someone else had already said:

"The Germans!"

The chief looked up, and thought he had not heard right. He knitted his brow.

"The Germans? What Germans? And where?"

"Yes, my dear old man," the naval officers thought, "if we only knew! What Germans are they? And where? If you keep us here any longer, our friends will slip through our fingers." The admiral sent for a charge for a four and a half inch gun. It did not go off.

"A bad shot! nothing doing."

The admiral forgot to shut his mouth; his monocle dropped on to his chest.

"They must be caught immediately or made harmless."

"Yes," said the officers, but so that no one could hear it. In the presence of the chief they say things only to themselves.

"Yes, old man, do you think that we only have to put salt on the German U.-boats? Let's go to lunch. There is sure to be something extra special to-day."

The old man was not thinking of lunch. He had breakfasted late and well. So orders were given to chase the U.-boats.

"All right," the commanders said to themselves. "Let us go. During the time that you have kept us, you old tadpole, the Huns will have disappeared with their U.-boats."

All the boats of excursionists, the crowded steamers, motor-boats, and sailing boats now got a free show. Hunt for the mysterious U.-boats! Unfortunately it remained without result. The reporters on the excursion boats noticed that their lead pencils became glowing hot, as if they were of steel. Good Lord, that made a sensation! The publishers would have to pay heavily for that. The chase was without result, as was to be expected. Nor did the commander of the fortress help matters by storming at his wife so violently that she had to pretend to have a fainting fit for a quarter of an hour.

This was the second trial of strength of the new U.-boat inventions.

CHAPTER NINETY-SIX

THE telegraph was working quickly. The news that the salute at Gibraltar had been prevented was published in the midday editions in all towns and countries. It was served

hot at lunch or midday dinner. The French hoped that England would now change her opinion since she had personally experienced the power of the U.-boats. Yet everything remained quiet in Downing Street. What was one to do? Any action would have been useless! People in England even laughed about it. The patrons of the great British Broadcasting Corporation had been notified the day before, in the programme for the following day, that the salute at Gibraltar would be broadcast at ten o'clock on wave-length 450. Of course, at ten o'clock many subscribers and spongers on the broadcasting company had listened in vain for the roar of the salute. On the stock exchanges where it had been hoped that after some days the situation would improve if nothing further were heard of the U.-boats, the news had an annihilating effect. The telegrams from Gibraltar made the situation much worse. Failures, bankruptcies and suicides increased in frequency. In Lyons great disturbances broke out which were suppressed by military force. In Paris and other towns the newspapers were strictly forbidden to publish even a single line about it. The fate of France took its course.

CHAPTER NINETY-SEVEN

SOMETHING unexpected happened in the United States. Something that might have been expected anywhere in the world except in "God's blessed country".

Revolution in U.S.A.

Yes, certainly in "God's blessed country", as the Americans call the U.S.A., revolution had broken out. Although a bloodless one. General Wood, who could not sleep for envy of the laurels of his celebrated Spanish colleague, "Primo de Rivera", was the instigator. This political general, who often before had made himself talked about by his not always wise actions, had started the revolution quite openly. He had been able, by an argumentative manifesto, to win over thirty military posts or garrisons in the States. Even the School for Cadets at Westpoint took part. On a Monday morning

(the week began well) the troops of thirty different states occupied the buildings of the legislature, and the post and telegraph offices according to celebrated precedents. Washington was in consternation. A message from the general to the Senate in Washington demanded the immediate withdrawal of the senators and the introduction of a military dictatorship. Two-thirds of the standing army were said to be on the side of the revolutionaries. Like everywhere else, a council of ministers. The President presided. The sitting was very animated. The public was excluded, which did not prevent smart American correspondents from inventing a complete report of the sitting. The news from the states was not good. The people were tired of the everlasting corruption of the Congressmen who always allowed themselves to be bought by the trusts that paid them most, and cleared these corrupt representatives of the people out of the temple. The police were powerless everywhere ; part remained neutral and part went over to the side of the revolutionaries. The people flocked to the rebels. The great bank crashes, the fraudulent bankruptcies, the fall in the value of small landed estates, the incorrigible corruption in all offices, so that the highest officials of the state were for sale, had at last become too much for the people. Violence became the rule everywhere. The rest of the army joined General Wood and the rebels. The senators and legislators fled from the scene of their activities. The President of the U.S.A. remained untouched, but he was muzzled and was obliged to submit to the dictator. As his first law the dictator issued an edict which imposed double taxes on all persons who were not citizens of the U.S.A. The prohibition law was made milder by allowing light beer to be brewed. Wine was admitted freely. A punishment of fifteen years' imprisonment was imposed for the sale of whisky. Military men were made assistants to the chiefs of police of all the larger towns. Proved corruption was to be punished with ten years' penal servitude. Wailing and gnashing of teeth was general among the police chiefs and their subordinates. Long-standing relations with secret liquor saloons had to be dissolved, friendships with owners of brothels to be broken off, and the owners of gambling hells to be warned. The social relations between the subordinate officials of the police and the professional criminals were doomed to extinction. Corruption was to be destroyed root and branch. Special courts consisting of military men were appointed for the trial of criminals. Since

the American officer is honourable and upright, all attempts at bribery on the part of the swindlers of the trusts, the pick-pockets and gangsters failed. For the U.S.A. the millennium seemed to have been brought a good deal nearer.

CHAPTER NINETY-EIGHT

THE small cause of all these mighty upheavals in the world—the three U.-boats—floated peacefully on the Atlantic. Past the Canary Islands. Out on to the Atlantic. The three boats proceeded on the surface in a calm sea.

The young mother with her "Submarina" heavily veiled as a protection against the burning sun had been brought on deck by the loving husband and father and tied firmly to a chair. Everyone who was not on duty sunned himself. Mader sat next to Emilia. Her face was now completely healed. The discoloration from the blows of Francesco had disappeared. The sprained foot occasioned no more trouble. Mader looked across at the island disappearing in the east. His eyes rested longingly on the last mountains of Europe. Three days ago they had passed Gibraltar. The joke at the expense of the British had greatly pleased the whole crew. John Bull was to have a foretaste of the new wonders and of his own impotence. When they had reached the open sea, the boats rose cautiously. Nothing stirred in their neighbourhood. With their glasses they could see the Portuguese ships cruising far off from Cape Trafalgar. Let them all search, everyone thought. Mader had ordered on deck those of the crew who were not needed below, so that they might cast a last glance at the European continent. Who knew when and where they would again see Europe? The looks of all of them rested longingly on the tops of the mountains behind Icrez. The summit of the Col de Cristobal appeared burning in the light of the sinking sun. How gladly would many of them have seen their home country again! At least for a short time. To be allowed to walk once more through the streets of a town and to see the houses, gardens, mountains and meadows of home. Their hearts were heavy. Ulitz

proposed that they should give a last greeting to their home. From their manly breasts rose the song of parting which sounded towards the horizon and should have been heard in their homeland :

*" Adieu, my dearest Fatherland,
Dear Fatherland, adieu,
I'm leaving now for a foreign strand,
Dear Fatherland, adieu !"*

Softly the last sounds died away. No one looked at the others. They were ashamed of the tears which stood in their eyes. Nothing is more sacred than the love of home. The soil on which we were born remains our mother for ever. Love of home must dwell in the heart of every man. He who does not love his home, who does not regard it as the highest possession on earth, does not deserve to belong to his country ; his heart is not capable of other feelings either, and he who betrays his home is guilty of the most damnable crime on earth. Mader was roused from his dreams by the telephone message that Francesca was in labour on the U. 10 and a baby was to be expected. Emilia begged her husband to let her go on board the U. 10. She wanted to assist the young woman in her need. The boats were stopped and Emilia was rowed in the little boat to the U. 10. An hour later Mader was informed that a little lady had seen the light of the submarine cabin with a loud cry. The mother was said to be very weak and ill. Möller told his dogs and Liesel that the crew had increased. The dogs barked and Liesel bleated her approval. The new citizen of the world was christened "Vineta Oceana." The captain, Emilia and Ulitz were the god-parents.

The wireless messages, picked up hourly, made a great diversion in the life of the voyagers. They learned more than if they had read a newspaper. The greatest surprise was the revolution in the U.S.A. They would never have dreamt of such a thing. Mader could not help laughing as he talked about it with Ulitz.

"Small causes, large effects," Ulitz called back on the telephone. People will live to see many more surprises. Two days later the Cape Verde islands were reached. Here they picked up from the ether the news that in France also a revolution had broken out with great violence. The inflammatory material which had been accumulating during many years had exploded with a violent crash. The countless promises which had been made by ministers, politicians, and

sabre-rattling soldiers, of which none had been kept or reached fulfilment, were the best weapon of the revolutionary agitators. Their continual speeches fell on fertile ground. The *soldatesca* treated the revolutionaries brutally during the early days. With brute force the Government tried to stop the fire. The disturbances broke out all the more violently. The soldiers at last refused to fire on their fathers, brothers and sisters. The Government had resort to the most desperate and also the stupidest measures: it introduced coloured troops for the suppression of the revolution of white Frenchmen. The black, yellow, and brown men did not let this opportunity pass by of taking bloody vengeance on their former oppressors. They did not spare woman nor child, neither old men, sick men nor cripples. Blood flowed in streams in the streets of Paris. Abominations of the most hideous kind were perpetrated by the niggers, Annamites and Arabs. Violation, pederasty, and rape were the order of the day. The French experienced personally the things with which they had for years tormented the Germans in their Sadistic lust for revenge.

La Savoya, La Gascogne, La Bretagne and many more ships of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* had fled out of France from Le Havre packed with politicians, former ministers, journalists and many captains of industry. Everybody wanted to go to America. On the high seas the news reached them of the outbreak of the revolution in the U.S.A. They implored the captains to make for another port in South America. Inquiries were made in all the larger towns of South America. In view of the danger that the disturbances might spread to their own state, the inquirers were everywhere politely refused admission. So they sailed after all towards New York. The bad news got worse from hour to hour. On the fourth day they met a fleet of large passenger steamers coming from the west. Amongst them were steamers which had been confiscated from the Germans, the *Vaterland*, the *Imperator* and the *Bismarck*, which sailed under the names of *Leviathan*, *Majestic* and *Berengaria* for American companies. All these ships were filled with the same sort of riff-raff as the French ones. Refugees from the fury of the people whom they had most basely deceived for years. By wireless they agreed to go to the Negro Republic of Liberia which was under an American Protectorate, where they would see what could be done. A floating city of criminals in twenty large ships changed its course and steered south-east.

CHAPTER NINETY-NINE

ENGLAND had passed through the crisis more quietly than any other country. This world Empire has always had the most suitable political leaders at the right time. Of course, efforts were made day and night to find some way of preserving the prestige of World power. Although the British had laughed at first secretly and then openly about the joke at Gibraltar, disillusionment had soon followed.

The uncanny invention of the still more uncanny U.-boats made England just as defenceless as the other States of the world. What could be done if such a flotilla of U.-boats were to visit the naval ports and explode all the munitions stored there? The same people could also fit up airships with their apparatus and make Great Britain completely defenceless. The best thing was done which could be done under such circumstances.

Work went on, and drilling and shooting and military manoeuvres on land and sea continued, as if nothing had happened, and no invention had been made that reduced all these things to worthless toys.

But things were not to pass off quite so quietly, even here. The French Revolution had come very opportunely, since on its account the anxiety which had arisen within the last few years concerning French superiority, especially in aircraft, was appeased. This superiority would have rendered possible within two or three hours of the outbreak of a conflict between England and France, the bombardment, not only of London, but also of all the British naval ports and centres of industry.

This danger was now overcome. The internal disturbances began in the coal districts of South Wales. The police had their first collisions with the miners in Cardiff and Tonipandy. Scotch Highlanders suppressed the outbreak. A mass meeting in Hyde Park near the Marble Arch illustrated the English character. The speakers thundered against the Government and Parliament.

After French precedent they demanded a General Election, deposition of the Government, and the proclamation of a Republic. Everybody applauded the speaker; a red-haired Irishman jumped on to the platform, shouted and gesticulated that they no longer wanted a Royal House. This piece of decoration had outlived itself.

"We don't need a King, let us be free Republicans!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

However, in England they know their people. While the agitators were pressing for the deposition of the King and were shouting their opinions freely, a clever head in the Government had placed a large orchestra near the place of meeting, and before the cry "Down with the King" could get any hold, there was the sound of music. Everybody listened. The gigantic band of a hundred men struck up "God save the King". And it was a sight for the gods to see how hats gradually flew from heads.

"Take off your hat, you blooming fool, don't you hear the band playing the National Anthem!"

The demonstration thereby reached a most glorious end. England will never have a revolution. Firstly, because the public is too indifferent, and secondly, because there are always wise and experienced men at the head of the Government. A thing that seldom can be asserted of other States.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED

Two days of violent storms had roused the Atlantic to fury. Wind strength twelve. Hurricane. The U.-boat flotilla had to battle with a heavy sea and stood it splendidly. The women had all suffered from sea-sickness. The boats had to keep submerged during most of the storm. When they came to the surface again there was no question of opening the hatches. It would have been fatal.

Towards noon on the third day the storm abated, and died away completely towards two o'clock in the afternoon. The sea was still very rough, and calmed down only gradually. Everybody was glad when the hatches were opened and fresh salt air blew into the boats.

Only the men were allowed on deck. For the women, the pitching and rolling would have been a danger. At four o'clock the boats came into calmer water. Now the women were allowed on deck, with the exception of Francesca and Vineta Oceana. Submarina had been left asleep below.

Mader was steering for the small Brazilian island of Trinidad which lies in the South Atlantic. One or more motor-boats were to land on the island, which was a coaling station, and if possible bring away fresh provisions, particularly fruit, vegetables and fuel. At 4.15 p.m., at first two and shortly afterwards seven more large vessels were sighted to the north-west.

Through glasses it could be seen that they were not warships. Ten minutes later it was possible to distinguish that they were large liners. It was decided to let them approach nearer. Were they pursuers? That seemed unlikely. There were more and more of them. Now as many as twenty-one could be counted. The U.-boat crews watched them intently. The wireless operators picked up conversations which were passing from boat to boat. They could not make any sense of them. At first Mader decided to submerge, but thought better of it, and gave orders to the other U.-boats to switch on the quartz lense reflectors, as well as the rays, and to hold themselves in readiness at a certain distance for evading the ships or submerging.

The orders were carried out immediately. Bluish rays broke through the quartz lenses. The rays and the U.-boats were observed by the first liner. A wireless message inquired where the U.-boats came from, and of what nationality they were, since no flag was to be seen. There was no answer. The inquiry was repeated from the liner. Again no answer. The people on the large steamers were uneasy. They could see persons on the boats and knew that there must certainly be wireless apparatus on board. Suddenly a box filled with ammunition for sporting guns exploded in the hold of the ship that had sent the messages. Crackling, frightening everybody within earshot.

The occurrence was reported on deck. This was on board the *Gascogne*. Immediately every measure was taken for preventing an outbreak of fire. On deck the passengers thronged out of curiosity to the railing. Then six shots were heard. Revolver shots. A stout gentleman was seen hopping about like mad. The seat of his trousers was smoking. Again shots went off. The revolver cartridges of another passenger likewise had gone off in his pocket. Luckily only the deck was damaged by the striking of the bullets. A cry of terror went from mouth to mouth.

On the other liners similar things occurred. The cry went from mouth to mouth :

"The mysterious U.-boats". Revolvers were thrown into the sea by the hundred. Many exploded during their flight, and some in people's hands. Horror mingled with curiosity kept the passengers on deck. So these were the ray and wave boats? These three small craft had brought it about that people had had to fly from their homes, from luxurious comfort and from all sorts of enjoyment.

Two forces were passing by one another. The broken power of American and French capitalism which had until a few days ago ruled the world by means of its money, which had prevented the earth from settling down in peace, which kept inventing new means of setting people against one another. Beside this power, three small U.-boats. Without knowing it at this hour the greatest power in the world. The power which, properly used, might restore real peace to the world. The large number of gigantic steamers in their imposing greatness and the three comparatively small U.-boats. What a contrast! Will, in the near future, the fate of the people be decided by a machine the size of a handbag? A shuddering crept up the backs of the industrial and financial magnates. Has the end of their ascendancy come? Is the power of money broken? A thousand eyes stared from the proud gigantic liners at the little vessels. David and Goliath! On board the former German liner *Bismarck*, now the *Majestic*, were three of the most powerful money and industrial magnates. Morgan, the most powerful, Vanderlip of the National City Bank of New York, and Charles Schwab of the Steel Trust. After a short conversation, the three agreed to make an offer to purchase the U.-boats. The wireless operator of the *Bismarck* sent off the offer:

"Pay you any price asked for your invention. Full security, and fifty per cent. of the purchase money on closing.
"Morgan, Vanderlip, Schwab."

The immediate answer expected by the three men failed to appear. The three mighty ones thought that perhaps a very high price was aimed at, and they offered in quick succession, ten, fifteen, forty, at last a hundred million dollars. There was no answer at all from the mysterious boats.

It was observed now that orders passed from the large U.-boat to the two others. The crew, women first, were ordered below. On the large U.-boat also, to which on account

of its huge dimensions particular attention had been paid, the crew was seen to disappear down the hatchway.

The French captains had intended since the beginning of the encounter to ram the U.-boats. They had formed a semi-circle and kept approaching nearer. Mader recognized their intention and submerged when the French attacked. The French liners glided past over smooth water. No grating, no shaking told of a contact with the U.-boats.

The French foamed with rage because they could not add this triumph to the glory of their "victories". Rejoice, oh Africa, at the invasion of the overflowing coffers of gold—luck is beckoning you.

The wireless messages about the meeting in the South Atlantic flew to all parts of the world, and again aroused the greatest excitement.

The following morning, Mader and Emilia were surprised at the news that the third of the women who were in an interesting condition, had during the night been delivered of a healthy boy. The happy father begged to be allowed to call his son "Germanicus Eugen".

This increase in the population was celebrated the same day. It was a Saturday. The women had been promised that they might go to church in Trinidad. They had smiled incredulously. On Sunday morning at seven o'clock the U.-*Vaterland*, the U. 10 and the U. 1000 with the British flag at the stern, entered the harbour of Trinidad. This small island lies in the middle of the South Atlantic and has a tropical flora of magnificent colouring. The few coloured inhabitants have no need to torment themselves like the German farmer. Most of what is required there for daily life grows wild and in sufficient quantities in the meadows and on the slopes of the mountains. A kind of wild sheep provides sufficient meat. The small garrison had little occupation. The service was light and occupied only a few hours of the day. Eighty per cent. of the remaining time was spent in sleep. The other twenty per cent. was passed in day-dreaming.

The whole garrison ran to the harbour. The citizens likewise. Mader, Ulitz and six other men went on shore in a motor-boat. They had put on their old German naval uniforms. The ribbons with the former names of ships had been removed from the caps. The commandant of the island called

out "Halt!" in stentorian tones to his undisciplined soldiers.

Mader announced in faultless English:

"Three submarines on the search for the mysterious U.-boat flotilla."

The commandant thanked him for the announcement. Mader walked with him along the front. It turned out that no one in Trinidad yet knew anything of the whole business. So Mader did not tell the commandant much about it. Besides this, the gentleman, who showed all the signs of a heavy drinker, was requested on no account to make any report in order that the pursued vessels might not be warned. Large purchases were made. A long voyage was before them. Stores were necessary.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND ONE

IN Monte Settepani the blasting had been stopped. By incessant work day and night they had penetrated two and a half miles into the mountain. The brook became ever narrower and then dried up completely. The engineers of the Submarine City had deflected the river when the black colour had turned traitor, and had conducted it through a canal to the Lake Cave. In this way the outflow became smaller. It would have completely disappeared if a small spring had not accidentally taken the same course out of the interior of the mountain. The soldiers were still at least forty miles distant from the last cave. All the workers were depressed. Would they never find the "Città sotto il Mare"? Was it always to remain a bogey? It seemed so.

Galleries were driven into the mountain from three different sides. With the same want of success. Monte Alto, the Col de Melogne near the little town of Mallare and the spurs of the hills behind Noli were bored into. Nothing, nothing at all. The geologists examined the specimens of earth, the rocks. There was nothing from which the formation of stalactites could be inferred. They had brought machines and tools from the side of the water into the grotto opposite the small island, and made borings from the interior of the grotto. The result

was not what was expected. On the contrary, the blastings shook the higher ground by the main road beside which the rails of the Riviera line ran, so that it was only thanks to the watchfulness of a railwayman that the Riviera express was not blocked by debris.

In the whole neighbourhood protests were made against the idiotic behaviour of the military. Whole stretches of vineyards, olive gardens and cultivated fields had been destroyed, and thousands of window-panes had been broken by the continual explosions. A great number of demands for compensation were received by the competent authorities and also by others who were not.

A newspaper wrote openly: "It would be of advantage if the Tedeschi with their machine for preventing shots and explosions were still here in order to put a stop to the senseless procedure of the military with their mania for blasting."

It was only the inn-keepers and shop-keepers of the neighbourhood who did not complain. A few broken window-panes were of no importance to them. For had not their turnovers risen mightily owing to the many officers, soldiers, and inquisitive tourists?

A period of prosperity had set in for the hoteliers and inn-keepers, and the stocks of wine were soon exhausted. They gave silent thanks to the Germans. For a long time it had been no secret that the diggings and borings were not manœuvres to test new explosives. The censorship had not been able to prevent the public knowing the real facts about the useless expenditure of naval, land and air forces. The ridiculous affair of the stoppage of the salute at Gibraltar was widely and humorously commented upon in the papers. The Government could only maintain itself by the support of the Militia and the Army which were loyal to it.

There was a great ferment amongst the people and there were violent conflicts in the Senate on Monte Citorio.

The Opposition demanded immediate cessation of preparations for war, and especially the suspension of the building of warships in the naval docks.

A speaker shouted out:

"Have we not made ourselves sufficiently ridiculous with the 'glorious struggle' of the Italian navy against the fishes in the Gulf of Genoa? So long as we are unable to put something of equal value against the mysterious inventions of the so-called pirates, to whom no crime can be attributed except that they have married respectable Italian maidens

of the very best reputation, or to paralyse these secret rays, we must put up with things as they are. The only witness is a fanatical, ambitious priest whose statements have been shown to be largely untrue. Let us stop making ourselves ridiculous before the whole world."

The courageous straightforward speech of the deputy was severely criticized. It was derogatory to the prestige of the Italian army, wrote the Government papers. The Opposition press could not be prevented from publishing the whole speech verbally, with spicy comments. The Government did not come well out of it. It did not mend matters when the editor's windows were smashed the following night. The ferment was general. The world revolution was in progress, but not in the way expected by the Bolsheviks and Communists.

Revolution was not made in the International sense. No! National and purely national was the current in all the countries in which revolution had broken out. Only Germany was still quiet, because the German masses did not yet understand that as citizens of a state they must be national, and that the home country was above everything.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND TWO

COMPARATIVE quiet had returned to the small fishing village. Only the masses of troops marching through from time to time brought the old stories into remembrance. His Reverence the priest had up to now received no appointment in Rome. The only document which had come to him from his superior authority and which he had recognized by the seal on the envelope and had joyfully torn open full of intense expectation was a bitter disappointment for him. No call to Rome, no praise was contained in the letter. On the contrary, a suitable reprimand. He had broken the Church laws and overstepped the rights of the priesthood. His actions in the village had not been Christian. He had no right to refuse entrance to God's house to a child of the Roman Catholic Church. The church was to be kept open especially for repentant sinners, and every pastor must perform his God-given work and

rejoice over every repentant sheep in God's flock and not prevent his return to God.

The priest tore up the letter in a fury and poured out blasphemous oaths. Outside in the kitchen the house-keeper crossed herself.

The cottage in which Emilia had lived with her mother stood empty and deserted. No purchaser had been found for it. No one would buy the house of the murder, as it was always called in the village and in the neighbourhood. In the little garden in front of and behind the house the weeds had shot up. The little dog-kennel by the front door had disappeared under a mass of wild climbing plants. The dog-chain lay rusting on the ground. The windows were thickly covered with dust. In the interior everything had remained as on the night when the old woman had been found dead on the ground. The window through which Emilia had fled still stood wide open. The inhabitants made a wide circuit at night to avoid the house. It was uncanny there. There were ghosts in front, behind and inside it. A fisherman said that he had seen at night a white form at the open window. Quite white and stout. It had seemed as if the ghost of the old mother (of the murdered woman as she was still called in the village) had had a struggle with another ghost at the window, and had thrown out the strange ghost. He (the fisherman) had then taken to flight and had only ventured once to look round. Then he had noticed with horror that the ghost of the old mother had likewise jumped out of the window and had thrown herself again on the ghost that was lying on the ground. He had fled full of terror. Another man had likewise seen the ghost of the old woman "fly" out of the window. Always at midnight. Everybody was afraid to pass the house at the ghostly hour. They preferred to make a long detour. If they passed in the daytime they made the sign of the cross with a frightened look at the haunted house and walked on quickly.

Mother Gialdini had seen the ghost many times from her window. Always at midnight; in short, as soon as the clock struck twelve the spooks began to be seen. She was always frightened, especially when her husband was away at night fishing.

She advised everybody on no account to go near the cottage

at the twelfth hour, for nobody could tell what such a restless ghost was capable of. Mother Gialdini had good reasons for keeping alive and strengthening the fear of the ghost. The stout ghost was no other than herself who was gradually—in a white petticoat and similar jacket, her face smeared with flour (which stuck thickly on her hairy chin and upper-lip)—clearing out the house. The beds, the bed-clothes and linen, the curtains and the kitchen utensils she had already stolen while dressed up as an awe-inspiring ghost. Ever since the first onlooker's story of the struggle between the ghosts, with the stolen articles wrapped up in sheets, she had mimicked a struggle at the window in order to frighten any passers-by.

Mother Gialdini was only sorry that she could not also steal the furniture, but that would have been dangerous in such a small place.

One night the house of the murder was burnt down. Nobody could imagine how it had caught fire. The clock on the tower was striking half-past twelve when it was noticed that the house was in flames. The inhabitants of the village restricted their efforts to protecting the neighbouring cottages from the flames, but could not prevent a part of the roof of Mother Gialdini's house from catching fire. In this part of the roof the old thief had hidden the stolen articles.

The brave fire brigade of the village did not approach too near to the burning house, and also kept back volunteer firemen from extinguishing the flames. The house of the murder was burnt to the ground except for the walls. Climbing and other weeds soon covered over the blackened walls, and at night the ruins looked still more weird than the house when it was still undamaged.

Francesco resumed his work as a fisherman. He had become taciturn and avoided all company. However much the village beauties might flash their black eyes at him, he noticed nothing. His love for Emilia had become sacred to him; he had forgiven her everything. Instead of regaining her love with love he had treated her like a wild beast, and had brutally beaten her. He felt ashamed of himself. The wound in his heart would not heal. On Sundays in church all his prayer was dedicated to Emilia. She had become a saint for him. He often talked about Emilia with the old schoolmaster. Her image stood exalted before his spiritual eye. Never, never would he marry. He still had one wish: if Emilia could only pardon him for everything he had done to her! The old schoolmaster consoled him; he was afraid that the young fisherman

might lose his reason. The years would bring a sign of life from Emilia and then forgiveness might ensue, if he appealed to his former sweetheart. Francesco always sighed deeply when he thought of the years of uncertainty.

Late one night the young fisherman came to the schoolmaster's house. He was carrying a small trunk in his hand. The schoolmaster was surprised. Francesco had come to take leave; he could not remain in the village any longer. Everything reminded him of the past, of his loss of Emilia's love, and of his shameful, damnable behaviour towards her. He said he had let his cottage. Would the schoolmaster be so kind as to receive and keep for him every three months the rent of eighteen lire. Possibly he might sometime need money and would write for it. He would take with him the lire that he had saved; there were more than eight hundred. He would go and look for Emilia so that he might obtain forgiveness from her. The schoolmaster saw that it would be useless to persuade Francesco to remain. He shook hands with the lad, wished him good luck, and begged him to write now and again; perhaps Emilia would send word, or someone might find out her address and then he could let him know. Francesco stood before the schoolmaster, breathing hard and with head bowed. Without a word he stretched out his hand. He could not speak. His eyes remained dry although they burned hotly. The old schoolmaster embraced him and accompanied him through the village. In front of the ruins of the house of the murder the young fisherman sank upon his knees; his head fell upon the remains of the fence that had remained standing. Fervently his prayer rose to the Holy Mother of God that she would intercede for him with God and Emilia. The schoolmaster raised him up and accompanied him to the end of the village. There he embraced the poor young man and kissed him on both cheeks:

"Addio Francesco! Addio! A rivederci."

"Addio Maestro! Addio!"

Then he walked off quickly and soon disappeared in the darkness of the night. He has never been heard of again.

Rays of white light flashed across the high-road, illuminating the little fishing village as by lightning. A new slackers'

company had relieved the second one. Night after night the rays of the searchlight passed over shore and cliff in the hope of ultimately throwing light on the darkness of the mystery of the Submarine City.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND THREE

THE waves near Cape Horn rose as high as houses. The never-resting sea was stirred to its depths. The waters were as black as ink. The curve of the waves was dark green. Their crests yellowy-white. The hurricane howled as it sought for its victim. It was icy cold. The air was trembling. The patrols of the British fleet were on the watch, from the Falkland Islands on the east side, as far as Wellington Island at the southern end of Chile on the west. It was a matter of saving the honour of H.M. Fleet, of wiping out the slap in the face which it had received at Gibraltar. After the last wireless communications of the Government with the big liners, all available naval forces in the South Atlantic had been ordered to the most southerly point of South America. Specially fitted-up decoy boats were to take part in the capture or destruction of the U.-boats.

Great prizes were offered. Not only for the sake of the money, but also for their honours' sake, the ships' commanders made every effort to solve the problem. The "Grand Comité des Forges", the English coal and iron industry, Belgium, Italy, and Japan offered colossal sums for the capture or destruction of the U.-boats. All in secret. For it was contrary to all international law to wage war on the U.-boats.

The Arbitration Court at the Hague had invited international lawyers from all countries, even Germany. A legal decision was to be given which would have to be recognized by all States. The experts consulted for a long time.

The French and Italians insisted that a decision should be given which would allow every power to carry on war against the secret U.-boats, which had succeeded indirectly in stirring up the people of various countries and thus bringing about the violent overthrow of governments.

The English refrained from voting ; but not only continued

the chase in the meantime, but organized it still more intensively. A judgement was at last arrived at. With the exception of the votes of the French lawyers, who pleaded for complete annihilation of the U.-boats together with their crews, all states agreed that as long as no violation of international law or ordinary crimes could be proved against the mysterious U.-boats and their leaders, there was no justification for any operations against them.

The invention which deprived explosive bodies of the power of explosion was no breach of international law. This weapon, if one could speak of a weapon in this connection, did not endanger human life, in so far as one could easily meet the danger by keeping at a respectful distance. The invention could not be regarded as a weapon, but only as a means of defence.

As neither the nationality nor anything else was known about the leaders and crews of the U.-boats, there was no object in approaching any state and inducing it to exercise influence on the commanders of the U.-boats. The U.-boats were only to be admitted in international harbours when they had established a nationality and flew a recognized flag. The French were thereby deprived of an opportunity for serving up new lies and promises to their people, who had got out of all control and had already hanged some of their former ministers and internationalists on the lamp-posts of the Place de la Concorde. They would have had a sop to throw to the howling mob, if their opinion had carried the day at the Hague. Then they would have been able to organize a chase against the U.-boats until they were made to capitulate.

Captain Mader learned all this through the wireless messages and telegrams which went from boat to boat. They simply picked up a call which was going to a particular boat or country, announced themselves as, for instance, *S.S. Assembly* and got the news transmitted to them. In this way they also learnt the decision of the Hague Court.

When Mader saw the arrangements of the British fleet at the Falkland Islands, it was clear to him how little the English troubled themselves about the decision of the Court.

One day he sighted the British cruiser *Ajax*. The warship discovered the U.-boats and wirelessly immediately that they must give themselves up. As there was no answer, the cruiser sailed far out of sight of the U.-boats in order to get out of reach of the rays. The U.-boats submerged quickly and followed the cruiser under water. From the warship

the exact position of the U.-boats had been fixed by the sextant.

When the cruiser was at a distance of 10,000 yards it tried to open fire on the U.-boats, but the guns failed to act. The British were astonished, cursed the damned Italians who had sent a report to all allied states assuring them that even at 6,500 yards the secret rays lost their power. Now they had gone much further and even at this enormous distance were not able to fire.

The furious captain did not know that the U.-boats had followed him and were only at a distance of three and a half miles. He was still more surprised when a wireless message from Mader reached him, drawing attention in the purest English to the judgement and instructions of the Hague Court and requesting him to inform all British ships that they were to refrain from all attack on the U.-boats, since he would otherwise be compelled to move up close to any attacking ship, and by means of the other ray invention to explode the whole of its ammunition. The captain of the cruiser took care not to send on this message. It would have been equivalent to a confession of defeat, and he was not prepared for that yet.

To the west of the Desolation Islands the U.-boats saw a ship in distress. The S O S signal had brought them cautiously to the surface. Since there was always the possibility of traps, extreme caution was called for. They convinced themselves immediately that the steamer was really in distress. The waves were washing over the deck. Two life-boats fully manned were drifting in a southerly direction. A third boat was making vain attempts to get away from the sinking vessel. It would have been a dangerous proceeding to approach the steamer. The wind strength was eleven. A howling storm and icy cold. For five days the U.-boats had been fighting the hurricane. In another eight or ten hours they would have got into calm water. But here men's lives were in danger, and so they must disregard the danger in which they were themselves. The first two life-boats were drifting towards the rocky coast of the island. They could not be helped. Unless a merciful wave threw them over the surf, which was running man high, into a calmer bay, they would be smashed on the rocks. May God have mercy on the poor souls! In spite of the wildly raging sea Mader's men succeeded in launching a speed boat. Far to the north a streak of smoke announced the approach of a steamer. Most probably the

S O S had reached it. S O S—"Save our souls." The international cry for help of all seamen in trouble. Anyone who has never been on board a ship in distress cannot realize the terror of it. This call is only sent in the most extreme need. Every ship which is reached by this call for help has to change its course and to hurry to the vessel in distress.

The steamer sank keel uppermost. The life-boat disappeared for some seconds behind the mountainous waves. They thought it was lost. Mader, together with Reimer, Maxstadt and the smith, had succeeded, after some trouble, in getting the speed boat clear of the U.-boats. It was a dangerous undertaking to attempt to master the mountainous waves in such a small boat. But it had to be done. S O S! "Save our souls!" When it was a matter of saving men's lives from danger at sea, the Germans were always amongst the first on the spot. Thousands of would-be rescuers had lost their lives, had given them cheerfully in order to preserve the life of other men. S O S! "Save our souls!" The steamer's life-boat fought a desperate fight against the mountainous waves. The steamer which was hastening to the rescue had in the meantime got nearer. It must have seen the U.-boats. Ulitz, who had taken over the command in Mader's absence, gave immediate orders to switch on the rays. It is best to be on the safe side. But in this case it was not necessary. Although the captain of the steamer, which was an English one, had seen the sudden light on the dark tumultuous sea and at once felt certain that these were the U.-boats which were being sought for, and although he commanded a trap for them, he refrained from any hostile action. S O S! "Save our souls!" The call sufficed. The fact, however, that the U.-boats which were being pursued had themselves sent out a life-boat in this sea which threatened to swallow up everything, put all else out of mind. On the steamer they had in vain tried to launch a boat. Two boats had been smashed. The speed boat struggled hard against the waves. Mader was steering. Reimer, Maxstadt and the smith clung hard to their places so that the storm should not carry them overboard. The life-boat of the sunken steamer, manned with eight seamen, kept appearing and disappearing, again and again, before the eyes of the rescuers in the struggling speed boat. The steamer which had hastened to the rescue came nearer to the U.-boats. Ulitz, who suspected a hostile purpose, wirelessed to the big vessel.

"Keep off or I will blow you up."

The captain of the steamer answered :

"Never mind. I am no beast but a sailor."

Ulitz was on his guard nevertheless. He got out of the way and followed the speed boat as well as he could. Mader had to do difficult manœuvring. He kept circling round the life-boat. He had to proceed cautiously. The storm had carried off his sou'-wester, and the flying spray had wetted his hair and made it stick to his forehead. He clenched his teeth. It was a question of saving eight lives. One did not ask of what nationality they were. All strife and enmity was buried. One was a human being in the first place ; humanity came first and put all human passions into the background. The circles which the speed boat made round the life-boat continued to get smaller. Mader had to proceed very cautiously, otherwise there was the danger that both boats might be smashed. The seamen in the life-boat helped their rescuers as far as the raging sea allowed. Prayerful ejaculations went up to Heaven. Many a Jack Tar who had not uttered a prayer since his childhood remembered the Lord's Prayer, and prayed fervently that God would save him from this peril. He would always be pious. Fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts came into the men's minds. Their homes rose up before their eyes in their distress. They would be good, forgive all their enemies, and repent of all their sins, if God would give them their lives.

"Our Father which art in Heaven." Necessity teaches one to pray. Nowhere does this proverb prove more true than in distress at sea.

At last Mader succeeded in approaching the life-boat on the starboard side. All hands held fast to the side of the boat. Both boats nearly capsized, when an old seaman—apparently the captain of the vessel that had gone down—threw himself on to the port side of the life-boat, dragging with him a seaman with each hand. Thus to some extent balance was restored. The smith and Willy Reimer brought one man after another into the speed-boat. The fortunate seamen who had been saved assisted now in saving their comrades. The old man came on board last. The life-boat was abandoned and immediately drifted away. Mader hurried to get out of its way.

It was much more difficult to come alongside the *U.-Vaterland*. The rescued sailors opened their eyes wide when they passed over the shimmering blue and white waves and at last caught sight of the U.-boats. At once all of them

knew where they were. They had gone in search of the U.-boats. A fortune had been offered them for seizing or sinking them. Now these U.-boat people, whom they had intended to kill, had saved their lives. A dispensation of providence. At last Mader's men succeeded in getting the people on board the U.-*Vaterland*. With great astonishment the rescued sailors saw with what smartness the crew hoisted up and made fast the speed boat in spite of the great storm. Now the eight men were led one at a time, with bandaged eyes, to the hatchway. Some of them looked frightened when their eyes were bandaged and began to resist. Mader reassured them.

"Don't be afraid. We won't eat you up. We are not cannibals."

At last the men calmed down somewhat, although their fear had not quite disappeared, and allowed themselves to be led below with bandaged eyes. The English steamer had stopped a long way off. It wirelessly across.

"What are you going to do with those men you saved?"

"Don't bother," answered Mader, "your countrymen are in good hands."

The Englishman was pacified by the assurance that his countrymen were in good hands. He had not the least intention of doing anything against the U.-boats. Firstly because there were eight of his countrymen on board, and secondly because he himself had a large number of bombs, mines and four and a half inch shells on board. "You never can tell."

The three U.-boats proceeded on their way in the stormy sea. The sun came out for a moment, and the first officer snapped the distant U.-boats for the sixth time. It was something at least. So far nobody had taken a photograph of the U.-boats. Six hours later in a much calmer sea, the U.-boats were passing not far from the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. In the distance there were streaks of smoke to the east and west. Probably British ships searching for the U.-boats. Mader tried to get into connection with the wireless station of Nuova Germanica. Within a quarter of an hour the station announced itself. The captain told them in their code that the U.-boats intended to arrive in Nuova Germanica in six or seven days and asked whether they would still be welcome. They did not have to wait long for an answer. Their comrades would be pleased to see them. All preparations for their reception had been made. Boat-houses had been made ready for the accommodation of the U.-boats. They were to come in at night after an agreed

signal. Their comrades had already heard of all their adventures and had been afraid that some sea power would succeed in inflicting damage upon the U.-boats. Mader reassured his comrades, and promised to wireless again on the day before their arrival.

The eight Englishmen were accommodated in the crew's messroom. They were under strict watch. Mader had questioned them immediately after their arrival. The captain, an old and honest sea-dog, was not a good liar. After quite a short time Mader knew where he stood. The steamer that had sunk had had its screw broken in the storm. The blades of the broken screw had smashed the rudder, the boat was driven out of its course, and before the rudder could be mended in the heavy sea, which made all work outside the hull of the ship impossible, the vessel struck its stern on a reef. The storm drove the steamer off again tearing a great hole in its side. Twice again rocks were struck, and one leak after another was sprung in the hull of the ship. The pumps were unable to cope with the intruding water. The bulkheads were not watertight, so that the ship became a plaything of the waves and doomed to destruction. It was a steamer of 5,000 tons. A crew of thirty-eight men. God be merciful to the thirty seamen in the two boats that had been driven away. The steamer had been fitted up as a U.-boat decoy.

"It was a godless undertaking," cried the first engineer, a very religious Ulsterman.

The ship was to pretend to be in distress when it got within sight of the U.-boats. If the U.-boats were taken in by this trick, and came near, at least one of them would be rammed and sunk.

"God has meted out to us just punishment," cried the fanatic. "There was no need for us to pretend to be in distress; the Almighty has put us into real distress, in order to give us a lesson."

Mader smiled sadly. Why had this God-fearing Irishman gone on the ship? Or if he had already been engaged, why had he taken part in the voyage from Chincha, on the coast of Peru? The old captain felt ashamed, stretched out his hand to Mader, looked into his eyes and said:

"Let's shake hands. You paid us in full for our mischief. Let's forget it!"

Mader gave him his hand. "Very well, let us forget it all. You will remain here until we meet with a friendly steamer, or can touch at some small island."

Some hours later they got into calmer water ; the hurricane had stopped raging. The Pacific Ocean again honoured its name. There was a blue sparkle on the sea. The approach to warmer latitudes began to be felt. Flying fish hovered over the sea that was now as smooth as a mirror. Eternal peace over the treacherous face of the sea. The sun burnt hotly on the men on the decks of the U.-boats. The officers kept looking intently out to sea. The safe harbour of Nuova Germanica was still far off. The British prisoners were below deck locked up in a separate room. They were well fed. They had had two days to meditate on their miserable fiasco. Some of them were anxious and did not trust the promise of speedy liberty. Plans were suggested for overwhelming the crew, but these were rejected in view of their own impotence. The old captain was strongly against it.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves ? The people have saved your lives at their peril and you want to play a dirty trick on them ? Shame on you, you dirty rascals."

Two days later, the tiny island of Mas was sighted. A wireless station on the island was recognized by its high aerial. The U.-*Vaterland* sent out a message to the island. Soon the station answered.

"Could a boat with eight shipwrecked men be landed without danger ?" Mader inquired. "Had the government of Chile hostile intentions against the U.-boats that were being searched for ?"

They had to wait hours for an answer. The boats lay fifteen sea miles off the island. The British stood in a corner of the deck and looked with astonishment at the giant U.-boat on which they were. Reimer and the smith held their carbines ready to fire. The two other U.-boats lay to the right and left of the U.-*Vaterland*. The U. 1000 excited enormous respect in the British. Could this small cigar which was just taking fuel on board from the U.-*Vaterland* have stood the voyage over the ocean ? The dangerous voyage round the Horn ? The many thousands of sea miles ? Their esteem for German genius, for German energy was greatly increased. For there was no doubt about it. They were Germans. Now the rescued men opened their eyes still wider. Over there on the U. 10 some women came out of the hatchway. And what was that ? Babies, little babies, three of them were handed to the women from the hatchway. Women and babies on this terribly long voyage in submarines ! The Germans must have felt very sure of themselves, otherwise they would

not have exposed the women to such dangers. Even greater was their astonishment when a man with a pointed beard appeared on deck and a large number of cages were handed to him. The man opened the cages, and a large number of pigeons flew up and circled round the U.-boats. On the deck of the U.-*Vaterland* also there appeared a young and beautiful woman. At last an answer came from the island: "Shipwrecked men can be landed, safe conduct for escort."

At once a speed boat was launched and some minutes later it steered towards the island. The formalities of handing the men over were soon carried out. The U.-boat crews were allowed to make purchases on the island. It was noticed that the authorities on the island were in some fear of the U.-boats. When the entries were made in the harbour register, they were astonished to see the word "none" entered in each case in the column "Nationality and Port of Registration". Could they pass that? Was it not contrary to international sea law? Without doubt they were Germans. Why did they deny their nationality? They could not be coerced, and were allowed to return with their boat. The U.-boats quietly continued their voyage towards their goal.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR

THE conscience of the world was awakening. The shocks in America and France had had their reactions in the small states to the east of Germany which had been created under special French protection by the dictate of Versailles. When the French revolution had broken out in full force, people got anxious, but still hoped that they would be able to survive the crisis. The French generals in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the border states behaved in an arrogant manner. The French military missions felt rather uneasy from the beginning, although they also hoped that the storm at home would subside. There was too much fermentation among the people of these corpse robber states, for the authorities not to be anxious. One state of siege after another, one court martial after another was decreed, but the agitation could no

longer be stopped. Poland in particular was drawn into the movement. A St. Bartholomew among the Polish officers and soldiers caused the flight of the French military mission from Vilna. Their cry to Paris for help remained unanswered. Paris was too busily occupied in hanging former political idols. The political generals were in safe hiding-places or on the run.

The Polish soldiers in Lithuania mutinied or made common cause with the revolutionaries. Warsaw had become too hot for the Polish Parliament. Ministers and deputies changed the scene of their corrupt proceedings to the somewhat less dangerous Cracow. This old town was not rejoiced at their coming. A disquieting calm still lay over Galicia. The soldiers stationed there were not children of the soil, but Congress Poles who were only waiting for an opportunity to show the hated Galicians the mailed fist. The opportunity soon came. Mutinies broke out suddenly in some Galician regiments which were in garrison in Warsaw. The soldiers took possession of the public buildings according to a celebrated precedent, and declared the dictatorship of the soldiery, after imprisoning their non-Galician officers, as far as they could get hold of them. One struggle after another was the consequence; Warsaw was bombarded. Murder and assassination stalked the streets. In revenge for the proceedings of the Galicians, the North Polish soldiers in Lemberg started a massacre among the people. It began with a pogrom against the Jews, and ended in general slaughter. In Cracow, armed young Poles attacked the provisional government buildings, took possession of the arms, and drove the ministers and deputies out of their soft beds, in spite of the numbers of soldiers present for their protection. Anyone who could not escape was cut down. The Polish Army partly went over to the young Poles, because there were good opportunities for enriching themselves rapidly by means of "confiscations". All calls for help to Brother Frenchman remained unanswered.

The whole fury of the people and also partly of the military was now directed against the French military missions and against the French generals and officers. They had for a long time secretly clenched their fists over the behaviour of these tyrants. The arrogance of these men and the way in which they looked down on the Poles had not contributed to their popularity among the officers and men. Now the anger of the people, who saw themselves cheated of all their promises, turned against the French. They were warned to leave

Poland within twenty-four hours. At the railway stations the French officers were insulted and spat upon, just as it had happened years ago in Italy. Popular favour, Fêted as liberators and heroes on their arrival years ago, they had to quit the country as outlawed refugees.

The French military who fled from Poland were afraid of returning home by way of Danzig. They turned towards their bigger protégé, Czechoslovakia. Bitter disappointment awaited them. The journey to the Czech frontier had been no pleasant one. At the frontier the French were refused entrance. For years the use of passports between France and Czechoslovakia had been abolished, and now the French had the experience of being refused entrance into the country that they had supported in all its geographical lies and historical deceptions at the Versailles and St. Germain conferences. "*Tempora mutantur.*" The French military refugees from Poland who had been turned back from the Czech frontier were forced to sneak into German territory by secret ways, in order thence to reach Switzerland. The gentlemen had no longing for home.

Things were no better in the Balkans. There the Serbs and Bulgarians on one side and the Italians on the other were at loggerheads.

Greece mobilized against Turkey. Whilst the Dalmatians and Montenegrins expelled the Serbs and founded a republic of their own with the Istrians and Kraines. Roumania was forced to evacuate Transylvania and Bessarabia. In Russia the Bolsheviks were one day driven from office in spite of the great vigilance of the Tcheka. The flags of the Internationale disappeared quickly and made room for the national banners which had for some time past been secretly prepared. The world revolution had broken out. The Communists of all countries were bitterly disappointed. The Internationale upon which the Communists of all countries had confidently set their hopes was not the victor. National feeling had everywhere started on the road to victory and was on the point of reaching its goal.

The bankruptcy of the Internationale sobered even the last crazy enthusiasts. Poland was in the greatest distress and looked round for help in vain. Czechoslovakia had long since lost all the sympathy of its neighbours by its arrogant behaviour, and by its dishonest policy. All calls for help from those in trouble to their former protectors died away unheard. France was too much occupied with its own

revolution. England remained on the watch and acted wisely as usual. Let other people break each other's heads. We have nothing to do with this conflict here on our island. The British had their hands full in preventing revolution in their own colonies.

John Bull was always wise at the right time, and knew at once how to behave in an international conflict. The new chiefs in Downing Street (the old ones had hurriedly resigned) acted only in a "national" sense. The excuse of saving European culture, or of stamping out militarism was not used on this occasion, and besides in this case there was nothing to be gained by doing so, rather the contrary. Whom should one help? France! "Thank God! There's the devil to pay there," people said in England. The Poles or the Czechs? Out of the question! That is not a business proposition. The advantages which these people had brought to the British were very small and nothing was to be expected from them in the future.

America isolated herself completely. The new ministers stood for complete neutrality in all conflicts outside America.

"The conscience of the world was awake."

The mania for truth was morbid. The French archives were opened! The truth was cried out to the world. People now learnt of the intrigues of the time before the War. All the instruments which had composed the orchestra of war became known to the world. How Russia long before had, in conjunction with France, laid down all the plans for provoking a conflict. How England had promised its help and that Italy did not intend to adhere to the Triple Alliance. The whole web of lies about Germany's sole guilt broke down.

"The conscience of the world was awake!"

The rascalities of Versailles were disclosed. The falsified maps and tables of population were found and published. England, America and Italy had to look on helplessly while all the lies in which they had taken a large part were exposed. Denials had no effect. Italy was confronted with a revolution. Something had to be done to distract the people's attention. As France no longer possessed an organized army, and the soldiers, when they had to shoot down their coloured brothers in order to protect their wives, sisters, mothers and children, had left their barracks and only a weak national guard remained, the Italians made use of the opportunity and marched into Savoy. The resistance was soon broken and the

home country got its sop. The German Tyrol and the "conquered" districts along the coast were flooded with soldiers and militia in order to nip revolt in the bud.

"The conscience of the world was awake!"

Everyone began to curry favour with Germany in a sneaking manner. The new French national government ordered the army of occupation to evacuate the occupied territories. For a long time there had been no more British on German soil. The French generals refused to obey the orders from home. They were better off and safer in Germany. Men began to desert. Deserters were shot daily. The Belgians moved out of Germany and away from the French. They wanted their army at home to hold down the rising fury of the people. Everywhere a general cleaning up took place.

Only in Germany things were different. The Germans were too much occupied with themselves. It was a mistake to speak of Germans. There were no Germans. There were Prussians, Bavarians, Würtembergers, Hessians, Badeners, Silesians, Mecklenburgers and lots of Na sauers (spongers). But no Germans! There were chiefly Bavarians and Prussians. Two hostile nations. Each split into two camps. Right and left. And the right and the left again into innumerable extremes, ultra extremes and ultra-ultra extremes! They opposed each other like deadly enemies. Blind as bats. Refused to see or hear anything! Only kill each other. Instead of being Germans first of all. Not only Bavarians and Prussians. They ought to be Germans and were not. "United", in order to enter again into their inherited rights. Again to become a factor which counts.

"The conscience of the world was awake."

Internal strife. Brother against brother, eating each other up, and forgetting the mission of all to be only Germans. They sang "*Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles!*" and broke each other's heads, instead of becoming united. The Social Democrats and Communists still swore by the "Internationale", although the latter was no longer in existence and had been sent to the devil. Here was the opportunity of setting up the great old empire again. But nobody had any time. They had to wage war against one another and presented a repulsive sight to the world. All countries of the world have their internal differences, but if the fatherland or home is in danger they all hold together. The opposite is the case in Germany. Thirty-two different parties, who all of them apparently do not know that in the first place they should be Germans, continually struggle

against each other, instead of building up in unity the greatness and future of the country. The country of poets and thinkers. The country of civilization and science. The country of artists. The country of the best and most intelligent workers in the world. One thing was wanting in Germany : the great man, the new man ! Who would be able to weld the Germans together. To rouse their national feeling. To make them into nothing else but what they should be : Germans. The German spirit, German culture, German art, and German work, are not excelled in the whole world.

Where is the German leader ?

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE

IN Nuova Germanica work was going on in feverish haste. Large boat-houses had to be erected in the bay for the accommodation of the U.-boats. They worked in two shifts. Day and night. The big shed for the U.-*Vaterland* was already finished. Only the boat-houses for the U. 10 and the U. 1000 awaited completion. Zirbenthal and the old comrades were in a state of nervous excitement. The U.-boats were expected to arrive in two days. It was necessary to remove all the natives from the place for the night of the arrival. Nobody except the initiated might see the U.-boats. Saxonfeldt arranged an expedition into the mountains, to the small town of Ibarra on the eastern slope of Chimborazo. All native men and young women were to join in the excursion. Those who still remained in the town were to be kept at a distance from the harbour when the boats arrived. The wireless station on Bismarck Hill received wireless messages from the approaching U.-boats from time to time. A great searchlight installation on the mountain was intended to be a beacon for the friends who were arriving.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND SIX

THE U-boats made good speed along the Pacific Coast. From time to time they were obliged to submerge in order to avoid unwelcome encounters. The excitement of the officers and crew grew from day to day. The wireless news picked up on the way occasioned long discussions. Mader had spoken to all his comrades. Was it still necessary to make for Nuova Germanica? Ought they not to go home now to help the Fatherland? Their former enemies lay on the ground, and were unable to undertake anything against Germany on account of revolutions in their own countries. France still had a large number of troops in Germany. Soldiers who were afraid to return home. These troops received no more assistance from home and had to provide for themselves in Germany. The French took care not to deal severely with the Germans, but thanks to their military strength they were in a position to procure all necessities for themselves. Mader explained to his comrades that with the 500 quartz lenses and reflectors stowed away in the U.-*Vaterland* something could be done against the Army of Occupation. Discussions were held daily. It was decided to proceed to Nuova Germanica, to consult their comrades there and to act in accordance with a decision arrived at in common.

The sun's disc lay deep in the west, behind a torn layer of clouds. The clouds were edged with gold. Dazzling rays of yellow light rising up to the sky in conical form. Breaking forth behind the clouds. Giving the sky the appearance of an old Biblical picture of the creation. Sunset in the Pacific. The water smooth as glass. A stream of blood in the sea, due to illuminating sunbeams. The firmament in the west becomes a sea of flame. The U-boats lie at rest. In another hour they would start on their run to "Nuova Germanica". Everybody was on deck. Their looks fixed on the misty mountains in the distance. The coast.

Mader stood with Emilia on the deck of the U.-*Vaterland*. His arm was round her waist. Her head rested lightly on his shoulder. Her face was not turned towards the land. Her eyes were fixed on the setting sun in the west. The sunset was a mighty spectacle. In purple, gold and blood-red. Such as is only to be seen in the Pacific.

"Streams of blood have flown, seas of blood, the blood of

German men, Emilia. Men, youths and old men. In blind jealousy of the greatness it had reached by its own strength, an Empire was provoked and a war wantonly forced upon it. Its competition had become too keen, and was feared. It could only be hindered in its progress by force. A smiling, joyous, healthy and powerful Empire was to be annihilated, its growth arrested, and it was to be excluded from international trade !”

Mader took a deep breath. The crew of the *U.-Vaterland* stood round him and Emilia and listened with bowed heads to his words, as to a sermon.

“We were not quite without guilt, but it was not the blood guilt of the War which has forcibly been fastened upon us, that we loaded upon our heads. We have got a proof of that in the dispatches that we have picked up lately. Our guilt consisted of the want of unity among Germans and our great misfortune is the want of national consciousness. The lack of the feeling for home, on the part of the Germans.”

He raised his voice : “If the Germans were in the first place Germans, and not particularists and partisans, if the national consciousness and home were the Germans’ highest possession on earth, then our people would be fitted in many ways to march in the van of the nations. All dreams of internationalism are Utopian. There is no internationalism as long as there are Germans, French, English, and other peoples. The Pacifists, who use phrases about the international brotherhood of all men do not understand the psychology of other nations. Let the home, the soil on which we were born, be our altar before which we raise our hands in prayer and ask for protection for our Fatherland, our holiest.

“This ship, the *U.-Vaterland*, is a symbol of the future Germany—invincible, indestructible. This ship is the symbol of the new German Empire. Bathed in the dragon’s blood of malicious enemies. No leaf left a vulnerable spot on his body, as was the case with Siegfried. Invincible as the *U.-Vaterland* will our Fatherland be ! Inviolable ! We will work hard. We seek no quarrels, no war. A great United German Empire will arise, and for the good of the whole world will work, prosper and flourish. Germans, be united, and you will be the strongest, most invincible power on earth !”

The cloud formations shone like a gigantic firework in the west. The sun had sunk into the sea. But the radiating power of the dispenser of light penetrated the oncoming

twilight. They had all listened in silence to the speech, the prayer of their leader. This speech had found an echo deep in the hearts of these men.

The new Germany! The great united Empire of all Germans. . . . The dream of centuries. . . . Reality!

A sheaf of sparks flew from the hill on the coast into the sea. The signal from their friends on Bismarck Hill.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN

"THE conscience of the world was awake."

Europe was in flames. The former neutrals had been obliged to recognize that they had been deceived for years. This had been known in certain circles from the beginning, but they had kept silent, partly out of fear, and partly out of artificially fostered hatred of Germany. They had been silent and had made themselves partners in guilt. Especially the highly-educated who knowingly allowed a country to be reduced to servitude. They allowed it to happen, and were silent instead of raising their voices in protest. On all sides they now tried to repair the harm done. No neutral power ventured to offer Germany its help to drive the French out of the country. The fear of French militarism still prevailed.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT

THE whole world listened with astonishment when the news became known of the saving of the shipwrecked English crew. Also when photographs, although only indistinct ones, of the U.-boats appeared in the newspapers. People had no longer believed that they were really German. Now the fact was established. The accounts of the rescued crew

excited everywhere the greatest astonishment. A description of the interior mechanism could not be given, but a description was given of the exterior of the gigantic U.-*Vaterland*, its ease in manœuvring, the two other U.-boats, the crew's strict discipline, and the excellent relations between everybody on board. And then there were the five women, the three babies and Möller with his circling doves, Liesel and the great number of dogs and canaries.

The interest of the whole world had been awakened, and the question was continually raised : where do the U.-boats come from ? Is Germany in league with these people ? The first question nobody could answer, the second one was a matter of dispute. The wise people said logically : If Germany were in league with them, she would not let the boats sail about abroad, but would exploit the inventions at home for her own benefit.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND NINE

THE night was calm on the waters of the Pacific Ocean beneath the vast splendour of the southern firmament. The Southern Cross was a beacon. The three U.-boats lay waiting, all eyes turned to the land. The waves splashed softly on the iron sides of the boats. The everlasting song of the sea in its indefatigable motion. Hundreds of thousands of years old, and everlastingly new.

A blaze of light rose up from the hill. It flew up towards Heaven, and scattered into a thousand sparks.

"The searchlights !"

Mader's voice was loud and excited as he gave the command which was repeated on the U. 10 and the U. 1000. In magic blue sheen the quartz lamp reflectors flashed out on the three boats. The light that had lifted the world off its hinges. The light that was to give invincible greatness to Germany and make her the centre of the world's civilization ! The light which would become for all Germans the symbol of unity and solidarity for all time ! The second rocket signal came from the mountain. The boats sailed slowly towards

the land. No sound was audible. Small sparks of light danced from the shore towards the boats. The comrades. The good comrades whom they had not seen for many years, and who had remained faithful to the inhabitants of the Submarine City, had stood at their side helping them in their need and were now coming to show them the way home.

Zirbenthal steered the pilot boat, a pretty little cutter. The comrades would not be denied, but came in great numbers, as many as the cutter would hold, to meet the boats and to welcome the voyagers. Three hurrahs sounded from the cutter when it reached the zone of the secret rays. The hurrah was answered loudly from the U.-boats. German brothers from all parts of the country embraced one another, shook each other's hands while tears of emotion came into their eyes. German fidelity! Zirbenthal had embraced Mader. These cold Germans, these quiet men were so moved by their meeting that neither of them was able to speak at first. "German fidelity." Welded together by adversity. But for ever Germans! Even in foreign lands. The boats glided silently, guided by the pilot officers, into the harbour of Nuova Germanica, "New Germany".

Like a symbol of returned power the U.-*Vaterland* glided into the gigantic boat-house in the hands of Mader, whom Zirbenthal had fetched to the wheel. "Home" stood in letters a yard high over the sliding doors of the boat-house.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND TEN

THE name of Mader was at first whispered secretly from ear to ear in Germany. The name sounded more and more loudly. Since it had been made known by the British seamen who had been rescued by the U.-boat crew, that the men of the U.-boats were Germans, the comrades in Germany who knew about it no longer considered it necessary to keep the secret. First of all they took into their confidence all their acquaintances whom they regarded as safe, and then Nationalist

circles received the news. The reports met with disbelief everywhere in the first instance. In the end the matter became public. Loud jubilation arose throughout the country. Louder and ever louder the call for Mader was heard. The echo penetrated abroad. And suddenly, without anyone knowing where the news came from, the report was spread that the U.-boats had arrived in Germany! The news caused enormous jubilation, although it was premature.

In the west of Germany the French military disappeared in large groups secretly and by night. The French officers, seeing their powerlessness, attempted to induce the troops to take part in an organized withdrawal, but failed owing to the panicky feeling of the men. Without arms, without baggage, with only the rags they were wearing on their backs, they fled over the Belgian and French frontiers. A cry of terror accompanied them wherever they went. The troops stationed in Alsace refused obedience and fled across the old French frontier. Officials, parasites, renegades and all sorts of riff-raff snatched up everything they could, and followed the military. The British had long since left Germany. The coloured French troops on the Rhine and in the Saar district, as also in the Palatinate, were driven out of the country with their own weapons. The call for Mader became louder.

What all speeches had failed to accomplish, and what all propaganda had not been able to bring about, the invincible secret quartz lense rays had succeeded in doing—welding the Germans together. Although the apostles of international fraternization made the greatest efforts to push through their ideas, all their trouble was in vain. The unification of the Germans was accomplished. Neither the Social Democrats, nor the Communists were able to prevent the breaking away in their ranks. The people had found its way back. First of all, Home! First of all the Fatherland! And exactly six months after the U.-*Vaterland*, with the other two boats, had left the Submarine City, precisely on that day the new German Empire was founded in Berlin. For ever invincible; based upon its own strength. Allowing everyone to enjoy his own, and without any aggressive character. The country which served as a shining example for every nation. The great united German Empire. Captain Mader received the greatest honours that had ever been bestowed upon a German. He had become the idol of the Germans. The immortal national hero of his people.

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

THERE was no end to the rejoicing of the people when the U.-boats entered the festively-decorated harbour of Kiel. Hundreds of thousands of people lined the shores, in order to be the first to greet the liberators. Thousands of small craft followed. The sirens of the ships lying in the harbour shrieked their joyful greetings into the sky. Surrounded by the magic light of the bluish rays, the three U.-boats, decorated with flags, came in. At the steering-wheel of the U.-*Vaterland* Mader stood, with Emilia beside him and his faithful comrades and helpers around him, and looked with shining eyes at the cheering crowd and at the familiar sight of the old German naval harbour. He would have liked to spread out his arms and clasp the whole home country to his breast. A flock of pigeons flew up from the U.-*Vaterland* and circled round the U.-boat in quick flight. In villages and towns, in all the churches of the country, from the coast of the North Sea to southernmost Styria, the church bells rang to announce the arrival of the greatest German of all time, and the invincible greatness of the German Empire.

THE END

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